WONDERS OF MISSIONS

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Wonders of missions

WONDERS OF MISSIONS

CAROLINE ATWATER MASON

"The lesson of the missionaries is the enchanter's wand."

Charles Darwin.

WONDERS OF MISSIONS

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BY
CAROLINE ATWATER MASON
Author of
"A Lily of France," "The Little Green God," "World Missions and World Peace," "The Spell of Southern Shores," etc.

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To My Lifelong Friend

LUCY W. PEABODY

Whose Constructive Work and Whose Spirit
of Devotion in the Cause of Christian Missions
Have Been My Inspiration

This Book is Dedicated

FOREWORD

The purpose of this book is not to narrate the story of Foreign Missions, but to illustrate it. No attempt has been made to present a comprehensive thesaurus of striking episodes in the course of missionary history. I suppose, were this to be done, not even the world itself could contain the books that should be written. The incidents and characters described, gleaned from many sources, may not transcend in interest or importance multitudes not here included. These have been chosen as typical and significant. They are set forth in the belief that, however familiar, they will serve afresh as a tonic to our faith and to our devotion.

C. A. M.

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Part One: THE STANDARD LIFTED

"If Christian Missions were to take their rightful place in Britain's Indian activities a double conversion was clearly required,—a conversion in Britain as well as in India, a conversion of the churches to missionary duty, as well as a conversion of the Hindus to the Christian faith. . . . One line is peculiar to Carey, and marks him off from all later missionaries. Those who followed him, even the greatest of them, went out at the call of the Church, addressed to them directly or indirectly. The Church called and they responded. *But Carey had to constrain the Church to issue the call.* His was the compelling force that raised the Church from her inertia."

J. N. Ogilvie.

"Let me tell you what I consider the greatest miracle of the present day. It is this: That to this country with its over 300 millions of people, there should come from a little island, unknown even by name to our forefathers, many thousand miles distant from our shores, and with a population of about 50 or 60 millions, a message so full of spiritual life and strength as the Gospel of Christ. Surely this is a miracle if there ever was one. And this message has not only come, but is finding response in our hearts. The process of the conversion of India to Christ may not be going on as rapidly as you hope, or exactly in the manner you hope, but nevertheless I say, India is being converted. The ideas which lie at the heart of the Gospel of Christ are slowly but surely permeating every phase of Hindu thought."

Sir Narayan G. Chardavarkar,
Judge of the High Court of Bombay.

WONDERS OF MISSIONS

I

THE COBBLER

1789

On a June evening a young man with a pack on his back plodded along the country road which leads from Northampton in the English Midlands to the outlying town of Kettering.

Although it was yet scarcely dusk the hour was late, the pack was plainly heavy and the bent shoulders and slow steps of the man who bore it suggested that the end of a long tramp after a long day's work was at hand. And so it was. A few lights could now be seen off to the left, and passing an imposing stone gateway,—entrance to Overstone Park,—the traveller, whose name was William Carey, came suddenly upon the cluster of cottages which forms the village of Moulton.

Turning with quickened steps into a narrow lane the young man soon reached a row of six thatched cottages, their casements wreathed with June roses, their gardens gay with larkspur and gilly-flowers even in the failing light.

As he entered the house-door Carey dropped his pack noiselessly on the floor of the narrow entry, then passed into the keeping-room. A querulous voice challenged him from the room beyond.

"What ill news this time?" was the greeting.

"No ill news, Dolly. I hope you're all right. I've a bit of new leather with me so there's work to finish yet to-night. It will keep me late I fear."

"What do I care, late or early, so you come quiet? Let the children sleep now, for mercy's sake."

Upon this Carey stepped softly back the way he had come, picked up his bundle, and went on through the kitchen, thence into a small well-kept vegetable garden. Here, at right angles with the cottage, stood a rude shed. Above its low door appeared a sign: SECOND-HAND SHOES BOUGHT AND SOLD.

The place was silent and unlighted as Carey entered it, but he seemed to look for no good cheer to attend his coming. With the practised motions of the man who has learned to serve himself he lighted a candle, then brought out from a cupboard bread and cheese, which he placed with a certain fastidious orderliness upon the work-bench standing between two windows.

Before he sat down to his evening meal, however, the cobbler opened the packet which he had carried home from Northampton and took out sheet after sheet of coarse, heavy leather. These he laid with great care upon a rude shelf beside the bench, ready for his night's work. Seating himself on the wooden stool before the bench, he bowed his head in a silent blessing, then attacked his supper with a will. The candle's rays fell on a large sheet of whity-brown paper tacked up to face him on the wall above the bench. It was composed of several small sheets pasted together. Carey's eyes remained fixed upon this sheet as he ate with inexorable concentration.

In some curious fashion the shop seemed to contain in reality this one thing only. All beside was essentially

negligible to the cobbler. And all beside was sordid and bleak enough. On this paper was drawn in rude but well-emphasised outline a map of the eastern and western continents, certain portions being picked out in colours or marked by symbolic signs.

Having put away the remnants of his supper, Carey made the bench tidy, then put on his shoemaker's apron, laid out the tools required for the work next before him and with these a Hebrew grammar, drawn from the pocket of his threadbare coat. As he did this he was surprised by a knock at the shop door. On opening it a tall, heavily-built man in parson's dress entered.

"How are you the night, William Carey?" he asked, shaking hands gravely but with hearty kindliness. "And how's the wife? and the bairns? Church business brought me to Moulton to-day. I knew I'd find your light burning, so stepped in before going to the Checkers of Hope where I am to bide till morning."

Carey murmured a welcome, his acute pleasure in the unlooked-for visit rendering him almost inarticulate.

Andrew Fuller, pastor of the Baptist church at Kettering, was but seven years older than his host, but he carried with him, in person and bearing, the dignity, confidence and spiritual authority of the established religious leader, which were altogether lacking to the other. Although Carey had been a lay preacher since he was nineteen (he was now twenty-eight) and had for three years been in charge of the little Moulton church, his humility and distrust of himself were pathetic.

"I've great news to give you, Brother," remarked Carey, as the friends settled into conversation. "You find me working at my trade as usual, and so I shall be yet a few weeks, but not longer."

"What good fortune has befallen you?"

"Well," pursued Carey, self-command and poise now returned, "it happens in this way. Yesterday week I took in my work to Kettering,—where I failed to find you in when I went to your house,—and just as I had emptied my bag, who should come in but Mr. Gotch himself."

"Ah, indeed. Very good," murmured Fuller.

"He took up one of the shoes and he said to me, 'Let me see, Carey, how much do you earn a week?' I said, 'About nine shillings, sir.' Then said Mr. Gotch, 'I have a secret to tell you, which is this: I do not intend you shall spoil any more of my leather, but you may proceed as fast as you can with your Latin, Greek and Hebrew, and I will allow you from my own private purse, ten shillings a week.' "

"A generous-minded gentleman, Mr. Gotch, for a fact," rejoined Fuller, his face enlivened by warm satisfaction. "And he sees what is inside a man."

"A marvellous great heart he has," echoed Carey. "Think of what that means. With that sum and almost five shillings besides which I get from my people here in Moulton, I can make a comfortable living even though I no longer earn aught for the school teaching. The old master, you know, is back again."

"Not an over-great income for the keep of wife and three youngsters," commented Fuller a shade dubiously. "How often do you have meat, I wonder?"

"Oh, once a month any way. And this is better than I can do with the cobbling, and think of the chance I'll have at the Greek and for searching into the state of the nations, Mr. Fuller. You see yonder," and he pointed towards the bench. "That map is what I feed on by day and by night. You can see the marks there for population, state as to religion and all such. The

world's needs as they stand before me are overwhelming, and what are we Christian folk in England doing?"

Fuller shook his head. This was plainly a sore point and an old one with his friend.

"Little enough," he murmured.

"Not little, but nothing," exclaimed Carey, his eyes flashing, his face glowing with impassioned feeling. "For ten years, as you know,—for you searched my mind three years ago when you and Ryland and Sutcliff ordained me to the ministry,—my heart has been weighed down with a sense of the awful condition of the slaves and of the heathen. Every day of my life I wrestle with God in prayer for them. But, Mr. Fuller, I sometimes think I hear a voice within my soul that says to me: Who will answer your prayer if not yourself?"

Then seeing the startled look which appeared in Fuller's face, he continued,

"I know what you think but will not say:—Can William Carey, this ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-educated cobbler, with his sick wife and ailing children, think he is called of God to do what no English Christian, layman or minister of our day has done,—go to heathen lands as a missionary?"

As Fuller attempted to interrupt him, Carey, wholly unconscious now of the old sense of inferiority to his friend, persisted.

"Yes, my brother," he cried, "I have even dreamed that such might be God's will for me. For look you, I can carry burdens, heavy ones. I have carried them all my life. And *I can plod.* And then"—breaking off with a laugh, yet wistfully, "you know yourself I have a turn for languages."

Fuller gazed at him in silence for a moment, then spoke.

"Yes. That is hardly too strong. Seven weeks sufficed you to master Latin, I remember, and now you have compassed Greek and are on your way to Hebrew, I judge from yonder grammar on your bench. But, William, do you not comprehend that our brethren would regard such a proposal on your part as spiritual presumption? Surely they will tell you that in the purposes of God according to election the heathen are set apart as vessels of wrath unto destruction?"

"Andrew Fuller," declared Carey, rising and facing the other, something stern and compelling in his look, "you and I know that is not true."

Then he turned away, brought out a rudely locked wooden box and with a sudden shyness, as he took from it a handful of written sheets, said:

"I have put together here a few considerations which have come to me on this subject. Would you care to look these pages over?"

Fuller, taking the manuscript into his hand, read aloud the words which appeared to stand as title to the paper:

"An Enquiry into the Obligations of Christians to use means for the Conversion of the Heathens, in which the Religious State of the Different Nations of the World, the Success of Former Undertakings, and the Practicability of Further Undertakings are considered by William Carey. . . . For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek. . . . How shall they preach except they be sent?"

For a moment there was silence. Half mechanically Carey turned away to his bench and took up one of his tools.

Then Fuller said, "Fetch another candle, my friend, if you will. I see I must look into this. Set about your own work the while, whether it be mending shoes to-night or studying Hebrew."

At the end of an hour, Carey, hearing an exclamation from Fuller, turned from his bench.

Reading with deliberate emphasis from the manuscript in his hand, Fuller pronounced these sentences:

" 'Can we as men or as Christians, hear that a great part of our fellow-creatures, whose souls are as immortal as ours . . . are enveloped in ignorance and barbarism? Can we hear that they are without the Gospel, without government, without laws, and without arts and sciences, and not exert ourselves to introduce among them the sentiments of men and Christians? . . . It is inconsistent for ministers to please themselves with thoughts of a numerous auditory, cordial friends, a civilised country, legal protection, affluence, even a competency. The slight and hatred of men, even pretended friends, gloomy prisons and tortures, the society of barbarians of uncouth speech, miserable accommodations in wretched wildernesses, hunger and thirst, nakedness, weariness and painfulness, hard work and but little encouragement, should rather be the objects of their expectation. Thus the apostles acted in the primitive times, and endured hardness, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.' "

Here Fuller broke off, rose to his feet, and laid his hand on his friend's shoulder, and exclaimed:

"You have written the ablest missionary treatise since the days of the New Testament. But how dare you do it, William Carey, unless you are ready to follow all the way it leads you?"

"I am ready, by the grace of God," was the answer.

II

ANNUS MIRABILIS

1792

At the door of the Church of St. Mary's in Leicester on a Spring morning two men were standing engaged in earnest talk. The one, a graceful, polished gentleman in the garb of the Anglican clergy, was the Rev. Thomas Robinson, rector of the church. The other, a short, thick-set man, noticeable only for the intellectual power of the fine head and brow, was William Carey, for two years now pastor of the Harvey Lane Baptist chapel.

A rare sight in those days, the fraternising of two men of these opposing ecclesiastical positions, even though neighbours, as in this case. But of these two, each was a law unto himself. Robinson was of the evangelical strain, hence in harmony with all simple and sincere souls. Carey, although born and bred in the Established Church and forsaking it in boyhood for the Baptist body only from a crude sense of bearing a self-imposed cross, was of all men most catholic in his convictions. To him the division into denominations was a matter of method, not a matter of faith.

"I wish you would give me the secret of your preaching, Mr. Carey," remarked Mr. Robinson, anent some matter under discussion between them. "Your people love you, they tell me, as they love their own souls. I

hear of your crowded chapel, of the new gallery demanded to hold the folk who throng to your services. Now, I have no need for new galleries! Look out. I may accuse you one of these days of stealing my sheep."

They laughed together at the notion, but Carey replied presently with serious emphasis, "Mr. Robinson, I am a dissenter and you are a churchman. We must endeavour to do good according to our light. You may be assured that I had rather be the instrument of converting a scavenger that sweeps the streets, than of merely proselyting the richest and best characters in your congregation."

"That I most heartily believe," returned the other. "Carey, you are an example to all of us in more ways than one. Never did I see so inveterate a student of the dead languages, or of divinity. Man, you are unmerciful to yourself! Never an hour do you spare for pastime."

"Pastime!" broke in Carey, "have you not seen my flowers? My pride, my joy? Botany, my dear sir, is my pastime. Can you name a better? And next week I shall have a holiday, for I go to Nottingham, to the ministers' meeting of our persuasion there."

"How about your ministers?" inquired Robinson. Do they respond to this missionary passion with which you are inspired? I have read your publication, the *Enquiry,* and admire its tone and temper, as you know. But in our communion I find no such spirit. The idea of a Christian mission to the Orient, particularly to India, is regarded by churchmen as fanatical, worst of all,—in shocking taste," and he smiled half bitterly.

"Our men will respond," said Carey quietly. "My face is set to the heathen world, and how shall I go unless I be sent?"

"Do not, I beg of you," exclaimed Robinson, "set your face towards India."

"The islands of the South Seas are my choice, but why not India?"

"Our Government which protects and upholds the Church, you know, also protects the India House." Again a smile, half cynical, half sad, crossed the rector's face. "The two see eye to eye on the subject of missions to the natives as subversive of all good government. You would have a powerful antagonist in the East India Company if you struck athwart their position."

"But I should have a more powerful Ally, you know," with which, smiling a Good Morning, Carey parted with his good neighbour and friend for the morning.

A week later the Baptist ministers of that section of country were gathered in the church in Nottingham for their annual meeting. On the evening of May 31st William Carey stood in the pulpit and preached the sermon which has caused that year, 1792, to be known as the *annus mirabilis* in the story of missions.

All the burning convictions so long pent up broke through the humble craftsman's restraints of self-distrust and diffidence. He who had been at once village school-master, cobbler and preacher, addressed his brethren as a prophet of God, fearless, authoritative, denouncing the complacent indifference to missions in the church at large for fourteen centuries. The subject of the preaching was the obligation of the Christian Church to give the Gospel to the heathen world. The text was Isaiah liv:2, 3; the gist:

EXPECT GREAT THINGS FROM GOD.
ATTEMPT GREAT THINGS FOR GOD.

The company was swept as by an electric storm.

"If all the people had lifted up their voices and wept, I should not have wondered at the effect. It would only have seemed proportionate to the cause, so clearly did he prove the criminality of our supineness to the cause of God." Thus Dr. John Ryland described the immediate reaction to this historic appeal.

But when Carey came down from the pulpit still trembling with the force of his spiritual passion, and took John Ryland's outstretched hand, he sought in vain for suggestion of definite response to his supreme appeal.

What did it mean? He had noted the change of color, the flicker of emotion in the countenances of his hearers as he was speaking. Was the effect gone already? He turned to Andrew Fuller. Fuller grasped his hand but did not meet his eye. He spoke confusedly of generalities in the order of the day. But Carey saw that he trembled. Others were turning away as if preferring not to encounter him.

In anguish of spirit approaching despair, Carey grasped Fuller's arm.

"And are you after all, about to separate again without doing anything?" he cried in bitterness which could not be restrained. Neither could it be gainsaid. For Carey prevailed. These "inexperienced, poor and ignorant village preachers" then and there took heart of grace to do their part, since face to face with them stood a man called of God to the great adventure.

The brethren were summoned to order; and the following resolution was passed and was recorded on the minutes of that memorable day: "That a plan be prepared against the next Ministers' Meeting at Kettering

for forming a Baptist Society for propagating the Gospel among the Heathen."

. . . . . .

It was the second day of October, 1792. From it we date the genesis of our modern Foreign Missions. In Kettering, market-town of Northamptonshire, twelve ministers had come together, twelve men as little fitted to lead a new and mighty crusade in parts of the world far distant and unknown, as were the twelve peasants of Galilee who once met in the upper room in Jerusalem to take counsel together concerning the will and work of their ascended Lord. Like them, these Englishmen were without money, without influence. There was no precedent for them to follow; no missionary association whose methods they might imitate; no favourable opening was known to them in any heathen country; no other body of Protestant Christians in England contemplated or even favoured such action.

As Andrew Fuller said afterwards, "When we began in 1792 there was little or no respectability among us; not so much as a squire to sit in the chair, or an orator to make speeches to him. Good Dr. Stennett advised the London ministers to stand aloof, and not commit themselves."

Andrew Fuller had recently lost by death his right hand man in his Kettering parish, Deacon Wallis. His widow, knowing what would have been her husband's desire, invited these men to meet that evening in her comfortable home. The parlour of the house, on the ground floor, looking out upon the garden, had been set apart hospitably for their use. Here, not without trepidation, but not without the dignity of courage, the

twelve almost unknown Englishmen sat together for hours in conference, a conference whose issues are to-day felt round the globe.

Resolutions were passed, twelve in number. Here are the first and the third:

"1. Desirous of making an effort for the propagation of the Gospel among the heathen, agreeably to what is recommended in Brother Carey's late publication on that subject, we, whose names appear to the present subscription, do solemnly agree to act in society together for that purpose.

"3. As such an undertaking must needs be attended with expense, we agree immediately to open a subscription for the above purpose and to recommend it to others."

Twelve signatures follow, after which is added: "whose subscriptions in all amounted to £13:2s:6d." Andrew Fuller was named secretary of the Society.

Thus was born the first Protestant Missionary Society in the Anglo-Saxon world.

On January 10th, 1793, William Carey and John Thomas, a Christian ship's surgeon who had been in India and had preached to the Hindu people, were appointed by the newly created Society missionaries, Bengal being the proposed field of labour. Support for these two men with their wives and children was named as "£100 or £150 a year between them all" *until they should be able to support themselves.* As it turned out, it was only for three years that these first missionaries received their meagre stipend, and during that time the sum total remitted was £200. Self-support was one of

Carey's cardinal principles, drawn from the Moravian Missions, his noble example.

On June 13th, 1793, the missionary company set sail for India on the Danish ship *Cron Princessa Maria*. The five intervening months had been full of trouble, Carey having for the first time encountered the inflexible opposition of the East India Company. Missionaries were "a contraband article." No unlicensed person could be allowed to enter India, and the Company would grant no license to men bent on such a mission as his. Robinson had known whereof he spoke. Hence, after embarking on the East Indiaman, *Oxford*, they were ejected therefrom as open to the charge of "high crime and misdemeanor" and landed summarily on the Isle of Wight.

But Danish India, free from the commercial tyranny of the British East India Company, had no such ruling of exclusion against Carey and Thomas. A Danish Indiaman, touching at Dover, willingly took the missionaries on board.

They were off at last! Great was their joy. What now could hinder them? But obstacles which would have daunted any heart less fixed than Carey's awaited them. For Calcutta, where they landed on November 11th, offered them no abiding place. The East India Company being firmly entrenched in Bengal, it was not as a professed missionary, but as farmer, teacher, indigo planter, that William Carey was forced to spend his first years in India. He could bide his time. *The word of God was not bound.*

And it was under the Danish flag in the port of Serampore after a six years' struggle against bitter poverty and difficulties indescribable, that Carey at last, in the year 1800, obtained a permanent foothold. It

was under the ægis of Denmark therefore that the modern missionary movement of which this English pioneer was Father and Founder, was originally established.

III

THE WYCLIFFE OF THE EAST

1800 et sequitur

On the right bank of the Hugli River the traveller from Calcutta late in the first decade of the nineteenth century would note with interest a group of residential buildings surrounded by terraces and verandas covering several acres of ground. Among these a chapel and a printing-house could be seen. The entire group was surrounded by magnificent mahogany trees. In the background extended a botanic garden of extraordinary beauty. This was the missionary establishment of the "Serampore Triad."

Farther down the river stood stately patrician dwellings of Danish residents; opposite, beyond the Hugli, a half mile wide when in flood, could be seen the Governor-General's summer home, Aldeen House, the residence of Rev. David Brown, chaplain to His Excellency, and the extensive park of Barrackpore.

"At this place," wrote William Carey to Andrew Fuller from Serampore, February 5th, 1800, "we are settled out of the Company's dominions, and under the government of a power very friendly to us and our designs."

But in the year 1801 the Governor-General of Serampore, we perceive, was no longer Danish but British. The kindly rule of Denmark, in less than two years

after the Serampore mission was established, had been handed over to the British Government, so coming under the hand of the East India Company. In the early years of the century, however, the mission was permitted to conduct the work already begun. The missionaries already established under Danish authority were left to pursue their work in a degree of freedom although under constant espionage.

In this noble compound at Serampore, as the new century opened, William Carey was not found working alone. Following his arrival in Calcutta in 1793, he was lost to sight. For seven years he struggled single-handed in the pestilential swamps southeast of Calcutta as farmer, or in the Malda District as indigo-planter, all the while studying the language and carrying on evangelistic labour among the natives. These years of his one-man, underground work, while they showed no lasting conversions and no permanent missionary institution, had produced a native school and a parish of two hundred native villages. Meanwhile Carey had translated the whole Bible into Bengali. From this achievement, he had hastened with all a scholar's ardour into the mastery of Sanskrit, which he styled "a most beautiful language." But as he worked on alone, hardening his moral muscle in his Hindu wilderness for the years before him, Carey could scarcely realise the fire kindled in England by his letters. In quick succession four young men offered themselves to go out as his assistants. Two of these were early cut off by death. William Ward, a skilled printer and editor, with whom Carey had made acquaintance before leaving England, and Joshua Marshman, a successful teacher in a Bristol school, reached India in safety and lived to carry on the work begun by Carey in closest bonds of fellowship

with him. These formed the immortal "Serampore Triad."

But even before the day of telegraphy news travelled fast. The East India Company, alarmed at the rise of a missionary movement, begin to look askance at what Carey was accomplishing among the native population. When the ship on which Ward and Marshman were passengers anchored in the Hugli, opposite Calcutta, late in the year 1799, the authorities were on the watch and forbade them to land. They were warned that any attempt to do so would result in their deportation.

But it chanced that one director of the Company, Charles Grant, was a staunch friend of Carey's. A message from him to the anxious men, waiting in the hostile harbour for some sign of welcome, was received:

"Do not land at Calcutta, but at Serampore, and there, under the protection of the Danish flag, arrange to join Mr. Carey," the message read.

In two small boats Ward and Marshman were quietly carried up the river fifteen miles and landed at Serampore.

When the Governor of Bengal demanded that the missionaries be sent to Calcutta for deportation, the Danish Governor, Colonel Bie, flatly refused. Official protection being requisite, it was at Serampore perforce that the new comers took up their abode. And here on January 10th, 1800, William Carey joined them.

To Fuller with characteristic generosity and humility, Carey wrote his impressions of Marshman and Ward.

"Brother Ward," he said, "is the very man we wanted; he enters into the work with his whole soul.

I have much pleasure in him, and expect much from him. . . . He is so holy, so spiritual a man. Brother Marshman is a prodigy of diligence and prudence, as is also his wife. Learning the language is mere play to him; he has already acquired as much as I did in double the time. He is a true missionary."

First impressions were more than confirmed in the intimacy which followed, for the bond of brotherhood between these three men remained unbroken until death, ideal and exemplar for all time to come.

The "Form of Agreement" by which the mission household was guided at Serampore is classic, a marvel in its chivalrous, sacrificial and apostolic spirit.

"This week we have adopted a set of rules for the government of the family," wrote Ward, January 18th, 1800. "All preach and pray in turn; one superintends the affairs of the family for a month, and then another. . . . Saturday evening is devoted to adjusting differences and pledging ourselves to love one another. One of our resolutions is that no one of us shall engage in private trade; but that all be done for the benefit of the mission."

It must be understood that the mission was conducted on the principle of self-support, as far as it was possible. It has been calculated that from first to last Carey's personal contributions amounted to over £46,000, while from the Society in England in the same period remittances did not total £2,000. But Carey himself died so poor that his sons inherited only the proceeds from the sale of his books, a total of £187:10s.

Naturally the question arises, How could the poor preaching-cobbler of Moulton, who there sustained his family on £16 a year, contribute such an amount? We shall see. Frugality raised to the *nth* power was at the

bottom of it, for all three, we may be sure. Thus the Marshmans retained of all they could earn by teaching, publishing, etc., only thirty rupees per month; Ward, twenty; Carey, for himself and his family, fifty. He needed more than the others, with a family of four sons and a helpless wife. Also he had to dress better than Marshman and Ward. We think of the half-starved workman in his shoemaker's apron in Moulton in 1789 and wonder why. This, too, we shall soon understand.

But just here we must consider the Spiritual Agreement, the *Preparatio Evangelica* of the Serampore Triad. Written by Ward in collaboration with his brethren, it has been well described as the "ripe fruit of Carey's daily toil and consecrated genius." It thus concludes:

"Let us often look at Brainerd in the woods of America, pouring out his very soul before God for the perishing heathen. . . . Prayer, secret, fervent, believing prayer, lies at the root of all personal godliness. A competent knowledge of the languages current where a missionary lives, a mild and winning temper, and a heart given up to God in closest religion, these are the attainments which more than all knowledge or all other gifts, will fit us to become the instruments of God in the great work of human redemption. Finally, let us give ourselves unreservedly to this glorious cause. Let us never think that our time, our gifts, our strength, our families, or even the clothes we wear are our own. Let us sanctify them all to God and his cause. Oh, that he may sanctify us for his work! Let us forever shut out the idea of laying up a cowrie (mite) for ourselves or our children. If we give up the resolution which was formed on the subject of private trade when we

first united at Serampore, the mission is from that hour a lost cause. Let us continually watch against a worldly spirit, and cultivate a Christian indifference towards every indulgence. Rather let us bear hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. No private family ever enjoyed a greater portion of happiness than we have done since we resolved to have all things in common."

Surely a regimen of plain living and high thinking is outlined here. And in this atmosphere, William Carey, profoundly satisfied and at home, spent over thirty prodigiously productive years. Thorns and briars indeed beset his way in the first ten years, for the illiterate woman whom he had married in his youth, and who had embittered the years of his early manhood by her shrewish temper, had now become a hopeless monomaniac. For twenty-eight years of married life Carey bore this burden manfully, caring for the miserable woman with reverence and devotion. "Never did reproach or complaint escape his lips regarding her." In 1807 the stormy, tortured mind found rest in death.

Released from that bondage, Carey in 1808 won for his wife a woman of high intellectual gifts and spiritual sympathy. Charlotte Emilia, the only child of the Chevalier de Rumohr, a Danish nobleman, had settled in Serampore at about the same time with Carey himself. Her constitution having been impaired by an accident, she had sought the climate of India for relief, and had built a house on the bank of the Hugli immediately below the mission compound. This house was destined soon to be made over to the mission and later to become famous as the office of the mission publication, *The Friend of India.* The barren formalism of the Lutheran Church, then largely given over to rationalism, had produced in Lady Rumohr a sceptical attitude

of mind, but her intercourse with the Serampore Triad transformed her into an earnest student of the Bible and a devoted Christian.

The marriage of Dr. Carey to the Lady Rumohr is a true romance, and no one who reads his story can fail to be gladdened by the thought of their thirteen years of unbroken happiness, their perfect spiritual and intellectual companionship.

It is with satisfaction unalloyed that we glance over the years of Carey's maturity. He reached India in his thirty-third year and there lived to the age of seventy-three. Amid the activities and companionships which filled his life full to the brim, we may catch glimpses here and there.

A day's routine of work has been thus described:

Dr. Carey (his degree conferred by Brown University) rises a little before six, reads a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, and spends the time till seven in private devotion. He then has family prayer with the servants in Bengali, after which he reads Persian with a *munshi* who is in attendance. As soon as breakfast is over he sits down to the translation of the Ramayana from the Sanskrit with his pundit (he exhausted three each day) till ten when he proceeds to the college in Calcutta and attends to its duties till two. After dinner and the examination of proof sheets from the Serampore press, he works on the revision of his Bengali Bible with the aid of the chief Pundit of the College. At six, he sits down with the Telugu Pundit, to the study of that language and then preaches in English to a congregation of about fifty. At eleven the duties of the day are closed and after reading a chapter in the Greek Testament and commending himself to God, he retires to rest.

But all Dr. Carey's days are not routine days.

Lord Wellesley, then Governor-General of India, disgusted with the prevailing ignorance and ineptitude of the English-bred civil and military Government officials, had now created in Calcutta the College of Fort William, wherein young men commissioned for these posts could be educated on the spot in a way suitable to the responsibilities and duties of their position. Being a man of broad vision, Lord Wellesley decreed that, like the missionary, the Government officer should master the language of the people. The five great vernaculars of India were therefore inserted in the curriculum. This college was to be also a Centre of Western learning in an Eastern dress for the natives of India. It was housed in the then most beautiful modern building in Asia. All in all a magnificent project.

"There is a college erected at Fort William," wrote Dr. Carey; "all the Eastern languages are to be taught in it." Little did he dream then that he himself would soon be called to the new foundation, first as "teacher," afterwards as "professor" at a salary of five hundred rupees a month.

Amazing to himself, suggestion of this appointment! To be sure, save one, he is the only scholar of the governing race in India who has complete mastery of Sanskrit. There are his Sanskrit grammar and dictionary, and he speaks Sanskrit fluently, but all this he takes quite as matter of course. The one drawback would be that he would be forced to dress better than his brothers, but on the other hand, how much more he would be able to put into the common treasury for extension of the work! And so, when this appointment is made officially in 1801, Dr. Carey consents, albeit "with fear and trembling," because he is satisfied that this activity will further the cause of the mission,

dearest his heart. "But," he exclaims, "I wonder how people can have such favourable ideas of me."

In September, 1804, the scene was set in "the southern room on the marble floor" of Government House in Calcutta for a brilliant event. This is the room where through succeeding generations the royal Viceroys have stood to receive princely and diplomatic visitors in state.

The seventy students then enrolled in Fort William College, with their governors, officers and professors, here assembled at ten o'clock, the twentieth of September, rose to their feet as His Excellency entered the room, accompanied by the Honourable the Chief Justice, the judges of the Supreme Court, members of the Supreme Council, and a brilliant military retinue. William Carey had been named as Moderator of the gathering. After various learned declamations and disputations had manifested the scholarship of the new institution, he was called upon to conclude the exercises with a speech in Sanskrit, addressed in great part to Lord Wellesley himself. This was the first public speech in Sanskrit ever delivered by a European.

Upon receiving a copy of this address, Wellesley thus replied:

"I am much pleased with Mr. Carey's truly original and excellent speech; I would not wish to have a word altered. I esteem such a testimony from such a man, a greater honour than the applause of courts and parliaments. W."

It was upon this occasion (or some similar notable gathering at Government House) that, as Carey passed near a group of young officers, he heard the remark from one of them, spoken with perplexed emphasis,

"But was not Dr. Carey once a shoemaker?"

Turning, Carey looked with amused kindliness at the speaker and said quietly,

"No, sir, not a shoemaker, only a cobbler."

Another day for Carey. Returning from Calcutta he observed along the banks of the Hugli the funeral rites of a man, one feature of which was the burning, with the body of the dead, the living body of his widow. With all his might Carey sought to interfere on the spot with the horrible proceedings, but in vain. The shrieking, struggling woman was held fast by bamboo poles pressing her down upon the flaming funeral pyre until death came to her relief.

Carey returned home and with determined but systematic energy, sent out agents in all directions within a circuit of twenty miles of Calcutta, from village to village, to collect authentic information. They returned with the report that within those villages more than three hundred widows had been burned within six months. Carey embodied the results of his investigation in a memorial which he presented to Lord Wellesley. *This was the first formulated protest against suttee ever placed on the government records of India.* Lord Wellesley, favourable to reform himself, was about to retire from office. No action on Carey's memorial was taken by his successor and for twenty-five years the missionary "waited and prayed and every day saw the devilish smoke ascend along the banks of the Ganges." But in 1829 it became Carey's privilege to translate into Bengali the decree and the proclamation forever ending this ceremonial crime. When in 1829, the decree, passed after twenty-nine years of waiting and petitioning on his part, was issued, forbidding suttee forever, it chanced to be a Sunday. Carey was then the Government translator. "No church for me to-

day!" he exclaimed. "A day's delay may cost the lives of more widows." That very night the translation of the decree was in the printer's hands.

The practice of immolation of girl babies as a religious rite in Hinduism was also the theme of a memorial laid before Lord Wellesley in 1794 by William Carey. In this case his labours were speedily successful, a law being promptly passed prohibiting this form of human sacrifice under severe penalty.

When at Cutwa on another day, Carey witnessed the burning of a leper. He thus describes it:

"A pit about ten cubits in depth was dug and a fire placed at the bottom of it. The poor man rolled himself into it; but instantly, on feeling the fire, begged to be taken out and struggled hard for that purpose. His mother and sister, however, thrust him in again; and thus a man who to all appearance might have survived several years, was cruelly burned to death. I find that practice is not uncommon in these parts." From that day Carey laboured untiringly for the abolition of this atrocious practice, as also for the establishment of a leper hospital in Calcutta. There, as in the time of the Great Physician, it can be said that the leper was cleansed and the poor had the Gospel preached to them.

The "Triologue" of the British Government, the oath administered in the Punjab by Lord Lawrence, forms a pungent comment on the beauties of Hinduism left to itself. It runs thus:

1. THOU SHALT NOT BURN THY WIDOWS.
2. THOU SHALT NOT KILL THY DAUGHTERS.
3. THOU SHALT NOT BURY ALIVE THY LEPERS.

This fruit of slow growth was accredited to the British Administration. But the seed was sown by William Carey.

Carey's great achievements in educational work and in that of biblical translation are familiar. Suffice it here to say that by the year 1818 the mission sustained 126 vernacular schools with 10,000 pupils under elementary training and Christian nurture. At this time the plans for the Serampore College were definitely formed to be carried into effect two years later.

In 1811 there were 19 printing presses at work at Serampore, sending out a steady stream of Biblical and religious literature. In all, these reached 40 different languages, the vernacular tongues of 330,000,000 people. In 30 years Carey and his colleagues rendered the Word of God accessible to one-third of the world's population.

The Serampore Mission not only produced the partial or complete printed translation of the Bible in Asiatic vernaculars, and the first native Christian schools of all grades and for both sexes. It established the first printing press on an organised scale, the first paper mill steam engine and savings bank seen in India, as well as the first attempt at medical missions. For, as a contemporary described it, "Brother Carey gave them medicine for their bodies and the best medicine for their souls."

But no philanthropic or scholastic energies could take the supreme place in this man's mind. This was kept with loyalty which knew no shadow of turning for the initial purpose of his mission: the purpose of holding up the Cross of Christ as the hope of the world.

In 1809 a chapel was built and opened in Calcutta, in Lall Bazaar, which is known to-day as "Carey's Bap-

tist Chapel." He and his colleagues, "not being episcopally ordained," were forbidden to preach to British soldiers and to Armenians and Portuguese, but there were natives a plenty to fill the new chapel.

"Here was for nearly a whole generation a sublime spectacle—the Northampton shoemaker training the governing class of India in Sanskrit, Bengali, and Marathi all day, and translating the Ramayana and the Veda, and then when the sun went down, returning to the society of 'the maimed, the halt, and the blind, and many with the leprosy,' to preach in several tongues the glad tidings of the Kingdom to the heathen of England as well as of India, and all with a loving tenderness and patient humility learned in the childlike school of Him who said, 'Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?' "

By 1810 there had been 300 baptisms. By 1815 Dr. Carey had himself baptised 765 converts. Before his death he saw 26 native churches planted in India and 40 native preachers ministering to them.

Dr. Carey's unworldliness is quaintly expressed on the occasion of his son Felix leaving the Mission in Burma, soon after the arrival there of Adoniram Judson, in order to become British envoy at the Burmese Court. *"Felix is shrivelled from a Missionary to an Ambassador,"* was his brief and rueful comment.

IV

THE CROSS OF CHRIST IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

1813

[In the year 1812 the East India Company opened a campaign against the entrance of missionaries into its territory, the number of these then in active service in Bengal having been considerably increased. These additions had been suffered by reason of a certain leniency on the part of the officials who, since the annexation of Serampore, had agreed that the missionaries should be "tolerated as toads." The anti-missionary party being now in power, they were again to be "hunted like beasts." A standing order for deportation of all newly-arriving missionaries was mercilessly enforced.

But little as the harassed missionaries at Serampore could foresee it in that dark hour, relief was at hand. Christian England was at last awake and had found a voice. The great champion of the oppressed, William Wilberforce, aroused and ready, was about to storm the entranchments of organized selfishness and prejudice.

The following year saw the great debate in the House of Commons on the policy of the East India Company, the renewal of whose charter was then pending.]

Scene: London. The House of Commons of the British Parliament.

Time: Summer of 1813.

Subject before the House: The Charter of the East India Company being about to be renewed, the whole question of Indian Policy, secular and religious, comes under discussion.

[1] Members having part in discussion: Lord Castlereagh, Ministerial Leader of the House of Commons; Mr. Charles Marsh; Sir Henry Montgomery; Colonel Thomas Munro; Mr. Prendergast; William Wilberforce; Mr. Charles Grant.

Lord Castlereagh: In entering upon our discussion of the future policies and relations of India, I wish to offer my tribute to the admirable conduct of affairs by our great East India Company. In particular I would urge that the local authorities must be left in possession of the powers they have always enjoyed of expelling those whose conduct may be considered dangerous.

Mr. William Wilberforce: May I be permitted to express my regret that the right honourable gentleman omits mention of measures relative to the moral and religious improvement of India. I consider the object of our Christian missionaries, resident in India, the greatest of all causes, for I really place it before the abolition of the slave-trade, over which, blessed be God, we have gained the victory. I move the insertion in the new Charter which we are considering of the following:—

[2] *"It is the duty of this country to encourage the introduction of useful knowledge and of religious and moral enlightenment into India, and in lawful ways to*

[1] The minor historic and authentic remarks above quoted from the debate, are here attributed to those whose expressed sentiments make such attribution wholly appropriate. The utterances of Wilberforce and Grant are condensed directly from their speeches.

[2] Known as "the pious clause."

afford every facility to such persons as go to India and desire to remain there for the accomplishment of such benevolent purposes."

Mr. Prendergast: The provision proposed by Mr. Wilberforce cannot be regarded as other than mischievous in the extreme, threatening as it must the extermination of our Eastern Sovereignty. It has been the invariable practice of our Government generally to foster and protect the Hindu religion. But now India is overspread with Baptist missionaries, Arminian missionaries, Calvinistic missionaries! I do not know who these Baptist missionaries are, exactly, but they are the most ignorant and bigoted of men. Their head is a Mr. William Carey. He enjoys, I hear, a large salary from the Company for some reason unknown to me, but he has not made a single Mohammedan convert and no Hindus save men of despicable character. It is time to put a complete end to this interference with the interests of the Government.

Sir Henry Montgomery: Allow me to add to what Mr. Prendergast has said my own observation made in India. I have never met with a people who exhibited more suavity of manners, or more mildness of character than the Hindus, or a happier race of beings when left to the undisturbed performance of the rites of their religion.

Colonel Thomas Munro: The sending out of missionaries into our Eastern possessions is the maddest, most extravagant, most costly, most indefensible project which has ever been suggested by a moon-struck fanatic. Such a scheme strikes against all reason and sound policy; it brings the peace and safety of our possessions into peril.

Mr. Charles Grant: Gentlemen, may I call your at-

tention to the table yonder? There lie the unexampled volume of petitions with which Parliament in the last eight weeks has been flooded. They have streamed in day and night from all parts of the Kingdom, from cities and villages, from public and from private sources. Their tenor is ever the same: Do not permit the light of Divine truth to be excluded from the inhabitants of India! There speaks the voice of Christian England.

Mr. Charles Marsh: The voice I hear is the voice of Fanaticism. I submit that if the time has come that every inspired cobbler or fanatical tailor who feels an inward call has a kind of apostolic right to assist in laying siege to the edifice of the Hindu economy, then the rule of Great Britain in India is doomed.

Mr. William Wilberforce: Let no man think that the petitions which have loaded our table have been produced by a burst of momentary enthusiasm. While the sun and moon continue to shine in the firmament so long will this object be pursued with unabated ardour until the great work be accomplished.

Mr. Charles Marsh: Mr. Speaker, I submit that never will the scheme of Hindu conversion be realised unless you persuade a whole population to suffer martyrdom in the cause of its religion. Shall we let loose men like these missionaries upon a helpless and innocent people? I cannot hear without horror of sending our Baptist tinkers and cobblers to convert a noble and virtuous race, firmly founded on lofty principles of religion and morality. If these men had belonged to the Church of England, one might have borne with them, but to think of tolerating Baptists—that may not be borne! . . . I leave it to the House to determine whether predestination and gin would be a compensation

to the natives of India for the changes which will overwhelm their habits, morals and religion.

Mr. William Wilberforce: It will not, I trust, be very injurious to the Serampore missionaries to receive the contemptuous appellations so freely bestowed upon them to-night. For my own part, I have lived too long to be much affected by such epithets, whether applied to others or to myself. But I should have conceived that the missionaries would have been shielded against such attacks by their having conceived and planned,—and in the face of much opposition, undertaken and carried on at a vast expense of time, labour and money,—such dignified, beneficial and disinterested labours. Anabaptists and fanatics? These, sir, are not men to be so disposed of!

Mr. Wilberforce then dwelt at length (the whole speech consumed three hours) on the unspeakable degradation, cruelties and abominations of the Hindu system. These Anabaptist missionaries (he continued) are entitled to our highest respect and admiration. One of them, Dr. Carey, was originally in one of the lowest stations of society, but he has had the genius as well as the benevolence to devise the plan of forming a Society for communicating the blessings of Christian light to the natives of India. He has applied himself to several of the Oriental tongues and especially to the Sanskrit, in which his proficiency is acknowledged to be greater than that of any living European. All this time, sir, he is indefatigably labouring as a missionary with a warmth of zeal only equalled by that with which he prosecutes his literary labours. It is merit of a more vulgar sort, but it may appeal to those who are blind to the moral and literary excellence of the Serampore Triad, Messrs. Carey, Marshman and Ward, that,

acquiring by various exercises of their talents from £1,000 to £5,000 per annum, they throw the whole into the common stock of the Mission. I cannot but recognise in these gentlemen an extraordinary union of qualities:—zeal combined with meekness, love with sobriety, courage and energy with prudence and perseverance. When to these can be superadded splendid munificence and unfeigned benevolence and their whole life's devotion, are these men not justly entitled to at least common respect? I can only myself admire that eminence which I despair myself to reach, and bow before such exalted merit.

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Wilberforce, thus summoning the character of Carey and his colleagues to lend power to his argument, triumphed.

On the division, the cause of Missions was supported in the British Parliament by a majority of 22. The Bill sanctioning the introduction of Christianity into India,—the Magna Charta of Indian Missions,—was passed on the 13th of July, 1813, at 3 o'clock in the morning, after an all-night sitting. "I am persuaded," wrote Wilberforce, "that we have laid the foundation-stone of the grandest edifice that was ever raised in India."

The selfish and pagan policies of the East India Company, panoplied as it was with all the might of wealth, political and commercial influence, were defeated by the invisible moral and spiritual power of three humble Christian missionaries who, for 13 years alone and unaided, had fought the good fight for the Cross of Christ in India. With the year 1813 the forward march of

Missions may be said to begin. In 1896 a learned Brahman, Tahil Gunja Ram, M. R. A. S., declared publicly, "Though myself a staunch Arya Somajist by religion, yet I say with double force that no agency has benefited India so much as the Christian missionary societies."

V

"I CAN PLOD"

In a spacious study in one of the four stone dwelling-houses of the Serampore Mission (described by a young American woman as "the most delightful place I ever saw"), we see Dr. Carey, now a man of fifty odd, bending over his desk, his Hindu *munshi* beside him. The years which bring the philosophic mind have refined the man from his early *gaucherie* into a personality of impressive nobleness and benignity; have given him the unmistakable stamp of intellectual and spiritual authority. He is not only the scholar but the gentleman. "A gentleman," to use his own words, "is the next best character after a Christian, and the latter includes the former." No doubt the two are united in this man.

The clock strikes five, and the missionary, dismissing his assistant, hastens with all the ardour of a boy let loose from school to the magnificent Botanical Garden, laid out and kept up by himself at the rear of the mission houses. This had even then become one of the scientific treasures as well as the pride of Calcutta and Serampore. Here Carey enjoyed his one pastime, the nurture of trees and of flowers.

As he moved now from one flower-bed to another his eye caught sight of an unfamiliar object in a shady corner. Bending over, he studied a tiny low-growing blossom, then straightened himself, an expression of delight on his face. At the moment he perceived the

graceful figure of his wife, coming down the path with letters in her hand.

"Ah, Emilia, make haste," he cried. "See what a joyous surprise has been given me."

As she reached the spot where he stood, Dr. Carey pointed to the little flower. "Dost thou not know it, dearest?" he cried. "That is a wild-flower, our English daisy! How it has come hither I can only guess. The last time I received English seeds, I remember that I shook the earth from the bag into this very corner, for fear some precious seed might be lost. And this is my reward."

"Why, William, I never saw thy face so radiant as at this minute," commented his wife with tender sympathy. "Is it not a precious posy!"

"I know not that I ever enjoyed since leaving home, save from thee, a pleasure so exquisite as the sight of this daisy. It is now thirty years since I have seen this flower, and never did I hope to see it again."

Slipping her hand silently into his arm, Mrs. Carey led her husband down the shaded avenue, its trees planted by his own hand and known as "Carey's Walk." There a rustic seat invited them to rest, protected from the tropical sun.

"The post is in I see, dear wife," Carey remarked, noting her unshed tears of sympathy in his discovery of the homely English flower. "Letters from England?"

"Yes, from England. And listen, William. I shall make thee vain at last. I have one here from an old friend of mine whose name thou wilt hardly remember. She writes that 800 guineas have been offered for Dr. Carey's portrait."

"Will that go to the cause?" was the quick rejoinder, as he opened one of the letters addressed to himself.

"Without doubt," was the eager reply. Then bending, at her husband's motion, over the sheet, a letter from Andrew Fuller, she read aloud,

"Good old Mr. Newton says, 'Mr. Carey has favoured me with a letter, which, indeed, I accept as a favour. My heart as cordially unites with him as though I were a brother Baptist myself. I look to such a man with reverence. He is more to me than bishop or archbishop; he is an apostle. May the Lord make all who undertake missions like-minded with Brother Carey.' "

Gently but without smiling the missionary drew the letter away.

"How they over-estimate me," he sighed as he folded it. There was no tinge of gratified self-consciousness in his gravely musing look. "If, when I am gone, anyone should think it worth while to write my life, I will give thee a criterion by which thou mayest judge of its correctness. If he gives me credit for being a plodder, he will describe me justly. Anything beyond this will be too much. *I can plod.*"

. . . . . .

One of the high lights of Dr. Carey's long term of Indian service consists in his generous encouragement of young missionaries of all nations and communions. "We think all the missionaries who come to this country belong to us," commented Dr. Marshman. Among many mention can be made here of but two, Henry Martyn and Alexander Duff, the former aptly styled "an Anglican chaplain with the soul of a missionary," the latter a Scotch Highlander and Presbyterian, and one of the Makers of modern India.

Henry Martyn, spiritual godchild of Charles Simeon,

the illustrious evangelical rector of Trinity Church, Cambridge, had received definite impulse toward a missionary career from the published letters of William Carey. Unable to receive missionary commission from the Church of England, of which he was a loyal member, Martyn arrived in Serampore as a chaplain of the East India Company and took up his abode at Aldeen House, residence of the Governor General's chaplain, the Rev. David Brown, across the river from the Baptist Mission.

One of his first visits on landing was to Dr. Carey, who, with his colleagues, welcomed with ardour the young man so obviously a spiritual genius. Carey thus alludes to the incident: "A young clergyman, Mr. Martyn, who is possessed of a truly missionary spirit, has come to Serampore. He lives at present with Mr. Brown, and as the image or shadow of bigotry is not known among us here, we take sweet counsel together, and go to the house of God as friends."

When Henry Martyn and William Carey thus established their relation of Christian fellowship in 1806, the latter might well have thought of Martyn, "he must increase, but I must decrease." But in his fervent labours as misionary and Bible translator in Persia, Henry Martyn's strong soul "burnt out" his frail body quickly "for God," as he himself had asked that it might. He died in the year 1812 while Carey lived and laboured on until 1834.

. . . . . .

More than twenty years after his first meeting with Henry Martyn, Dr. Carey formed a friendship with Alexander Duff, the young Scotch Presbyterian missionary. Carey was then nearing the end of his life.

The final interview between these two, the one at the entrance to his labours, the other at the close, is a touching Hail and Farewell. It has been thus recorded:

"Among those who visited him (Carey) in his last illness was Alexander Duff. He spent some time in talking chiefly about Carey's missionary life, till at length the dying man whispered, *'Pray.'* Duff knelt and prayed, and then said Good-bye. As he passed from the room a feeble voice recalled him. Turning back, this is what he heard, spoken with gracious solemnity:

" 'Mr. Duff, you have been speaking about "Dr. Carey, Dr. Carey." When I am gone, say nothing about Dr. Carey—speak about Dr. Carey's *Saviour.*' Dr. Duff went away rebuked and awed, with a lesson in his heart that he never forgot."

Carey's very last work was to revise the eighth edition of his Bengali New Testament. As he corrected the last sheet, he said, "My work is done, I have nothing more to do but to wait the will of the Lord."

Christian England laughed when Sydney Smith sneered at William Carey as a "consecrated cobbler," going on a fool's errand to convert the heathen. Carey died, aged 73 years. He was visited on his death-bed by the Bishop of Calcutta, head of the Church of England in Bengal, who bowed his head and invoked the blessing of the dying missionary. His most frequent visitor was Lady Bentinck, wife of the Governor-General. "From her frequent converse with William Carey, in earlier time as well as now, she studied the art of dying." The British authorities had denied to Carey a landing-place on his first arrival in Bengal; but when he died, the Government dropped all its flags to half-mast in honour of a man who had done more for India than any of their generals.

To love; to serve; to sacrifice; to bear every burden, every insult and ignominy without complaint or retaliation; to devote every power, whether of body, mind or heart to the good of others; through a long life never to swerve from a high initial purpose; to live always humbly yet always on a lofty plane of human endeavour, this constitutes the character of the Apostle who said, To me to live is Christ.

VI

WHAT MEN SAID OF CAREY

In the year 1807, in answer to the fleers of the Rev. Sydney Smith, Robert Southey wrote in the *Quarterly Review* a gallant defence of the Serampore Missionaries, concluding as follows:

"The anti-missionaries call them fools, madmen, tinkers, Calvinists, and schismatics, and keep out of sight their love of men and their zeal for God, and their self-devotedness, their indefatigable industry, their unequalled learning. These 'low-born and low-bred mechanics' have translated the whole Bible into Bengali, and have by this time printed it. They are printing the New Testament in the Sanskrit, Orissa, Mahratta, the Hindustanee, the Guzerattee, and translating it into Persic, Telinga, Carnata, Chinese, the language of the Sikhs and the Burmese. Extraordinary as this is, it will appear still more so when it is remembered that of these men one was originally a shoemaker, another a printer at Hull, and the third the master of a charity school at Bristol. Only fourteen years have elapsed since Thomas and Carey set foot in India, and in that time these missionaries have acquired this gift of tongues. In fourteen years these 'low-born, low-bred mechanics' have done more to spread the knowledge of the Scriptures among the heathen than has been accomplished or even attempted by all the world beside."

"I do not know a finer instance of the moral sublime than that a poor cobbler working in his stall should conceive of converting the Hindus to Christianity; yet such was Dr. Carey. Why, Milton's planning his *Paradise Lost* in his old age and blindness was nothing to it! And then when he had gone to India and was appointed by Lord Wellesley to a lucrative and honourable station in the College of Fort William, with equal nobleness of mind he made over all his salary (between £1,000 and £1,500 per annum) to the general objects of the mission. By the way, nothing ever gave me a more lively sense of the low and mercenary standard of your men of honour, than the manifest effect produced upon the House of Commons by my stating this last circumstance. It seemed to be the only thing which moved them."

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

"By his own grammar and dictionary Dr. Carey may claim the merit of having raised the Bengali tongue from the condition of a rude and unsettled dialect to the character of a regular and permanent form of speech. His dictionary must ever be regarded as a standard authority. When Mr. Carey commenced his lectures there were scarce any but *viva voce* means of communicating instruction. There were no printed books. Manuscripts were rare and unsuited for class-books. It was necessary therefore to prepare works that should be available for this purpose; and so assiduously and zealously did Dr. Carey apply himself to this object, that, either by his own exertions or those of others which he instigated and superintended, he left not only the students of language well provided with elementary books, but supplied standard compositions to the natives

of Bengal, and laid the foundation of a cultivated tongue and flourishing literature throughout the country."

H. H. Wilson,
Boden Professor of Sanskrit in the
University of Oxford. 1836.

Bishop Mylne of Bombay has thus defined Carey's work:

"The one grand merit of Carey, without which his marvellous qualities had been lost like those of his predecessors, was that he, with the intuition of genius, set to work instinctively from the first on the lines of the *concentrated mission*. A few really Christianised people, with the means of future extension—this he seems to have set before him as his object. He left no great body of converts, but he laid a solid foundation, to be built on by those who should succeed him. I should hardly be saying too much did I lay down that subsequent missions have proved to be successful or the opposite, in a proportion fairly exact to their adoption of Carey's methods."

"As the Founder and Father of Modern Missions, the character and career of William Carey are being revealed every year in the progress and purity of the expansion of the Church and of the English-speaking races in the two-thirds of the world which are still outside of Christendom. The £13:2s:6d of Kettering became £400,000 before he died, and is now £5,000,000 a year. The one ordained English missionary is now a band of 20,000 men and women sent out by 558 agencies of the Reformed Churches. The solitary converts are

now 5,000,000, of whom 80,000 are missionaries to their own countrymen, and many are leaders of the native communities. Since the first edition of the Bengali New Testament appeared at the opening of the (19th) century 250,000,000 of copies of the Holy Scriptures have been printed, of which one-half are in 370 of the non-English tongues of the world. The Bengali School of Mudnabati, the Christian College of Serampore, have set in motion educational forces that are bringing nations to the birth, are passing under Bible instruction every day more than a million boys and girls, young men and maidens of the dark races of mankind."

GEORGE SMITH.

Part Two: THE VANGUARD

"Christian Missions constitute a power which escapes man's intelligence and analysis; they are the continuation of the Apostles' work, and apart from the subtleties of theology, they avail to bring us back to the True Faith."

Captain Bertrand of Geneva.

"I say the whole earth and all the stars in the sky are for religion's sake."

Whitman.

"Although, of the missionaries, many are men of great talent which would have won them distinction in the walks of secular life, they are nevertheless found living on the barest modicum of salary on which an educated man can subsist, without hope of honour or of future reward. *They do this from loyalty to the Master whom they serve and love.*"

Sir Richard Temple.

"If twelve of these men would hold together for ten years, the whole aspect of the world would be changed;—and twelve men did once hold together, and the face of the world *was* changed."

E. Burne Jones.

"We spur to a land of no name, out-racing the storm-wind;
We leap to the infinite dark, like sparks from the anvil.
Thou leadest, O God! All's well with Thy troopers that follow."

Louise Guiney.

I

THE AROUSAL

It was only after a blank of fourteen months (in which William Carey and his companions seemed to "have disappeared forever"), that letters were received in England from the intrepid pioneer Missionary. It should never be forgotten that the triumvirate at home, Fuller, Sutcliff and Ryland, as they waited and watched for tidings, stood in a position hardly less responsible, perhaps no less difficult than his own.

The work of organisation and maintenance, though less captivating to the imagination than work on the field, is not a whit less essential. The task of these men at home was no light one. In connection with the difficulty of relegating any part of his responsibility to others Andrew Fuller said:

"Friends talk to me about coadjutors and assistants, but, I know not how it is, I find a difficulty. Our undertaking to India really appeared to me, on its commencement, to be somewhat like a few men deliberating about the importance of penetrating into a deep mine, which had never before been explored. We had no one to guide us, and, while we were thus deliberating, Carey, as it were, said, 'Well, *I* will go down if *you* will hold the rope.' But before he went down, he, as it seemed to me, took an oath from each of us at the mouth of the pit to the effect that, while we lived, we should never let go the rope."

An anecdote of interest and significance has come down to us in the quaint phraseology of the eighteenth century.

"On a certain occasion," so the story runs, "Mr. Fuller called on a pious and benevolent nobleman, who, though a churchman, was friendly to Dissenters and was generous in his charitable contributions. Having laid before him the operations of the Mission, his Lordship handed him a guinea. Mr. Fuller, observing that it was given with an air of indifference, asked,

" 'My Lord, does this come from the heart?'

" 'What matter is that?' inquired the nobleman. 'Suppose it does not come from the heart; it may answer your purpose as well. If you get the money, why should you care whether it comes from the heart or not?'

" 'Take it back,' said the man of God. 'I cannot take it. My Lord and Master requires the heart.'

" 'Well, give it me back,' said the nobleman, 'it did not come from the heart.'

"He took the guinea, then stepped to his desk and drew a check for twenty pounds. Handing this to Mr. Fuller, he said,

" '*This* comes from the heart. I know the principles by which you are governed. I love the Lord Jesus and his cause. I know that no offering is acceptable to him unless it comes from the heart.' "

These three men, Fuller, Ryland and Sutcliff, who formed the first Missionary Board in the history of Modern Missions, were giants in their day, "mighty men of old, men of renown." Of Fuller, untiring in his gratuitous service of continual journeying in Scotland, Ireland, Wales and England, north and south, to arouse interest and collect contributions for "our East Indian Mission," it has been said, he "was not only the first of

Foreign Missionary Secretaries; he was a model for all." Ryland was the Christian scholar, the profound theologian, spiritual guide rather than executive. Sutcliff's talents have been defined as "more useful than splendid," but his sound judgment and common sense cut many a Gordian knot in those early experimental years. On one occasion when Fuller was urging the necessity of calling the Committee together for conference, Sutcliff exclaimed,

"Call a committee meeting? Why, the matter is self-evident! If you do call one, appoint some place on the turnpike road, at such a mile-stone; fix the hour and minute. Let us meet, and set our horses' heads together, pass a vote, and separate in two minutes."

It was on the 29th of July, 1794, that Andrew Fuller, Dr. Ryland and others were at length rewarded by letters describing Carey's voyage, his first impressions of India and the outlook for his work.

These letters acted upon Christian England like an electric spark. They kindled a fire which by the grace of God (to use Latimer's words) shall never be put out. Well might Fuller write to Carey, as he did not long after,

"The eyes of the religious world are upon you. Your undertaking has provoked many. The Spirit of Missions has gone forth. I wish it may never stop till the Gospel is sent into all the world."

Dr. Ryland in Bristol had no sooner read his Indian letter than he sent out messengers to two brother ministers of other communions than his own, Dr. Bogue and Mr. Stephen, asking them to come in and rejoice with him. After an hour of prayer and thanksgiving, these gentlemen called on Mr. Hey, another eminent Bristol pastor, and in conference together decided that immedi-

ate steps must be taken to form a second missionary organisation. This Society must serve the churches outside the Baptist fold, it being already furnished with its own. As a result the London Missionary Society (L. M. S.) was formed September 21st, 1795. A minister of the Church of England, the Rev. T. Haweis, co-operated with enthusiastic energy, to promote this event. Sectarian distinctions melted in the glow of those first fires.

In its origin the London Missionary Society was expected to cover all denominations. "The design is not to send Presbyterianism, Independency, Episcopacy, or any other form of church order and government, . . . but the glorious Gospel of the blessed God to the heathen." Thus reads its constitution. In process of time, however, this Society has come to represent more especially the Independents,—the Anglicans, Methodists and others forming separate organisations.

On that September evening when Christians of all denominations met in a spirit of fervent devotion at the Tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road to adopt this constitution, Dr. Bogue preached a powerful sermon. In the course of it he said, "We are called together for the funeral of bigotry, and I hope it will be buried so deep as never to rise again." Fulfilment of this hope remains outstanding, but it is in sight.

The divine fire spread next to Scotland. In 1796 the Glasgow and the Scottish Societies were called into being, both supported by Christians of all denominations. In the General Assembly of the State Church of Scotland held in 1796, however, strong opposition was met. The sense of the meeting seemed to be not only that a collection for missions "could be with no doubt a legal subject of penal prosecution," but that the very idea

of spreading abroad "the knowledge of the Gospel amongst barbarous and heathen nations seems to be highly preposterous."

Upon this the aged Dr. Erskine arose and called to the Moderator, "Rax me that Bible." This being done he read aloud from the twenty-eighth chapter of Matthew the words of the Great Commission. The effect was prodigious, but the missionary spirit did not permanently triumph in the formation of a Missionary Society in this body for thirty years.

The great names of master-builders for Foreign Missions in Scotland are those of Robert and James Haldane, retired army officers, gentlemen of wealth and distinction, who became so filled with the prevailing enthusiasm that they planned a vast mission to Bengal, to be supported by themselves. This purpose being defeated by the East India Company, the Haldanes devoted their lives and fortune to what they were led to believe was as necessary as labour abroad, i.e., the propagation of the missionary idea at home. In twelve years the sum of £70,000 was spent by them in this endeavour. A notable work of evangelising devotion was initiated and sustained by the Haldanes in France. Frederic Monod says, "The name of Robert Haldane stands inseparably connected with the dawn of the Gospel on the continent of Europe (after its eclipse in the period of the French Revolution). The work he began in 1817 has been advancing ever since." From this work sprang the Paris Evangelical Missionary Society in 1822.

On April 12th, 1797, twenty-six men, members of the Church of England, came together to confer on organisation, and two years later was founded what we now know as the Church Missionary Society (C. M. S.),

originally the "Society for Missions to Africa and the East." The leading spirits in this movement were Charles Simeon of Cambridge and William Wilberforce.

But what has been variously called the "divine fire" or the "sacred enthusiasm" was not confined to Great Britain or to British Christians. In the Netherlands, Vanderkemp, a famous scholar, soldier and physician, once a sceptic but brought into fellowship with Christ by bereavement, offered himself as a missionary although past fifty years of age, and was sent to South Africa by the London Missionary Society in 1798. Vanderkemp was instrumental in founding the Netherlands Missionary Society in 1797. During twelve years in South Africa he rendered noble service as a pioneer missionary.

English Wesleyan Methodists, through their great pioneer, Dr. Coke, had begun Christian work in distant countries for British Colonists as early as 1744. The Anglican Society for the Propagation of the Gospel (S. P. G.) had done the same since the year 1701. In 1804, upon Dr. Coke's departure for Nova Scotia, the care of his mission was placed in the hands of a committee of three. The first distinctively foreign mission undertaken by this body, that to Ceylon under Dr. Coke, was in the year 1813, from which it is customary to date the origin of this Society.

Already the new and Pentecostal flame had appeared across the Atlantic.

When, in 1810, at the Andover Theological Seminary, the "haystack" missionary heroes,—Mills, Richards, Rice and Hall,—met Adoniram Judson, a memorial was drawn up signed by him and three others "desirous of personally attempting a mission to the heathen," asking the General Association of Massachusetts (Con-

gregational) "whether they might expect patronage and support from a missionary society in this country, or must commit themselves to the direction of an European Society." The motto of the signatories was *"Foreign Missions and Missions for Life."* Their devotion proved irresistible. The result of this appeal was the formation of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, in 1812 (A. B. C. F. M.). The American Baptist Missionary Union (A. B. M. U.), organised two years later, sprang from the same root. Once more, as in 1792, in the case of William Carey, the Society was called into being by the candidate. For it was Judson and his fellow missionaries who constrained the Church to issue the call.

In 1804, in close relation to the demands of the new missionary organisations, the British and Foreign Bible Society was organised. At a meeting convened in the London Tavern on March 7th, the Rev. Thomas Charles told a moving story of a young Welsh girl, Mary Jones, who loved the Welsh Bible but could find no copy to read without a two-mile walk to the house of a friend so favoured as to own one. Having saved her pennies, she at last started on a twenty-eight-mile walk to Bala, the nearest place where Bibles were sold. On her arrival there Mr. Charles, who had charge of the sales, was obliged to tell her that he had not a single copy then at his disposal. Her grief, and the thought of her gallant effort, moved Mr. Charles to supply her need from a private source.

After listening to this recital a Baptist minister, in response to an appeal for publication of a new edition of the Welsh Bible, exclaimed:

"Surely a Society might be formed for the purpose!

But if for Wales, why not for the Kingdom? Why not for the World?"

From that hour the organisation for a world-wide Bible Society was assured. This body, known as the British and Foreign Bible Society, during the Great War distributed seven million Bibles, Testaments and portions, not only among British and Allied troops, but also among the ranks of their inveterate foes.

It would be tedious and unnecessary to enumerate the missionary and kindred organisations formed since the mighty initial impulse aroused the Church from its long lethargy. These mentioned come approximately within two decades from 1792, the *Annus Mirabilis* which saw the birth of Modern Missions. The rest follow, soon or late, but all cherish the one aim: To seek and to save that which was lost.

II

APOSTLES TO INDIA

We are considering first things, the first steps towards marshalling the churches of Protestant Christendom for their great Crusade; the advance guard of the missionary army itself. In this company as here presented will be found only the few essentially entitled to the name, Apostles. In the main these are the pioneers of the early nineteenth century.

India remains to this day a land of paradox and mystery, learned but uneducated. While highly metaphysical in religious theory, it is grossly idolatrous in practice so far as Hinduism obtains; in so far as Islam prevails (which is over sixty millions of the population), intolerant, defiant, corrupt at the core. Whichever religion we consider we find it divorced from morality. "The most popular god in India is the god of lust; the next is the god of deviltry; and the third is the god of cruelty."

Caste is probably the most inveterate foe of democracy, as it is the most cruel social tyranny known to the human race. Caste determines everything in Hindu life from the cradle to the grave. Nowhere are women held in greater contempt and in so great seclusion as in India, whether Hindu or Moslem.

Such are certain of the conditions, social and religious, into which our modern missionary pioneers first made their way. India is the classic land of foreign missions.

We have already before us an outline of the first English Protestant apostles of India,—Carey, Marshman and Ward; glimpses also have been caught of Henry Martyn and Alexander Duff. Concerning the achievements of these two men a few words are necessary at this point.

Henry Martyn's life in India covered but five years; a year in Persia completed the measure of his brief but glorious life. Not for an hour did he content himself with the work of chaplain, in which capacity he came, perforce, to India. He was the missionary, the evangelist, first of all at heart, but by his rare scholarly attainments and intellectual power he was *par excellence* the student and translator also.

"Carey's great translation scheme captivated his imagination." He threw himself with consuming passion into the task inspired by Carey to which he set himself—that of translating the Bible into Hindustani, Persian and Arabic. This was a Herculean task for a man's lifetime, yet in his six short years in the Orient Henry Martyn had completed a translation of the New Testament into all three languages.

Meanwhile, in his work as an evangelist, he at first addressed himself hopefully to the Hindus in Calcutta, but he found their defensive all but invulnerable. "How shall it ever be possible to convince a Hindu or Brahman of anything?" he exclaimed. "Truly if ever I see a Hindu a real believer in Jesus, I shall see something more nearly approaching the resurrection of a dead body than anything I have yet seen."

The Mohammedans of the city proved far more ready for the Word, and in effect Martyn said to the Brahmans, as Paul and Barnabas to the Jews, "Seeing ye put it from you and judge yourselves unworthy of

eternal life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles,"—in Martyn's case to the Moslems. He thus became in fact the first missionary in the new order to the Mohammedans of India. His labour in translating the New Testament into Hindustani soon gave him command of the language of the people in Dinapore and Cawnpore, for which centres he was obliged to leave Serampore. In both of these he established schools and preaching stations among beggars and outcasts.

Having completed his Hindustani New Testament, Martyn declares,

"If my life is spared there is no reason why the Arabic should not be done in Arabia and the Persian in Persia as well as the Indian in India."

In January, 1811, this "Gentleman of Christ," as he has been styled, sailed from Bombay for Persia, foredoomed to death. Shiraz, the summer Colony of British and Court officials, became his home, and here he completed his Persian New Testament, on February 24th, 1812. This done, the physical exhaustion with which he had long valorously struggled, overcame him. His last consuming desire, his work being done, was to live long enough once more to see England. He set out with two Armenian servants from Tabriz on the journey to Constantinople, 1,300 miles distant. Just where, just when, the end came will never be known. But in the month of October, 1812, the body of Henry Martyn, "scholar, saint and mystic," was given burial in the Armenian churchyard in the Turkish village of Tokat. He had lived but thirty-one years, but he left an imperishable memory of one consumed by holy and heroic fire.

"There is nothing grander in the annals of Christianity," wrote Kaye, Anglo-Indian historian and pub-

licist, "than the picture of Henry Martyn, with the Bible in hand alone and unsupported, in a strange country, challenging the whole strength of Mohammedanism to a conflict of disputation." (The reference is to a famous public discussion held in Shiraz.) "He seems at this time to have possessed something more than his own human power: so cool, so courageous: so bold to declare, so subtle to investigate, astonishing the Mohammedan doctors with his wisdom,—gaining the confidence of all by the gentleness of his manners and the blamelessness of his life."

The reproach of the Established Church of England that, for nearly a score of years after the institution of Foreign Missions, she furnished no men for the perilous adventure, is turned aside by the story of this hero. Says Dr. Ogilvie, Fellow of the University of Madras and author of *Apostles of India:*

"The holy flame that blazed in him (Henry Martyn) has kindled like holy fire in unnumbered hearts, and the Church which till then knew no missionary zeal is now the strongest missionary force in Reformed Christendom."

The Bible in the vernacular as chief agent in regenerating the people of India was the missionary axiom of Carey and Martyn. Alexander Duff's dominant idea was that the whole Brahman community, as the influential body in the population, must be *westernised;* this by liberal education, and education in the English language.

William Carey alone of all the missionaries who knew of this startling innovation of the new-comer (and there were then, in 1830, a considerable group of

them), approved of it with characteristic broad-mindedness.

Duff, first missionary of the Scottish Church, then but twenty-four years of age, decided after six weeks' close study of the situation, that he would open in Calcutta an institution for the higher education of the Hindu youth, the lessons to be given in English and instruction in the Christian religion to be a part of the curriculum. The idea of the resolute young Highlander was that such broadening of the scope of knowledge must dispel the superstitions and absurdities of the Hindu economy, and that the reaction would inevitably be toward Christianity.

Duff's missionary experiment,—the "General Assembly's Institution,"—has been called the greatest of its kind which India has ever witnessed. In three years its success was overwhelmingly established. Its numbers reached three hundred; its educational theory was sustained by results, and a band of high-caste Brahmans confessed Christ, breaking caste forever in so doing. This would have seemed to Henry Martyn in his Calcutta days a miracle indeed. A decade later, its numbers now reaching 700, its staff increased, its building a new and worthy one in Cornwallis Square, the joy of receiving into Christian fellowship a fresh group of Brahman youths was added.

"Whether we look at the spiritual or the intellectual character of the young men; whether we consider what they sacrificed for Christ; or what He enabled them to become in His work, we may assert that no Christian Mission can show such a roll of converts from the subtlest of systems of a mighty faith and an ancient civilisation as Dr. Duff's college in the first thirteen years of its history." (George Smith.)

A far-reaching result of this famous achievement followed in the impression made upon the British Government in India. The English language as an awakening and civilising, as well as unifying power over the native population, was most conspicuously manifested by Duff's experiment. Lord Macaulay's arrival in Calcutta at the strategic moment, as Law Member of the Council, brought about the official decision, he being a convinced "Anglicist." A memorable ruling was passed in 1835 stating that the main portion of funds in the hands of Government for educational purposes, was to be "henceforth employed in imparting to the native population a knowledge of English Literature and Science, through the medium of the English tongue."

The whole educational system of the Government of India, elaborated from time to time, notably in 1854, has been built along the lines laid down by Duff, and reflects his original conceptions. To him every Government school and college is to-day largely indebted for its existence, for Dr. Duff was the pioneer who blazed the trail and showed the way.

Alexander Duff passed his years of active service alternately in India and in Scotland. In the latter he found a task before him no less weighty or laborious than that in India, namely the waking the Scottish people from their indifference to missions, and stirring the churches to a sense of their responsibility. In this line his labour was marvellously availing. Says Ogilvie, himself a Scotchman:

"By 1838 he had made the Scottish church a 'Missionary' Church; he had inspired in the hearts of the Scottish people the missionary interest which has never since departed from them. . . . Best of all, he had kindled in the souls of not a few of the best of the

churches' young ministers a missionary flame that burned with the brightness of his own, and had impelled them to give themselves to India."

"He made the very pulse of missions to beat quicker," says Pierson, "shaping missionary effort and moving hundreds to go as well as tens of thousands to give."

In Carey's early days the number of missionaries in India never exceeded ten; when Duff left India it had grown to 550.

Duff has himself set forth clearly and in condensed language his own vision of India's future: "Many persons mistake the way in which the conversion of India will be brought about. I believe it will take place at last wholesale, just as our own ancestors were converted. The country will have Christian instruction infused into it in every way, by direct missionary education and indirectly through books of various kinds, through the public papers, through conversation with Europeans and in all the conceivable ways in which knowledge is imparted. Then, at last, when society is completely saturated with Christian knowledge, and public opinion has taken a decided turn that way, they will come over by thousands."

This prophecy to-day remains to be fulfilled.

III

APOSTLES TO CHINA

The civilisation of China, like that of India, originates in pre-historic ages. The same is true of the religious traditions and customs of both peoples, from which, in large degree, has proceeded their social fabric.

In China we find a wall of conservatism in all human affairs far more nearly insurmountable than its famous boundary Wall. Nevertheless there is no bar to social progress for the Chinese people comparable in obstinacy with the rules of Caste in India; and the seclusion and inferiority of women in the social scale,—one great barrier to progress among Orientals,—do not rest upon an inflexible religious code as in India.

In the actual religious ceremonial practice of the Chinese people, the one dominant feature is that apotheosis of filial piety, known as ancestor-worship, well characterised as "the Gibraltar of Chinese belief."

Coincident with this there are three fountain-heads of so-called religion in China, and from no one of them issues a stream of living water. First, we have the teachings of Confucius,—a philosopher of the sixth century, B.C.,—moral but sterile. Second, we have a corrupt and idolatrous form of Buddhism. Third is Taoism which presents for worship a congeries of gods, genii, heroes, demons, natural forces,—a grotesque medley of crude and tawdry superstitions,—all in all a

bondage of fear. The Chinese dare not disturb the surface of the soil in mining operations lest the revenge of the demons be aroused. Grading for a railroad is presumptuous trifling with unseen foes. Above all, tampering with running water is regarded as blasphemous defiance of all-powerful spirits.

China's religion has saturated her people with fear. Hence the age-long slumber. Superstition and ignorance for ages have held the giant in chains. Christianity has come and is calling him to awake, to find in place of malignant genii everywhere around him, the knowledge of the infinite love of God the Father in the face of Jesus Christ.

The first Apostle of Protestant Christian Europe to China is a man singularly like William Carey in his origin and development. Robert Morrison, born in 1782, twenty-one years after Carey, was like him of humble parentage, his father being a last-maker of Morpeth in the North of England. Like Carey, he was apprenticed to a craft allied to that of the shoemaker; like him, he developed in his boyhood a passion for hard study and study of languages; like Carey, he worked at his bench with an open book before him; like him, he offered himself in his youth whole-heartedly for missionary service. Simple, straightforward, touching is Morrison's boyish pledge: "Jesus, I have given myself to Thy service. . . . I learn from Thy Word that it is Thy holy pleasure that the Gospel should be preached in all the world. . . . My desire is to engage where labourers are most wanted."

But the score of years intervening between the birth of these two great pioneers had wrought changes which were all in favour of Morrison. Modern Missions were no longer a thing unheard of, having been born before

he had reached adolescence. He grew to manhood in an atmosphere of familiarity with their appeals and possibilities. Before he went to China in 1807, to which field he was assigned by the London Missionary Society, he was able to spend several years in diligent and fruitful study of the Chinese language.

In the British Museum, day after day, in the first years of the new century, a young man in his early twenties might have been observed bent over two manuscripts of singular and occult appearance. These were a copy of most of the New Testament in the Chinese language, translated by a nameless Catholic missionary, and a Latin-Chinese lexicon. With camel's-hair pencil in hand, Morrison laboriously copied these two manuscripts entire, undaunted by the cryptic and fantastic characters. Here he mastered the elements of the most difficult of written languages.

Again we think of Carey when Robert Morrison in the year 1807 attempted to take passage direct from England to China and was thwarted by the East India Company, which then denied missionaries the privilege of a passage to Canton as to Calcutta. Morrison sailed for New York, a voyage of seventy-eight days, and thence to Canton, where he landed September 18th, 1807, after a journey of four months.

During his month in the United States he applied at the office of the ship's company in New York for his passage-papers. The ship owner, who himself prepared them, commented cynically,

"And so, Mr. Morrison, you really expect that you will make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese Empire?"

"No, sir," replied the young man briefly, "I expect God will."

The early years on the field dragged heavily for Morrison as they did for Carey. His reports to the Society at home varied little from year to year. Work was hard, apparently unproductive. The people listened but carelessly. There was much to try faith, little to stimulate enthusiasm.

Three years after reaching Canton Morrison issued the first printed copy of any translation of the Scriptures made by a Protestant missionary in the Chinese language. In 1813 his complete translation of the New Testament was ready for the press. To its not-to-be-forgotten credit the East India Company, whose head, Sir George Staunton, had from the first taken the young missionary under his wing, defrayed the entire cost of printing Morrison's Chinese Dictionary, published in the year following.

Meanwhile the comfortless conditions of poverty and loneliness in which Morrison had laboured at first had undergone improvement. In 1809 he married Mary Morton, daughter of an English resident of Macao. About the same time he was engaged as official translator by the East India Company at a salary of £500 a year. In 1813 the pioneer missionary and his wife had the great joy of welcoming to Canton as co-labourers the Rev. William Milne and his gifted young wife, sent out by the London Missionary Society. In 1814 Morrison received the reward of seven years of sacrificial service in the baptism of his first convert, Isai-A-Ko. This first Protestant native Christian of China continued steadfast in faith until his death.

Cause for deep regret was it that the partnership in service of Morrison and Milne, after nine years' duration, was cut short by the death of Milne. For the newcomer, enthusiastic, eager, enterprising, was precisely

fitted for yoke-fellow with the absorbed, strenuous student, forced by circumstances to the life almost of a recluse. True spiritual brothers, these two worked together in perfect harmony and to great effect. In 1821 Dr. Morrison reaped a noble harvest of his long toil, for in that year the whole Bible in Chinese was printed. The British and Foreign Bible Society contributed £6,000 towards the expense of publication. The work of translation was shared by Morrison and Milne.

Next to this, Morrison's great literary achievement is undoubtedly his Anglo-Chinese Dictionary, which might better bear the title of encyclopedia. It furnishes, beyond the ordinary contents of a Dictionary, a flood of biography, history and description of national customs, systems of education, religion, et cetera. This monumental work, filling six large quarto volumes, was published in 1823. From any point of view, but particularly that of the complexity and obscurity of the Chinese tongue, this must stand as one of the supreme triumphs of missionary perseverance. Very graphic and very keen is Mr. Milne's description of the difficulties of learning the use of the Chinese language.

"To acquire Chinese," he said, "is a work for men with bodies of brass, lungs of steel, heads of oak, eyes of eagles, hearts of apostles, memories of angels and lives of Methusaleh."

In 1832, Morrison, who never overstated, wrote:

"There is now in Canton a state of society in respect of the Chinese totally different from what I found in 1807. Chinese scholars, missionary students, English presses and Chinese Scriptures, with public worship of God, have all grown up since that period. I have served

my generation, and must—the Lord knows when—fall asleep."

He lived but two years longer.

"Any ordinary man would have considered the production of the gigantic English-Chinese dictionary a more than full fifteen years' work. But Morrison had single-handed translated most of the Bible into Chinese. He had sent forth tracts, pamphlets, catechisms; he had founded a dispensary; he had established an Anglo-Chinese college; and he had done all this in addition to discharging the heavy and responsible duties of translator to the East India Company, and preaching and teaching every day of his life. No wonder he had achieved a reputation almost world-wide for his prodigious labours on behalf of the Kingdom of God."

The pathos of Robert Morrison's life and labours in China lies in the strange vicissitudes which follow. He himself laboured as missionary under the handicap of sullen disfavour and opposition. Worse conditions followed. War broke out between Britain and China before his death, and when in 1834 Morrison died, the prospect of growth for evangelical work was apparently as dark as when he landed in China. This darkness was diminished by the arrival of American missionaries, but it has been estimated that fifty years from the beginning of Protestant Missions the number of Chinese converts was not more than one hundred, so effectually was the work limited by restriction and antagonism.

But the close of the second Anglo-Chinese war brought about a transformation. New rights were granted to foreigners in China and the "toleration

clause" in the new treaties, permitting Christian missionaries to work unmolested, opened wide the door of China to the successors of Robert Morrison.

To-day there are 5,000 missionaries at work in the Celestial Empire; and 350,000 Chinese men and women confess their allegiance to Christ.

IV

THE APOSTLE TO BURMA

On June 17th, 1812, the brig *Caravan* from Salem, Massachusetts, bound for Calcutta, arrived in the harbour of the Bengali Capital. Among the passengers on board the little craft, their dwelling-place for four months, were Adoniram and Ann Hasseltine Judson and Samuel and Harriet Newell, appointed by the American Board of Commissioners of their native country "to labour under the direction of this Board in Asia, either in the Burman Empire, or in Surat, . . . or elsewhere as, in the view of the Prudential Committee, Providence shall open the way."

A roving commission assuredly, and to a roving life these young souls were destined, heroically self-destined, to a purpose involving life and death. Note their ages: Judson was then in his twenty-fifth year, his wife in her twenty-fourth. Divine daring of youth when it follows the gleam!

The first step for the Judsons, after they had been received into the cordial hospitality of the Serampore Brotherhood, was to sever themselves from all earthly means of support and direction. By their profesion of changed views regarding church usage and by their own immersion by the Baptist missionaries, they forthwith cut the ties which bound them to the American Board.

This step was wholly unwise according to worldly

wisdom, but in the Divine economy, it was a singularly strategic move. It produced the American Baptist Missionary Union, organised primarily to sustain the Judsons in their work, for Judson had written:

"Should there be formed a Baptist Society for the support of a mission in these parts, I should be ready to consider myself their missionary."

Thus the leaven worked its way.

After being expelled from Bengal by the East India Company and suffering dangers and privations manifold (Harriet Newell becoming a martyr to the inveterate opposition encountered), Adoniram Judson and his wife reached Rangoon, Burma, in July, 1813. Burma was chosen, although beyond the range of British or any other Christian rule, because it proved to be the only Oriental country then open to them. They could, uncensured, have returned to their native land, abandoning their missionary adventure by reason of the insuperable difficulties encountered, but they were not so minded.

Burma which Mr. and Mrs. Judson thus chose for their home was then an independent empire with a population of eight million. The government was an absolute despotism with all the cruelty of unalloyed heathenism. The religion of the Burmese, like that of Ceylon, was Buddhism, a religion theoretically lofty; in practice fatalistic, idolatrous and superstitious. Ten years after their arrival in Rangoon the Judsons removed to Ava, the capital, led there by the invitation of the King who had received the missionary into his presence and given him promise that all danger of persecution, such as had overtaken the native school and church in Rangoon, was at an end. Almost immediately the bright prospect became clouded. War be-

tween Burma and the British was threatened, whereupon Judson found the royal favour no longer resting upon him.

The dramatic events immediately following for Adoniram and Ann Judson will be developed in certain scenes given below, condensed from "Jesus Christ's Men: A Progress," published in 1913, the centennial year of the Burman Mission.

Of Judson's work, sustained for forty years, it may be briefly stated that he laid a foundation broad and deep on which the Christian superstructure now rests in this seat of Buddhism. His translation of the whole Bible is a work of high permanent value. At his death there were in Burma over seven thousand native Christians.

SCENES FROM "JESUS CHRIST'S MEN"[1]

Characters

Adoniram Judson, *first Missionary to Burma.*
Ann Hasseltine Judson, *his Wife.*
Moung Ing, *Burmese Convert.*
Officer.
Jailer.
Burmese Chief Commissioner.
Mr. Gouger, *a British Merchant.*
Spotted Jailer.
English Orderlies.
English Lieutenant.
General Sir Archibald Campbell.
Nurse and Surgeon.

Spirit of Love.
Spirit of Evil.

[1] *Jesus Christ's Men: A Progress.* Caroline Atwater Mason. The Judson Press, Philadelphia. 1913.

SCENE VI

Time. June, 1824.

Place. Ava, capital of Burma. Scene by the riverside—palms and tropical plants. A huge pagoda in background. At right front of stage, adjoining house of Judson, a bamboo veranda, in which are seated on the floor ten or fifteen Burmese women, girls, and children. Among them stands Mrs. Judson *in Burmese costume. Her appearance is radiant and queenly. Enter from house* Judson *in Burmese costume, MS. of Burmese New Testament in hand.* Moung Ing, *a convert, follows him with hymnal, then a number (six to ten) of Burmese men.*

Chorus *of converts, men and women, standing together, led by* Moung Ing, *join in singing hymn of Krishnu Pal, first Hindu baptised by Doctor Carey, 1800.*

> O thou my soul, forget no more
> The Friend who all thy sorrows bore.
> Let every idol be forgot:
> But, O my soul, forget Him not.

All rise, and the company breaks up with profound salaams to "the Teacher" and the "white Mamma." All but Mr. *and* Mrs. Judson *go out.*

Judson (*looking at his wife with solicitude*). Four months, my Nancy, since your return from your American journey, and already the climate produces its effects upon you. That day when I welcomed you back

to Rangoon after our fourteen months' separation, I saw once more Ann Hasseltine, the blooming, spirited girl whom I snatched from her father's house and bore away to these strange shores. All the weariness and suffering of ten years in India seemed effaced. How can I bear to see their imprint appear anew upon the face dearest on earth?

MRS. JUDSON. I am perfectly well; it is you who suffer. But, in spite of hollow cheek and fading eye, I feel that in us both exists an inward strength, which shall not fail until all is accomplished.

JUDSON. "Until all is accomplished?" What does that phrase signify? It has a sound which troubles me, Nancy. What do you fear?

MRS. JUDSON. I do not fear. And yet the sky around us seems to me growing ever darker. I feel a sinister, ominous influence at work against us.

JUDSON. You mean by reason of the rumors of war between Burma and the English? Because of the suspicion lately thrown upon English-speaking residents of Rangoon and Ava?

MRS. JUDSON. Yes, there is an undeniable change toward us of late on the part of the queen. I am convinced that we personally are under disfavour and suspicion.

JUDSON. You are right, Nancy. I will no longer seek to hide from you the fact that Doctor Price and I were a few days since summoned before the Court of Inquiry, to prove whether or not we have held communication with foreigners as to the state of the country.

MRS. JUDSON (*clasping her hands and showing alarm*). But you were able to make everything perfectly clear? You certainly are innocent in this particular.

JUDSON. Entirely so. The difficulty is to make our innocence plain to judges who are utterly unacquainted with our methods.

MRS. JUDSON. Oh, what do you mean? What methods?

JUDSON. We were released without condition or threat and, as you see, are perfectly at liberty. Nevertheless it seemed to me there was an unbroken reserve, a certain stubborn dissatisfaction in the matter of our money-orders on the English Bengal banks. The Burmese, you see, know nothing of this method of transmitting money, and it seemed impossible to make it clear to them.

MRS. JUDSON (*quietly*). I see, there may be a difficulty there, and if a war is really on, there would probably be an interruption to the work of building up a church here in Ava, as you did so successfully in Rangoon.

JUDSON (*reluctantly*). Yes, I almost fear our coming to Ava was mistaken.

MRS. JUDSON. Whatever happens, my love, you have by God's help planted the church of Christ in this stronghold of heathenism; you have accomplished the translation of the New Testament into Burmese, and your epitome of the Old Testament is finished. I believe this is but the beginning of what you are to do; but were it all, could we not, my husband, thank God, and feel in the very depths of our souls that we had not left home and native land in vain?

JUDSON (*taking her hands and clasping them to his breast*). You perfect woman, saint, angel, sent from heaven to uphold me! With you by my side, I shall not faint or grow weary. But, Nancy, I feel with you that the clouds darkly gather. (*He puts the New Tes-*

tament, from which he has read in the service, into her hands.) I entrust this, the sum of ten years of unceasing toil, to your keeping. We know not on what perilous margin we may be standing.

MRS. JUDSON *takes the MS. and hides it in the bosom of her dress.*

They repeat together with hands clasped:

> Be it flood or blood the path that's trod,
> All the same it leads home to God.

There is an instant of silence, suddenly broken by harsh, discordant sounds of drums and tom-toms and shouts. Enter an OFFICER *holding a large black book. He is accompanied by ten or more attendants, among these the "Son of the Prison," the jailer, with face spotted by branding-iron. This man is identical with the* SPIRIT OF EVIL; *he is the essence of heathenism. The* JUDSONS *view him with abhorrence and terror.*

OFFICER. Where is the Teacher?

JUDSON (*stepping forward*). I am the Teacher.

OFFICER. You are called by the king.

JAILER *seizes* JUDSON, *throws him on the floor, and proceeds to bind his arms behind him with a fine strong cord.* MRS. JUDSON *seizes his arm. Enter* MOUNG ING, *the Bengalee servant, and others.*

MRS. JUDSON. Stay! I will give you money.

OFFICER (*contemptuously*). Take her too. She also is a foreigner.

JUDSON. I beg you, spare my wife. Her health is delicate. She has done no harm, trust me.

MRS. JUDSON *produces money and offers it, but the jailer dashes it from her hand to the floor, then with malicious laughter tightens the cord with which he has*

bound JUDSON *and drags him away. Women and little children who have entered look on, wailing and crying.* MOUNG ING, *at a whispered word from* MRS. JUDSON, *follows* JUDSON. MRS. JUDSON *stands with closed eyes, praying silently, hands clasped upon her breast. Enter* MOUNG ING. *He stands respectfully at a distance, his face bearing signs of great distress.*

MRS. JUDSON (*rousing and perceiving* MOUNG ING). Oh, you have returned! Tell me! Tell me! What happened?

MOUNG ING (*with hesitation*). I followed the Teacher every step, until I could follow no more.

MRS. JUDSON. Was he treated less ungently, Moung Ing, after they departed?

MOUNG ING. Alas, Mamma, the wretches threw him on the ground yet again, when they reached the street, and drew the cords so tight that he scarce could breathe.

MRS. JUDSON. Tell me, faithful friend, everything. I can bear it.

MOUNG ING. I followed to the court-house, and heard an officer read before the governor of the city an order of the king condemning the Teacher to the Death Prison.

MRS. JUDSON. But surely they would not, they could not commit him to that prison, the Death Prison, without trial.

MOUNG ING. Mamma, I saw him dragged into the Death Prison, loaded with three pairs of iron fetters, other white prisoners with him. They were led into *Let-ma-yoon* and the door was shut. (MOUNG ING'S *voice trembles and chokes.*)

MRS. JUDSON. *"Let-ma-yoon?"* What meaning has this name, Moung Ing? Why do you turn so ashy pale? Why do you tremble so? Oh, speak!

MOUNG ING (*low and reluctantly*). The words of

that name mean "Hand shrink not." O Mamma, do not faint! Do not die!

MRS. JUDSON. "Hand shrink not." (*Slowly, pressing her fingers to her forehead as if dazed and uncomprehending.*) "Hand shrink not?" (*Questioningly, alarmed.*) *Let-ma-yoon*—"Hand shrink not." (*Calmly, but with the note of despair.*) I comprehend at last, Moung Ing. This is what heathenism means when you cut deep enough—the essence of cruelty. In this chamber then proceed tortures from which the hand of a hardened ruffian even might shrink. (*A pause.*) No, Moung Ing. This is not the time to faint or to die. Neither shall *my* hand shrink, nor my heart. Leave me alone, that I may consider what it is that I have to do, for something yet remains to be done.

MRS. JUDSON *walks once up and down the veranda in deep thought.*

MRS. JUDSON (*musing*). Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow. My first-born sleeps in Bengal waters; my little Roger, my very heart's desire, lies buried in Rangoon, out of reach, beyond kiss, his little grave no longer my safe, sacred refuge. Shall the child now promised me be born fatherless in this dreadful land? If fatherless, then the innocent darling will be motherless also, for there are sorrows too heavy for mortal flesh to bear.

God the Son give me a part
In the hiding-place of Jesus' heart;
God the Spirit so hold me up
That I may drink of Jesus' cup.
Death is short, and life is long:
Satan is strong, but Christ more strong.

Curtain.

SCENE VII

Time. February, 1825.

Place. Interior of Ava Death Prison.

Prison-yard surrounded by open pens, numbered. Prison-house (Let-ma-yoon) at left. Groups of fettered prisoners lying or crouching on the ground, or hobbling about the yard followed by jailer. At right of rear centre a man with feet in stocks. JUDSON, *in rags and three pairs of fetters, lies before shed sixteen on ground, his head supported by a hard, cylindrical pillow, sewed up in a dingy, ragged mat. Near him,* DOCTOR PRICE, *"a tall, gaunt, raw-boned, light-haired Yankee," and* MR. GOUGER, *an English merchant, similarly shackled. From Let-ma-yoon at left come shrieks and groans of agony, and an occasional derisive laugh.* BURMESE CHIEF COMMISSIONER *with grey beard and richly coloured costume passes slowly through on visit of inspection and goes out at rear.*

GOUGER (*aside, in a low voice*). Judson, never yet have I seen you and that wretched pillow parted. It can hardly add to your comfort, I should think.

JUDSON (*glancing anxiously around*). I have been trying for a moment when I could tell you, unobserved, what is in that pillow. I want to entrust it to your care if you outlive me, Gouger.

GOUGER. Ah! It contains jewels—money?

JUDSON. Nay, man; something far more precious —the work of ten long years of hard study—all indeed, save a handful of converts, which I have to offer for twelve years in a heathen land.

GOUGER. Speak quickly. The warden has his eye this way, and it is almost three. The Death Hour again!

JUDSON. It is the manuscript New Testament in Burmese, the only complete, emended copy in existence. And this, Gouger, the protection of these worthless rags (*touching the pillow*) makes the safest casket which either Mrs. Judson or I can provide for it. I left the manuscript with her until the house became unsafe——

Enter SPOTTED JAILER, *"Son of the Prison." He walks to stone in centre of yard and strikes three slow strokes on a large gong he holds in his hand. As he does this he looks from side to side with a malicious leer at different prisoners. A sinister silence falls.*

JAILER (*pointing to prison enclosure at left*). How quickly I can soothe the complaining of those in yonder! At this moment a pleasant thrill of expectation is passing through all their breasts. Do you not envy them? Ah, my lambs, let no such feeling arise. Ere long you too may be among the chosen, the fortunate. (*He points to one and another,* JUDSON, *and the white prisoners.*) You shall not always be passed over and neglected, my merry fellows. You are not forgotten. Oh, never, never! But restrain your impatience yet a day or two.

This is spoken with ferocious cunning and malice. Jailer walks over to man in stocks, chucks him under his chin, and puts an arm around him in mockery, then administers a painful wrench. Prisoner shrieks.

JAILER *goes into prison-house at left. Perfect silence reigns. Enter* JAILER, *followed by a half-naked wretch with bleeding ankles and mutilated face. In silence he traverses the prison-yard, the prisoner dragging himself after with moans, followed by under-jailer with uplifted club. They go out.*

JUDSON (*staggering to his feet, lifts clasped hands in prayer*). Have mercy on the soul of yonder miserable

wretch thus called before Thee, and upon us, in this prison-house, alike miserable, who know not the day nor the hour when we too shall be summoned.

WHITE PRISONERS. Have mercy!

A timid knocking is heard on door at rear. An underkeeper opens and falls back as one who sees a vision. Enter MRS. JUDSON. *She is pale, wan, wasted, ethereal, like a spirit rather than a flesh-and-blood woman. She is dressed in white Burmese costume, head veiled. A little child closely wrapped in soft white draperies is clasped to her breast. Behind her stands the Bengalee servant, carrying a pannier of food.* MRS. JUDSON *advances slowly to centre, followed by servant.* JUDSON *starts back in amazement, joy and anguish expressed on his face.* MRS. JUDSON *stretches out her left hand toward him. He limps painfully to her, with fifty-pound fetters on his feet. He is in rags, his hair long and matted, his face tragically worn, haggard, and deadly pale. When he reaches his wife he falls on his knees, lifts the hem of her robe, and presses it passionately and reverently to his lips. She makes him rise; then, placing the infant in his arms, breaks into tears as she scans his dreadful aspect.*

JUDSON. My Nancy! My heroic girl! But you should not have come. It is two miles hither. You are still far from recovered.

MRS. JUDSON (*dashing tears from her eyes and smiling*). You are quite, quite wrong, dearest; I am really very strong. Look at our baby. Is she not sweet? She will be three weeks old to-morrow.

JUDSON. Precious breath of heaven wafted through this inferno! But you, my own, are sadly pale. (*Gives back the child.*)

MRS. JUDSON. But I am not at all tired, and I have

carried Baby all the way. Are you not proud of your wife?

JUDSON (*choking down a sob*). Very proud, Nancy, my little Nancy.

MRS. JUDSON. Has it seemed too, too hard, my not coming all these long weeks?

JUDSON. Not too hard now that I know that you live.

Slowly, as if thinking the lines while speaking, looking steadfastly at the child in her arms, he repeats:

Sleep, darling infant, sleep,
  Hushed on thy mother's breast;
Let no rude sound of clanking chains
  Disturb thy balmy rest.

Wouldst view this drear abode,
  Where fettered felons lie,
And wonder that thy father here
  Should as a felon sigh?

Sleep, darling infant, sleep!
  Blest that thou canst not know
The pangs that rend thy parents' hearts,
  The keennes of their woe.

MRS. JUDSON *listens with strong emotion—then, turns and speaks to the other white prisoners.*

MRS. JUDSON. Have you had food enough since I have been unable to come with it?

PRICE. We have not fared as we used to, Mrs. Judson, when you could come yourself, but we are all right.

GOUGER. We have almost always had a bit of rice once a day.

MRS. JUDSON (*turning to servant*). You shall have more now. (*He opens basket and hands food to pris-*

oners, who devour it with famished eagerness. MRS. JUDSON *turns back to her husband.*)

JUDSON. My love, we shall scarcely have five minutes longer together. A word as to the manuscript.

MRS. JUDSON. Tell me, it is still safe, sewed into your pillow?

JUDSON. Thus far, but no one can tell for how long. At any moment my few belongings may be snatched from me. During your absence all tokens point to fresh and added oppression awaiting us. Nothing but your fearless, persistent mediation, my Nancy, has obtained for us white men the freedom of this yard. Scores of poor wretches still languish in the unspeakable filth and poisonous stenches of yonder prison-house, where they sleep, suspended by their fettered feet from a pole—have no water, and food but rarely. No one knows how soon our lot will be to be returned thither. I like not the malicious, taunting leer which the Spotted Jailer casts upon us of late.

MRS. JUDSON. Oh, I will go to the chief commissioner! He cannot refuse me! Never can you survive the horrors of that den of torture.

JUDSON. I think there would be little use in going to the commissioner, Nancy. He has been here often, but he shows to us foreigners the most cynical indifference always. Our fate depends really upon the fortunes of the war. The first important reverse which the Burmese army makes is bound to be followed by fresh cruelties visited upon us by the diabolical invention of our jailer.

MRS. JUDSON. Whatever befalls, I shall be near you, near you, heart of my heart, to the very end.

JUDSON. I say this not to arouse fresh agony, but

that you may not be taken wholly unawares, my wife, if swift changes for the worse overtake us.

MRS. JUDSON. You cannot fear worse than *Let-ma-yoon,* the inner prison—and—— (*Falters.*)

JUDSON. And the torture? Yes—a degree yet more dreaded is removal from thy near presence, my wife.

MRS. JUDSON. Where? How do you mean?

Enter SPOTTED JAILER.

JUDSON. I can say nothing. I only know a rumour creeps about among us that we white prisoners are shortly to be removed to some remote spot, where the ministries and mediations of our friends cannot follow.

MRS. JUDSON (*with fire*). They shall remove you nowhither where my feet shall not follow, where my ministry and my mediation, my heart, my life, my all shall not be yours——

SPOTTED JAILER (*approaching, with smile*). Madam excites herself. Our beloved guest must not be fatigued by too long converse. He is looking ill—do you not think so? It is time to go.

MRS. JUDSON *recoils at the* JAILER'S *approach and trembles, but does not turn to go. The Bengalee servant moves to her side.* JUDSON *turns a pleading look at* JAILER.

SPOTTED JAILER (*harshly*). Depart. Enough of this. You but make worse the prisoner's plight. If you do not go, we will have you dragged out, madam. (*Laughs.*) This you would perhaps not find agreeable.

MRS. JUDSON, *with bearing as of faintness and of terror, her baby clasped to her breast, moves slowly toward door in rear.*

JUDSON (*his hand lifted*). Send thy light and thy love, O my God, into the gloom of this benighted country.

SPOTTED JAILER *regards him silently, with sneering menace.*

Curtain.

CHORUS

She who, at Ava and at Oung-pen-la,
Won brutal men to softness by her grace,
Illumined prison glooms with her sweet face,
And on despair shone like a morning star;
Herself, her story, and her sufferings won
Homage from men, as if she came from heaven,
In whose stout hearts she left a little leaven,
Whose sacred workings may outlive the sun.

W. C. Richards.

SCENE VIII

Time. February 24, 1826.

Place. Headquarters of Commander-in-chief Campbell in British camp at Yandabo on Irawadi River. River-bank at rear. Right front—tent of commander-in-chief, with British flag floating. Left front—a larger tent, gorgeously hung with crimson and gold, above which float the American flag of 1826 and the British flag together. An ORDERLY *at work placing armchairs, etc., in veranda before this tent.*

Enter SECOND ORDERLY.

SECOND ORDERLY. Great preparations here! Is the King of England coming to this lovely land?

FIRST ORDERLY. You know who is coming, don't you?

SECOND ORDERLY. Not I.

FIRST ORDERLY (*brushing a costly rug on his arm with care*). Haven't you heard of this great teacher

by the name of Judson, who came to Burma from America and brought his wife a dozen years ago?

SECOND ORDERLY. No, I never heard of such a man. Why should I?

FIRST ORDERLY. There is no end of talk about the two of them—what he has suffered and what courage his wife has shown—the only white woman in Ava she was, look you. You see he has been imprisoned by these Burman devils for a long time—two years or so—in one of their vilest holes. A half dozen Englishmen were kept there with him, you know, and they would all have died but for this Mr. Judson's wife.

SECOND ORDERLY. Better die at once, to my thinking, than be given into the claws of those brutes.

FIRST ORDERLY. Well, Mr. Judson contrived not to die, thanks to his lady. And he knows the Burmese language as well as he does the English, writes books in Burmese, anything you please. The natives were shrewd enough to see that he had more brains in his little finger than they had in their whole royal family. So after Bandoola, their great warrior chief, was beaten and killed and the war as good as over, they dragged Mr. Judson out of his prison to act as their diplomatic interpreter and go-between with General Campbell.

SECOND ORDERLY. A good job that!

FIRST ORDERLY. You can believe Sir Archibald was pretty sore to find men of our own blood given over to torture by those fiends in their filthy dungeons. So now he has Mr. Judson as his guest of honour, and there is nothing too much to do for him.

SECOND ORDERLY. And the lady—is she coming too?

FIRST ORDERLY. Yes. She has been staying on the "Diana," but the general has ordered this tent here

next his own for the two of them, and you're right—if it was their majesties, he couldn't do more. They will be coming now any moment. Why, man, Sir Archibald, an hour since, sent the staff officers and Sir John himself—his own son—with them, to escort the lady from the steamer.

Enter LIEUTENANT. ORDERLIES *salute and stand at attention. Military music in the distance, drawing nearer.*

LIEUTENANT *to* ORDERLIES. Now, give strict attention. The Treaty of Peace between us and Burma is to be signed, it is expected, to-day, unless some obstacle interferes. The Burmese Commissioners, with their suites, have arrived to confer on the terms of peace with the commander. They will pass here about noon. But at any moment Mrs. Judson, wife of Sir Archibald's guest of honour, is expected to land. The boats are now in sight. You will wait upon the gentleman and lady here in their tent. See that every wish is met. Spare no pains.

FIRST ORDERLY (*saluting*). I will do my best, sir.

LIEUTENANT. Very well. Dinner will be served in the large tepee on the river-bank, and you will inform Mrs. Judson that the general himself will wait upon her and conduct her to the table.

ORDERLY. Quite so, sir.

LIEUTENANT *goes out. Enter from rear* MR. *and* MRS. JUDSON. *She is* [1] *"slight, emaciated, graceful, almost ethereal. Her face very pale, expression of deep and serious thought; her brown hair braided over a placid and holy brow; her small, lily hands quite beautiful and very wan; they told of death in all its transparent grace, when the sick blood shines through the*

[1] Description of Mrs. Judson by an English officer, 1826.

clear skin, even as the bright poison lights up the Venetian glass which it is about to shatter." MRS. JUDSON *is dressed in rich Burmese costume, a white, transparent veil floating from her head. She leans on her husband's arm, and looks up with ardent joy into his face.*

JUDSON. Free—all free! Do you believe it? You, our darling child, I! Is this heaven, Nancy?

MRS. JUDSON. Yes, I think so, now that I see you again. When you are out of my sight I find it impossible to believe it true. And always (*shudders*) I seem to hear the step of that jailer——

JUDSON. Hush, dear love! Forget, forget! Put that thought of horror from your mind. We are free; we are safe; we are together. What shall we render to the Lord for all his benefits toward us?

MRS. JUDSON. Oh, see this beautiful tent! Why, the whole place seems like a fairy scene. And look! What can it mean? There is our own dear flag. (*Pointing to banners on tent at left.*)

ORDERLY. By your leave, madam, this tent is your own while you do the British Army the honour to remain in our camp. The other is the commander's.

MRS. JUDSON'S *lips tremble, and she tries in vain to speak. Wipes tears from her eyes.*

JUDSON. This is most notable kindness on the part of Sir Archibald. I shall soon attempt to thank him in person, for I must hasten this moment to his presence. Enter then, my wife, and know at last the sensation of a Christian environment, safe, sure, sacred—such as befits you.

He kisses her hand. Goes out at right. MRS. JUDSON *follows* ORDERLY *to door of tent at left.*

Curtain.

SCENE IX

Time. Two hours later.

Place. The same.

Military music. Gay fanfare or "Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes," followed by "Star Spangled Banner." Enter from rear General Sir Archibald Campbell, *walking alone in dress uniform of British Army. Behind him, two by two, an embassy of Burmese* Commissioners *and their attendants, in white native dress, six in all. The* Chief Commissioner, *seen before in prison at Ava, distinguished by splendour of jewels, wears a pointed grey beard. Behind them several British staff officers, with them* Judson. *The procession advances to front of scene. Music ceases. All stand still and gaze with wonder and expectation around them.* General Campbell *goes to door of tent at left; the curtain is lifted.* Mrs. Judson *appears. The* General *takes her on his arm and advances toward the* Commissioners. *On seeing* Mrs. Judson, *the* Chief Commissioner, *the man with the beard, turns deadly pale, and begins to cower and tremble violently. The others show consternation and fear in their faces.*

General (*pausing at a slight remove from the company, and looking searchingly along the line*). Mrs. Judson, how is this? I judge that these gentlemen must be old acquaintances of yours?

Mrs. Judson. You appear puzzled, Sir Archibald. Yes, I recognise several faces.

General (*laughing*). Judging from their appearance, madam, you must have treated them very ill. Really, you had not struck me as capable of such cruelty as to inspire terror like this.

Mrs. Judson. At least I am glad that my appearance does not intimidate.

General. But really, now, what is the matter with yonder owner of the pointed beard? He seems to be seized with an ague fit.

Mrs. Judson (*fixing her eyes steadily on the* Chief Commissioner, *which causes him to tremble yet more*). I do not know, unless his memory may be too busy. He *is* an old acquaintance of mine.

General. Ah! I can see. I fancy he infers danger to himself and to his Peace Treaty from seeing so dangerous an acquaintance under my protection.

Mrs. Judson. To tell the truth, he may fancy some cause for fear. I know the Burmese well, Sir Archibald, and if I were a Burmese Buddhist woman, instead of an American Christian, I should undoubtedly at this moment be asking you for the small favour of yonder gentleman's head on a charger. But I assure you I should have no use in the world for such a gift.

General. Pray tell me of your relations to him, dear madam. I assure you that I will put your confidence to no official use.

Mrs. Judson. That being assured, for I really bear the man no slightest malice, I will describe what happened during my husband's imprisonment. It was during the terribly hot weather, and Mr. Judson was taken ill with fever. Our little daughter was about two months old, I think. You see, he and Doctor Price, Mr. Gouger, and others had been suddenly thrown into the loathsome prison-house, and their fetters increased from three pairs to five. The air in *Let-ma-yoon* was stifling, loaded with foulness of every kind; there seemed no chance for my husband's recovery unless he could be allowed to lie in the prison-yard.

GENERAL. On my soul, madam, I should think not! I hope that man understands English, and can hear a word or two from this distance.

MRS. JUDSON. No, they do not understand English, but the man's conscience gives him an intuition of what I may be saying. See the perspiration ooze from his skin.

GENERAL. Poor devil!

MRS. JUDSON. Well, Sir Archibald, I had lain awake all night trying to devise some means to save Mr. Judson's life. Early in the morning, to escape the worst of the tropical heat, I started from our poor, dismantled home to the house of our Chief Commissioner yonder to beg for the favour I speak of.

GENERAL. That Mr. Judson should be transferred, during his illness, to the prison-yard?

MRS. JUDSON. Yes. I reached the house at an early hour, but was not allowed to come into the man's presence until noon, when the sun was smiting the city with fierce and fiery heat. On hearing my pitiful request, the man repulsed me with a rough refusal, giving no hope for the slightest amelioration of conditions. I was turning away sorrowfully, stricken to the very heart with hopeless disappointment, when his lordship seized a silk umbrella I carried in my hand, declaring that he was very glad to keep that as he could use it, and that all our belongings were by right confiscated to the government.

GENERAL. Great heaven! Is this heathenism?

MRS. JUDSON. Heathenism's very essence, Sir Archibald—pitiless cruelty, malicious extortion. Never believe people who prate of the beauties of Buddhism. I begged, I begged hard that he would give back the umbrella, for it was my only protection on my long

return walk, but in vain. I told him I had no money, and begged that he would at least lend me a paper umbrella, as there was great danger of sunstroke at high noon. At this he laughed coarsely, and told me that the sun could not find one as thin as I, only stout people were in danger of sunstroke.

GENERAL. Will you permit me to wring his neck, madam? My fingers simply twitch with longing to perform the act. See the coward cower and cringe!

MRS. JUDSON. No. I have your promise that he shall not suffer at my hands. The story is told. He simply turned me out at the door on the blazing street, and I did not die, you see, after all.

GENERAL. No credit to him that you did not. The scoundrel! Look! I believe he will fall in a fit in his terror. Let him sweat for it, I say! The tortures of the Death Prison ought to be reserved for such as he.

MRS. JUDSON. May I speak to him in Burmese, General Campbell?

GENERAL (*reluctantly*). He ill deserves pity at your hand, but I see plainly that your rôle, now and ever, is that of a ministering spirit. (*Makes a gesture, allowing her to approach the* COMMISSIONER.)

MRS. JUDSON *approaches and says a few words softly in Burmese to the* COMMISSIONER, *who is on the edge of fainting with terror. His countenance at once brightens, he salaams to the ground before her, and seeks to kiss the hem of her drapery.* GENERAL CAMPBELL *draws her away, and takes her hand within his arm.*

GENERAL. It is not fit that so vile a wretch should touch even the hem of your garment. (*He leads on, the music is heard again, procession moves.*)

Curtain.

SCENE X

Time. October 20, 1826.

Place. Amherst.

As the curtain is about to rise, the CHORUS *chants softly:*

"But 'tis great renown for a woman who must perish that she should have shared the doom of the godlike in her life and afterward in her death."

—*The Antigone.*

Veranda of small bamboo dwelling. MRS. JUDSON *partially reclines, near front centre, in a chaise longue, very pale save for a vivid flush of fever on her cheeks. Her eyes are very bright, her hair curls carelessly around her forehead and falls in long braids upon her shoulders. She wears a thin white negligée, and a piece of light oriental drapery is thrown over her limbs. A tabouret by her side holds cooling drinks and medicine. An army* SURGEON *in British uniform is bending near, speaking soothingly to her.* MRS. JUDSON *appears not to notice his presence. An army* NURSE *stands at one side. The doctor turns away, and they confer, withdrawing to left.*

NURSE. What shall I do when she calls for her baby? She wants the poor little thing with her all the time. I am afraid it is bad for her.

SURGEON (*gravely*). No. It will do no harm. We must consider that her very life having been offered up to save the life of her child, she *must* have the reward of seeing it in its restored condition. It is the sole joy left her now.

NURSE. You speak as if her life——

SURGEON. It will be a matter of a few days yet. Her mind will probably wander more than before.

NURSE. It is hard, so hard, to see such an angel suffer.

SURGEON. Yes. But she will not suffer long. All her vital force has been expended in the service of others. She will become unconscious and cease to suffer before the end. Ah, if it were but possible to get Judson back to Ava!

NURSE. I believe if he were to come, she would recover yet. Her whole soul seems to hang on her longing for his presence.

SURGEON. Yes. It is piteous. (*Goes out.*)

MRS. JUDSON (*who has lain with her head reclining on her arm and with closed eyes, opens them and exclaims*). I want my baby. Where is she?

NURSE *goes out, and returns bringing the child in a light, straw cradle, which she places on the floor beside the couch.* MRS. JUDSON *looks down, bracing her head with one thin, trembling hand.*

MRS. JUDSON. How sweet she is! How well she sleeps, my white little child! She is surely better now. I must write him to-day, so that he will not be grieving. I must tell him how she starts up when I say, "Papa," and points to the sea. Oh, the sea between us, now, when I have these pains! Where is the manuscript? Did Moung Ing search for it?

NURSE. The manuscript is perfectly safe now. It is in the Teacher's desk. Moung Ing found it, you remember, in the prison-yard and brought it here. Have no fear.

MRS. JUDSON (*looks steadily at her, smiles faintly*). Have no fear! I have fear always of that jailer with the branded face. (*Shudders and covers her face.*)

NURSE. You will never see him again. There is nothing you need fear now, nothing, dear lady.

MRS. JUDSON (*moans*). But the Teacher is long, long in coming, and the new missionaries are long in coming. I am alone. I must die alone. It is the will of God. Tell the Teacher that I could not write. The disease, you see, is most violent. I fear that I cannot bear the pains. O my God, suffer me not for any pains of death to fall away from thee. Oh, for greater willingness to suffer! Joy cometh, joy cometh in the morning. Do you believe that is true? I will go up to the Golden Feet and lift up my eyes to the Golden Face, and ask for the fetters, for the five fetters to be taken off. They cut deep! See the poor, bruised ankle!

NURSE. Mr. Judson has no fetters now on his feet, you remember.

MRS. JUDSON (*starting and staring*). Oh, no. I was confused. I am ashamed of my despondency. You see (*with a confidential tone*), I thought because my troubles had lasted so long, that they would *never* end. I thought the night would have no dawn. That is wrong. There will be light when the Teacher comes. But months pass and never a letter. Let me see—it was two years and a half when we first came, before any letters from home reached us. I ought not to mind. . . . Hush, precious baby, papa is praying. You must not call him now. See—she smiles when she hears his name. . . . Tell him I suffer; tell him that all that is left now of his Nancy is only his and God's. I think there is nothing now of what used to be Ann Hasseltine. You see, I have rambled, rambled, and rambled, and you lose yourself so by and by. . . . Mother said I was always rambling; she wanted me to come home straight from school, but Harriet and I liked to go

down to the river. For there are violets growing on the bank; . . . you can see how the grass is quite blue with them. How fast the river flows, and how the little waves dance in the sun! Harriet said my feet danced like waves and never tired. That was when I had never seen fetters, you know. . . . The river is black now, and roaring. It rises. It sweeps my sweet Harriet away in its flood. Come back! Come back! . . . She does not hear me. . . . I saw her face plainly, Nurse.

NURSE. You saw it?

MRS. JUDSON. Yes, she looked as she did that day in the church in Salem, with her big eyes so dark and solemn. . . . That night on the "Caravan" we four sang every hymn we loved——

Jesus, at thy command
I launch into the deep;
And leave my native land
Where sin lulls all asleep.

That was my favourite. (*Repeats.*)

Jesus, at thy command
I launch into the deep.

NURSE (*offering medicine in a glass*). Will you not drink this now, and try to sleep a little while? It is night, you know, and time to sleep.

MRS. JUDSON (*looking steadfastly at her*). But, you know, it is in my heart to live and die with the Burmans. How hard, how hard it seems to get passage to Burma! Yes, it is growing dark, but I will embark in the little boat and try to overtake the ship. We have to row against the tide. It is so difficult, and the ship is far off.

NURSE. Yes, you are too tired. You must sleep now.

Mrs. Judson (*taking the glass in one hand, pointing with the other*). But there are the lights of the ship. I can hear the waves now. You will be good to my baby?

Nurse. Do you suffer more? Is the pain harder to bear?

Mrs. Judson. No. I feel quite well now, only very weak. Tell the Teacher that I could not write.

Curtain.

Part Three: THE VANGUARD (Continued)

"In every place to which the Cross has gone, it has turned the desert into a garden; in every place to which the Crescent has gone, it has turned the garden into a desert."

Percy Dearmer.

"When the history of the great African states of the future comes to be written, the arrival of the first missionaries will, with many of these new nations, be the first historical event in their annals. . . . Who can say, with the present condition of the natives in South Africa to consider, with the gradual civilisation of Western Africa, that missionary work has been anything but a success in the Dark Continent?"

Sir H. H. Johnston.

"Is the Bantu capable of accepting such a high and spiritual religion? I answer, Yes. Their intelligence can understand the Gospel of the Father Who is in Heaven. . . . That their heart is able to grasp it by faith—the only condition of entrance into the Kingdom of God—is proved by a thousand instances."

Henri A. Junod.

"A medical missionary is a missionary and a half, or rather I should say, a double missionary."

Robert Moffat.

"I have travelled for more than seven years in Asia, and as a traveller entirely unconnected with missions except by sympathy and interest. As a traveller, I desire to bear the very strongest testimony that can be borne to the blessings of medical missions wherever they can be carried on as they ought to be."

Isabella Bird Bishop.

"When I find a field too hard for a man, I put in a woman."

Bishop Taylor.

I

APOSTLES TO THE TURKISH EMPIRE

Constantinople, Ancient Byzantium, known as the "Eye of the World," ranks in historic importance as the world's fourth greatest city, historically, Jerusalem, Athens and Rome only outranking it. Its story is not finished. Even now it is conspicuously in the making.

For over a thousand years, Constantinople was the fountain-head of Eastern Christianity. It has become the head-centre of Islam. In 1453 the city which had undergone 27 sieges was conquered by the Ottoman Turks. It remains, nominally at least, to-day their capital.

It is needless to describe modern Turkey. Islam, wherever it obtains rule, creates conditions of life barely endurable for non-Moslem people. Mohammedanism is corrupt to the very core. It has probably the most degrading influence upon its followers of any Oriental cult save Hinduism. Slavery, cruelty, contempt of human life, fierce fanaticism, remain to-day, as they were thirteen centuries ago, the hall-marks. The very fact, however, that Islam is monotheistic and non-idolatrous, while it crystallises its resistance to the Gospel, appears on the surface to render it more akin to Christianity. This may be one of the causes for the fact that in the Renaissance of Missionary zeal of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, no mission in purely Mohammedan lands was begun by the

newly constituted English Societies. This privilege was reserved for an American group, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

At Andover Academy, Massachusetts, about 1812, there was a boy named William Goodell who had plodded his way, with his trunk strapped on his back, sixty miles to get to the Academy. He had neither money nor credit, but he had a father and mother of the old Puritan type who believed in the supreme value of two things—the Gospel and Education. Also he had an uncle in Vermont, less poor than they, who wrote laconically to the principal of the Academy to ask "if the boy was worth raising." Inferentially, the average boy was not. In this instance the uncle was so well satisfied that he made William's education a possibility.

Joining the famous missionary band at Andover, founded by the immortal "haystack missionaries," the youth chose Foreign Missions for his field of work and was appointed to labour in Jerusalem. He sailed in November, 1822. Finding political conditions unsettled in Palestine, he and his wife established themselves at Beirut.

Mr. Goodell was not the first missionary sent by his Board to Syria. Messrs. Pliny Fiske and Levi Parsons in 1821 had attempted to establish a mission in Jerusalem. The Rev. Jonas King, who for many years thereafter conducted Christian work in Greece, was briefly associated with these forerunners. Owing to the death of Mr. Parsons in 1822 and of Mr. Fiske, three years later, as also to the disturbed state of Palestine, this experiment was discontinued.

Mr. Goodell's was the first of Protestant efforts on Turkish ground to achieve permanence. It soon met with remarkable acceptance. Conversions were fre-

quent. The labour of William Goodell along linguistic lines is indicated by a sentence in one of his letters:

"We must daily read the Scriptures in ancient Greek, modern Greek, Armenian, Arabic, Italian and English."

But it could not be expected that the order of peaceful days could be long sustained in the Sultan's dominions. Persecution, fierce and bitter, arose: the lives of the missionaries for two years were in constant danger. Never could they lie down to rest at night without having taken practical measures for hasty flight from Beirut. In the end they were ordered by the Board to proceed to Constantinople with a view to a mission among the Armenians. This they did in 1831.

Ten years later William Goodell had accomplished his great life-work, the translation of the whole Bible into the Armeno-Turkish language. His scholarship as shown by this great service and by his custom for long years of preaching in six different languages, justifies the statement that his name may be fairly placed with those of Carey, Wycliffe and Tyndale.

In Constantinople Dr. Goodell laboured for a generation, establishing schools and churches at strategic points, laying foundations for the Armenian work which has filled the eye of the world so often during the Great War. He was not only a pioneer; he was one of "God's forty-year men," and forty years were not too many in which to live down the bitter opposition and persecution of the Turkish government. In 1839 signs of hope began to appear. These grew in number with succeeding years. In 1850 a charter was granted for the Protestant church: schools for girls, colleges and theological seminaries waxed numerous and strong. Thereafter the American mission work was looked upon

in Turkey with conspicuous respect. There was reason for all this in the man himself.

It was said of Dr. Goodell that he was "rarely gifted, full of genial bubbling humour, sanguine, simple, courageous, modest—above all, holy. He won hearts and moulded lives."

Of himself he said in 1865 when, after his return from Constantinople by reason of failing health, he attended the meeting of the American Board,

"When I went from my native land in 1822, it was to go to Jerusalem. There I expected to live, labour and to die. I have never been there. I have now set my face for the New Jerusalem, taking Chicago on the way." He died in the following year.

William Goodell's name should be kept in mind as we read Lord Bryce's opinion of Mission Work in Turkey, recorded in his volume, *Transcaucasia and Ararat,* and now peculiarly timely,

"I cannot mention the American missionaries," he wrote in his second edition, "without a tribute to the admirable work they have done. They have been the only good influence that has worked from abroad upon the Turkish Empire. They have shown great judgment and tact in their relations with the ancient Church of the land, orthodox, Gregorian, Jacobite, Nestorian and Catholic. They have lived cheerfully in the midst not only of hardships but latterly of serious dangers also. They have been the first to bring the light of education and learning into these dark places, and have rightly judged that it was far better to diffuse light through their schools than to aim at presenting a swollen roll of converts. From them alone, if we except the British Consuls, has it been possible during the last thirty years to obtain trustworthy information

regarding what passes in the interior. Their sympathies have, of course, been with the cause of reform. But they have most prudently done everything in their power to discourage any political agitation among the subject Christians. Foreseeing, as the event has too terribly proved, that any such agitation would be made the pretext for massacre."

Written two decades ago these words have found renewed fulfilment in the tragic second decade of our century.

Among William Goodell's brother missionaries of the American Board in Constantinople was Dr. William Schauffler, ordained as missionary to the Jews, a man of profound and varied learning.

One day in the year 1839 a young missionary of the same Board, of Bowdoin College, Maine, newly arrived and struggling hard to master the Armenian language, came to Dr. Schauffler with a tale of woe. This was Cyrus Hamlin, a farmer's boy from "way down in Maine," a Yankee of the Yankees, shrewd, humorous, practical, capable of making almost anything with a jackknife, and with a few tools turning out almost any mechanical device from an ox-bow to a steam-engine; the young man was in fact master of sixteen clearly defined trades and professions. But he did not speak either Turkish or Armenian, and every tutor he had been able to engage to train him in either tongue had been forced to flee for his life. If it was not the Turkish authorities which laid the embargo on these teachers in order to thwart missionary work, it was proved that emissaries of Russia, Christian Russia, were equally effectual.

The last teacher engaged by Mr. Hamlin, one par-

ticularly fitted for the work, had actually been seized by hangers-on of the Russian Embassy and barely escaped Siberia. What could be done?

Dr. Schauffler, representing the group of American missionaries, went forthwith to the palace of the Russian Embassy and entered complaint. Boutineff, the Ambassador, with scornful emphasis attempted to close the interview by an authoritative dictum.

"I might as well tell you, Mr. Schauffler," he said, "that the Emperor of Russia, who is my master, will never allow Protestantism to set foot in Turkey."

Schauffler's reply was memorable.

"Your Excellency," he said with dignity no less impressive than Boutineff's, "the Kingdom of Christ, who is my Master, will never ask the Emperor of Russia where it may set its foot."

In the end, in spite of mighty Russia and despotic Turkey, Cyrus Hamlin, the man from Maine, acquired the languages and set to work to do that for which he had come to Constantinople. But it was foreordained that Cyrus Hamlin should do a different work from that of any missionary before him and that he should do it in a different way. Christian education was first and foremost to him means of grace and hope of glory. His first experiment began in 1840 with Bebek Seminary, then consisting of two students, Bebek being a suburban village near the Capital. Like Duff, he purposed to teach advanced students through the medium of the English language. The students of his school must support themselves by their own trades, arts or crafts while "getting their schooling." He was shrewd enough to see how much more highly education thus won would be prized than the same thing freely bestowed.

The curriculum included thorough courses in mathematics, physics, chemistry, geography, history, etc., etc., besides systematic Bible work, and study of the Armenian as well as the English language. And Mr. Hamlin carried his point of self-support. It became an industrial as well as an academic institution, perhaps the first of its kind in Turkey. Its numbers grew apace.

"The range of activity in the school with its industrial annexes, extended from carpentry to chemistry from the making of rat-traps to mathematics, from sheet-iron work to syllogisms, from milling to moral philosophy, from laundry work on a large scale to the cleansing of lives, and from making bread on a commercial scale to the making of a superior quality of men."

By dint of patience, push, shrewdness, practical talent and tireless energy, every plan was carried through to success. In fact Dr. Hamlin's students became such masters of chemicals and tools that the Turks began to mutter about powers of darkness. The missionary was in fact in league with the forces of light and of enlightenment, for always he was the Christian first, the master of mechanics and methods second.

The Crimean War broke out.

Bread-making had become a prime industry at Bebek. Dr. Hamlin was invited to visit the military hospital at Scutari. The sick and wounded men, he saw, were given bread, bought at a high price by the English Government, but so sour as to be sickening to the taste. The missionary decided what must be done. A steam flour-mill must be set up and bread for the English army must be made for the glory of God and the good

of Bebek Seminary, bread in wholesale quantities, bread of prime quality at a low price.

There was not a single steam flour-mill in Constantinople. Accordingly a steam engine and milling machinery were imported without delay from the United States. These were set up by the help of Ure's "Dictionary of Arts." The labour was incredible, but in the end flour was ground and bread, good, sweet, palatable, nourishing bread was made at Bebek and delivered regularly at Scutari, 6,000 pounds daily for the hospitals alone. Florence Nightingale, no less a benevolent despot than a ministering angel, would have no other bread for the men under her charge.

Hamlin might have become an enormously rich man, but he preferred another way. His profits went to the support of his Seminary and he built a matter of thirteen Christian churches in different parts of the Turkish Empire. Little wonder that travellers through its remote regions often find the face of Cyrus Hamlin in photograph the one sole picture on the walls of humble village houses.

In the military hospital at Scutari in 1859 Dr. Mapleton, Lord Raglan's chief physician, chanced to meet Dr. Hamlin.

"Are you Hamlin, the baker," the physician asked.

"No, sir," was the answer, "I am the Reverend Cyrus Hamlin, an American missionary."

Such he was, a generous benefactor, wise Counsellor and guide, a Christian teacher of a generation of the ablest men in the Turkish Empire.

Bebek Seminary, removed to Marsovan, could not satisfy this man's ambition for the young men of Turkey. A high grade college at Constantinople had become the end and aim of his dreams. And he had

a way of making his dreams come true. But Hercules would have turned his back on Constantinople if he had been confronted with the obstacles that this Conquering Cyrus met. For the Turks "were as little in favour of an American college overlooking Constantinople as they would have been of permitting the planting of an American fortress at the mouth of the Dardanelles." Baulked by Turkish tyranny and craft at every attempt to secure a favourable sight for his new foundation, Dr. Hamlin retreated to the house formerly occupied by Bebek Seminary and there in 1863 he opened Robert College, named for Christopher Robert of New York, who had become a financial friend of the enterprise.

For eight years the college remained in the suburb of Bebek. For seventeen years, the best of his life, Cyrus Hamlin poured into it his tireless and effective activity, making it, even in its infancy, enormously successful. In 1868, inspired with sudden dread of the power of the United States Government, after the visit of Admiral Farragut to Constantinople, the Turkish authorities hastily reversed their policy of opposition and placed the property and rights of the college on a secure basis.

On the commanding heights of Rumeli-Hissar, chosen long since by Dr. Hamlin as site (but the purchase held up by Turkish diplomacy for a trifle of ten years before it could be effected), the noble building planned by Dr. Hamlin was at last erected. Here, as President and Professor, he enjoyed until 1877 the consummation of the dream for which he had toiled for years without thought of selfish interest, for name or fame, but only for the redemption of the rising generation

in the Turkish Empire from the gross darkness which breeds superstition and sin.

Robert College, the Mother of Christian Colleges in Turkey, is not conducted under the auspices of any missionary board. But its founder and head was a missionary. In his "Impressions of Turkey," Sir William Ramsay writes:

"I have come in contact with men educated in Robert College, in widely separate parts of the country, men of diverse races and different forms of religion—Greek, Armenian, and Protestant—and have everywhere been struck with the marvellous way in which a certain uniform type, direct, simple, honest, and lofty in tone has been impressed upon them; some have more of it, some less; but all had it to a certain degree; and it is diametrically opposite to the type produced by growth under the ordinary conditions of Turkish life."

Among those ignorant of the true character of Christian missions and missionaries, an attitude of slighting indifference toward them, of criticism, even of derision, is often observed. The Hon. Henry Morgenthau, late American ambassador to Turkey, has recently recorded his own change of attitude in his volume, *All in a Lifetime.*

The Senate having confirmed Mr. Morgenthau's appointment on September 4th, 1913, he found it urgently necessary to inform himself regarding the problems, social and political, which lay before him in the discharge of his mission to the Turkish Empire. In vain in many high quarters he sought enlightenment. "Fortunately for the success of my mission," as he writes, he was advised to seek an interview with representatives of the various missionary organisations at work in

Turkey. An interview was arranged at "that great centre of missionary activity, 156 Fifth Avenue, with a large group of earnest and able men who could speak with authority on the problems I should confront in the East." These gentlemen, the Rev. A. J. Brown, D.D., the Rev. J. A. Barton, D.D., the Rev. C. R. Watson, D.D., the Rev. Mackaye, D.D., and Bishop Lloyd, represented respectively, the Presbyterian, Congregationalist, United Presbyterian, Methodist and Protestant Episcopal Mission Boards. They were even then under appointment to investigate conditions in Turkey. It was arranged that Mr. Morgenthau should cross the ocean on the same ship with them. Mr. Morgenthau's narrative continues as follows:

"The conversations I had with these men on shipboard were a revelation to me. I had hitherto had a hazy notion that missionaries were sort of over-zealous advance agents of sectarian religion, and that their principal activity was the proselyting of believers in other faiths. To my surprise and gratification, these men gave me a very different picture. In the first place, their cordial co-operation with one another was evidence of the disappearance of the old sectarian zeal. They were, to be sure, profoundly concerned in converting as many people as they could to what they sincerely believed to be the true faith. But I found that, along with this ambition, Christian missionaries in Turkey were carrying forward a magnificent work of social service, education, philanthrophy, sanitation, medical healing and moral uplift. They were, I discovered, in reality advance agents of civilisation. As representatives of the denominations which supported them, they were maintaining several hundred American schools in the Levant, and several full-fledged colleges,

of which three, at least, deserve to rank with the best of the smaller institutions of higher learning in the United States. They maintained, also, several important hospitals. And, as a part of their purely religious function, they were bringing a higher conception of Christianity to the millions of submerged Christians in the Turkish Empire, who, but for them, would have been left to practise their religion without the inspiration of the modern thought of the West, which has so vastly widened its spiritual significance."

II

APOSTLES TO AFRICA

Taken all in all, Africa below the Great Desert is the supremely difficult field. This for the following reasons:

1. The climate is in general unfavourable to the life of foreigners.
2. Physical conditions hostile to health and sustained labour are many. Among these are plagues of lions, wild cats, leopards and other beasts of prey; poisonous snakes in great abundance and variety; noxious insects like the tsetse fly; complete absence of wholesome and sanitary regulations.
3. The low morale of the white men who have settled in parts of the continent for trading, farming or mining operations, and have betrayed and exploited the native people mercilessly, thus instilling fixed distrust, suspicion and hatred of white men in their minds.
4. The Slave-Trade.
5. The "Moslem Peril," that is the astounding spread in recent years of Mohammedanism, once mainly the work of slave-traders. This has now reached the proportions of a systematic propaganda and campaign. In Cairo 10,000 young Moslems are in training as missionaries of the Crescent to Africa.
6. The character of the native tribes, their religious superstitions and practices. They are not only savages

and in some tribes cannibalistic; they have no religious conceptions beyond those of the grossest animism. They are literally without God. Furthermore their temperament is that which belongs to primitive and undeveloped peoples: sensual, treacherous, cruel, revengeful, fickle, hard to reach with intellectual, moral or spiritual suggestion. They have no formulated language; no orderly social customs or domestic life; no respect for women; no treatment of suffering or disease not grossly inhuman. "They turn a deaf ear to the voice of love, and scorn the doctrines of salvation," said one of Africa's best friends.

A few items, general and geographical:

Nearly one-fourth of all the land surface of the globe is in the continent of Africa, i.e., twelve million square miles; the distance around the coast is as great as that around the globe. Eight hundred and forty-two languages and dialects are in use among the black people of Africa. At the present time one out of every ten of the inhabitants of Africa is a Moslem. There is one missionary for every 136,000 souls.

Notwithstanding these difficulties and a hundred more which might be enumerated, Africa, and South Africa at that, was one of the first fields chosen for labour in the new Age of Missions which opened in 1792 with Carey's call to English Protestants.

Between 1798, when the London Society sent Vanderkemp (a volunteer for work among the Hottentots among whom he worked successfully), and the year 1816, the number of missionaries in Africa increased in fair proportion to that in other fields. This work was carried on, however, in face of heart-breaking obstacles and alike the labours and the names of the workers have

passed from popular memory. The reason being, lack of permanence in results. In the year 1816 a Scotch lad of twenty years sailed for Cape Town to whom was given power to leave a lasting mark upon certain of the wild tribes of Africa; to give them a language; to bring to them consciousness of a heart, a brain, a hope of heaven, a Saviour from sin and uncleanness; to make articulate the vague motions of their spirits towards godliness and God,—in brief, to humanise them.

Robert Moffat, son of a deeply religious mother, himself a gardener in Cheshire, after leaving the cottage home of his parents in Scotland, answers in the story of his own achievement the protests which so often arise against the useless sacrifice of life involved in African missions. For more than half a century he lived in tropical Africa, meeting mortal dangers and distresses in such degree and with such courage that hostile savages declared: "These men must have ten lives, since they are so fearless of death." No peril of those we have named as common to the life of the European among African savages was spared Robert Moffat, but he passed through all, not without sickness and suffering, but with constitution unimpaired, justifying perhaps the remark of Livingstone that "the European constitution has a power of endurance even in the tropics, greater than that of the hardiest meat-eating Africans." At eighty-three Moffat was described by one who heard him make an address at the World's Conference of Missions in London in 1878, as "a son of Anak in stature, erect, his features strongly marked, his venerable locks and long white beard adding majesty to his appearance . . . his voice strong and musical." The death of this kingly servant of God took place in 1883, in his eighty-eighth year.

We are wont to dwell with peculiar satisfaction on "God's forty-year men," of whom Carey was first, but Robert Moffat's term of service was fifty-three years, with but two furloughs in England. The story of this service begins with a striking initial red-letter,—the missionary's relations with the Hottentot, Afrikaner, famous outlaw and freebooter, known as the "Bonaparte of South Africa." The story is a missionary classic, not needing repetition here. A few sentences, however, may revive the impression of the spiritual encounter of these two strong men when brought face to face.

After a brief sojourn in Cape Town upon landing, Moffat started on a long trip, his objective, the wilderness north of the Orange River, where Afrikaner from his kraal carried on his wild onslaughts of robbery and arson, filling with panic the whole surrounding region. As he stopped at a Dutch farmhouse now and again Moffat received sufficient warning of Afrikaner's usual line of action, which was still looked for, despite rumours of a change for the better in the terrible chief.

"He will set you up for a mark for his boys to shoot at," declared one farmer.

"He will strip off your skin and make a drum of it to dance to," said another.

"He will make a drinking cup of your skull," was a third prophecy.

Afrikaner, despite the fact that a price had been set on his head by the Cape Government, ruled by right, not merely by conquest, a dominion in Great Namaqualand having been ceded to him. Accordingly when, to the amazement of all who knew of Moffat's course in deliberately bearding the lion in his den, the great outlaw received him courteously and invited him *as a missionary* to settle within his borders, Moffat gained not

merely a convert but a defender. Yet there were terrible days for the missionary, days when Afrikaner turned away from him with all the fickleness of the savage and when Titus, his ferocious brother, threatened him with personal violence if he remained in the kraal. But as time passed both men became subdued, and would sit listening like children to the teachings of Moffat. Once when Afrikaner surprised his teacher gazing steadily but unconsciously into his dark face and asked the reason of it, Robert Moffat replied quietly,

"I was trying to picture to myself your carrying fire and sword through the country. I could not think how eyes like yours could smile at human woe."

Broken at last by bitter compunction, the African Ishmael cried like a child. From that time he was a new creature, and his loyalty to Moffat knew no further variableness or shadow of turning.

Together these two men worked to humanise, civilise and Christianise the savages around them. Afrikaner died in 1820, testifying to his repentance for past sins and his dependence on the grace of God.

Married in 1819 to a lovely English girl to whom he was engaged when he left England, and who came to Cape Town to join him, Moffat in the year following parted from Afrikaner. It being needful for him to find a less unhealthy spot in which to plant a permanent mission than Afrikaner could offer him, he journeyed into Bechuanaland.

Here, after several experiments, fraught with peril and pain, the permanent station of the London Missionary Society known as Kuruman was founded, a station which has become the mother station to many

others, and remains a centre of light and love and uplift.

In Kuruman Robert and Mary Moffat lived their united life and wrought their mighty work together. Here he was known affectionately as Ra-Mary; she as Ma-Mary. Here children were born to them, and here after ten years of what may have seemed fruitless effort, a great revival among the native people led to the foundation of a strong native church. Before even one person expressed faith in Christ Mary Moffat had written to friends in England: "Send us a Communion service; it will be wanted." On the day before the first company of converts were to partake of their first communion, a box containing the silver service for the Supper reached Kuruman.

It is hardly necessary to say that an important part of Robert Moffat's work in Bechuanaland was translation of the Scriptures into the written language he himself was obliged to construct. In 1839 he and his wife returned to England in order to put his translation of the New Testament, then complete, through the press. (The entire Bible was later translated by Moffat into Bechuana, complete in 1857.)

The enthusiasm which greeted the missionaries among their own people was unprecedented, and resulted in notable missionary reinforcements. In a house in Aldersgate street in London near the London Missionary Society's offices, Robert Moffat met one evening a young Scotch doctor, a man of twenty-five, who had offered himself as a medical missionary to China. The Opium War of 1840 being still on, he was awaiting cessation of hostilities, boarding ad interim in Aldersgate with a Mrs. Sewell. This man was David Livingstone of Blantyre. His quick imagination caught fire

from Moffat's story of Christian work among savage tribes.

"Would I do, do you think, sir, as a missionary to Africa," he questioned earnestly.

"Yes," was Moffat's prompt reply, "if you won't go to an old station, but push on to the vast unoccupied district in the north where, on a clear morning, I have seen the smoke of a thousand villages and where no missionary has ever been."

For a little space Livingstone mused silently, then, with the swift decision natural to him, he rejoined,

"What is the use of my waiting here for the end of this abominable Opium War? I will go at once to Africa."

. . . . . .

On May 31st, 1841, Dr. Livingstone reached Kuruman after a trek of 700 miles in an ox-wagon. Although the Moffat family were absent in England, or on their way home, until December, 1843, the well-established mission offered admirable headquarters for Livingstone. Here he practised medicine, studying the natives and their dialects and exploring the regions to the north, of which Moffat had told him. In these explorations in 1843 he was attacked by a lion which seized him by the shoulder and crushed the bone of the upper part of his left arm into splinters. As a consequence Livingstone had a second, or false joint in the arm which crippled him to the day of his death. This injury had no effect in checking his zeal for establishing a mission station in the regions to the north and there, at about the time of the Moffats' return to their home at Kuruman, he took up his position at Mabotsa, among the Bakatlas.

Oswell, well-known African hunter and explorer, thus describes the mission house of Kuruman,

"Dear old Kuruman! You were a very oasis, peopled with the kindest friends. My short visits to you were among the happiest of my life; no little kingdom ever had a better king and queen, no home a better host and hostess. How well I remember the exquisite arrangement and order of the mother's household, the affectionate interest in the wayfarers, and the father's courtly hospitality and kindly advice, and the ready willingness with which he lent himself to help us on our way. Without Mr. Moffat's aid we should have fared but poorly."

Mary Moffat, when in England, often found herself impatiently *"longing for home."* When one calls to mind magazine pictures of mean African huts and stark wildernesses this may sound overdrawn, but Kuruman, the village, the whole valley indeed, had been touched by a homely magic. Robert Moffat was a skilled gardener; his wife had the Englishwoman's genius for home and garden-making to the full. The result has been thus described. "A miracle of beauty had been wrought out of desolation. . . . Along the valley ran the watercourses, overhung with willow and sweet-scented syringa. The pomegranate hedge with its scarlet flowers, the orange and fig trees, the well-ordered gardens of corn, maize and native grain, all formed a lovely tropical background for the stately stone church and well-built mission houses and school."

We hear furthermore, much of the great almond tree which blossomed in beauty and fragrance near the Moffats' home. It was under this famous tree that in

1844, soon after the return of the family to Kuruman, David Livingstone deliberately renounced one of his cardinal theories of missionary life, this being celibacy.

Whether the object-lesson of the Moffats' perfectly ordered household convinced his reason that there was a more excellent way, or whether their daughter Mary's loveliness alone was responsible, certain it is that he wooed and won her for his wife under the almond tree at Kuruman. Soon after they were married, and Livingstone took his bride to Mabotsa, 200 miles northeast of Kuruman where he had now established a well-equipped mission station.

It was a happy marriage. "She was always the best spoke in the wheel," said Livingstone, many years after. When embarking on an important expedition he commented: "Glad indeed am I that I am to be accompanied by my guardian angel." When she was taken from him by death in 1862, the man who had faced so many deaths and braved so many dangers, was utterly broken down, weeping like a child. In his journal we read:

"Oh, my Mary, my Mary! How often we have longed for a quiet home since you and I were cast drift at Kolobeng." Again: "My dear, dear Mary has been this evening a fortnight in heaven. For the first time in my life I feel willing to die."

The thirty years of David Livingstone's African life were controlled by three forces closely interlinked; each of these deserves the characterisation of master-passion.

First and last and always he was the Christian missionary—and as such he regarded himself to the end. In 1858, when in England, in an address in the Senate-

house of Cambridge University, he spoke these memorable words:

"The sort of men who are wanted for missionaries are such as I see before me. . . . I beg to direct your attention to Africa. I know that in a few years I shall be cut off in that country, which is now open. I go back to Africa to try to open a path for Commerce and Christianity: do you carry out the work which I have begun. I leave it with you."

By reason of a curiously suggestive personal tendency on Livingstone's part, he did not permanently serve in the capacity of medical missionary, although always putting his knowledge of medicine and surgery at the disposal of those in immediate need with whom his expeditions brought him in contact. Livingstone, in a letter to a friend, has given us himself the explanation of this change of purpose,

"I feel it to be my duty to have as little to do with it (viz: medicine and the treatment of disease) as possible. I shall attend to none but severe cases in the future, and my reasons for this determination are, I think, good. The spiritual amelioration of the people is the object for which I came. . . . And I know that if I gave much attention to medicine and medical studies, something like a sort of mania which seized me soon after I began the study of anatomy would increase, and I fear would gain so much power over me as to make me perhaps a very good doctor, but a useless drone of a missionary. I feel the self-denial this requires very much, but it is the only real sacrifice I have been called on to make, and I shall try to make it willingly." (1843.)

Next to the missionary motive in its control over Livingstone's life, was the imperative of his bent

towards science and exploration. This broke out with full force from the baffling conditions surrounding the missionary enterprise in Africa. Emphatically Africa was the Dark Continent, its interior unknown, unredeemed in every sense. *In the name of God and humanity it must be entered, searched out, lighted up.* In his heart Livingstone knew himself the man who could do it. But he could not, at the same time, build schoolhouses, conduct meetings, construct new languages and translate the Scriptures into them. The static work of the missionary was not his, but Moffat's. To every man his work.

The discovery of the Zambesi River by Livingstone in 1851 was followed by a succession of astronomical, geological and geographical observations of highest value in the years next following, when he now, for the first time, apprehended the true form of the river systems and the Continent.

These explorations culminated in 1855 with the most spectacular discovery, that of the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi. After this journey, not only one of the most difficult but one of the most important on record in its bearing on all departments of natural science, Central Africa, hitherto virtually a blank from Kuruman to Timbuctoo, was no longer unknown. The blank was replaced by a definitely drawn map. That map, to Livingstone's mind, was drawn not primarily for trade but for missions.

In his journals, Livingstone records his innermost sensations, his own inimitable strain of swiftly flashing reaction from mood to mood, from vision to vision, a strain in which the whole temper of the Scotchman, from John Knox to Robert Louis Stevenson, seems revealed. Here are a few lines, written when in imminent

peril of his life, at the Confluence of the Loangwa and Zambesi, on January 14th, 1856, a few months after he had received the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society, its highest honour.

"Thank God for his great mercies thus far. How soon I may be called to stand before Him, my righteous Judge, I know not. . . . O Jesus, grant me resignation to die well, and entire reliance on thy powerful hand. On thy Word alone I lean. But wilt thou permit me to plead for Africa? The cause is thine. What an impulse will be given to the idea that Africa is not open if I perish now! See, O Lord, how the heathen rise up against me, as they did to Thy Son. I commit my way unto Thee.

"Leave me not, forsake me not. I cast myself and all my cares down at thy feet. Thou knowest all I need for time and for Eternity.

"It seems a pity that the important facts about the two healthy longitudinal ridges should not become known in Christendom. Thy will be done. . . . They will not furnish me with more canoes than two. I leave my cause and all my concerns in the hands of God, my gracious Saviour, the friend of sinners.

"*Evening*—Felt much turmoil of spirit in view of having all my plans for the welfare of this great region and teeming population knocked in the head by savages to-morrow. But I read that Jesus came and said: 'All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations and lo, *I am with you always even unto the end of the world.*' It is the word of a gentleman of the most sacred and strictest honour and there is an end on't. I will not cross furtively by night, as I intended. It would appear as flight, and should

such a man as I flee? Nay, verily, I shall take observations for latitude and longitude to-night, though they may be the last. I feel quite calm, now, thank God."

The third passion of Livingstone's public life was his horror of the slave-trade in Africa united with his stern resolution that an end should be set to "this open sore of the world."

Filled with this resolution, Livingstone again in 1864 visited England, and returned to Central Africa on an expedition financed by the Government and the Geographical Society. The object of this expedition was two-fold: the suppression of the Arab slave-trade and investigation of the water-shed between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika. But at heart the initial passion worked. "I would not consent to go," he told Sir Roderick Murchison of the Geographical Society, "simply as a geographer but as a missionary, and to do geography by the way."

The story of Stanley's discovery of the great Discoverer needs no repetition.

Just a year after Stanley left him, on May 3d, 1873, the native "boys" of his company found the "great Master," as they called him, kneeling by the side of his bed, his face buried in his hands, dead. His lofty, fearless, tender spirit had passed into the presence of its own Great Master.

"No single African explorer," says Keltie, "has ever done so much for African geography as Livingstone during his thirty years' work. His travels covered one-third of the continent, extending from the Cape to near the Equator, and from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. . . . But the direct gains to geography and science are perhaps not the greatest results of Living-

stone's journeys. He conceived, developed, and carried out to success, a noble and many-sided purpose with unflinching and self-sacrificing energy and courage. . . . His example and his death have acted like an inspiration, filling Africa with an army of explorers and missionaries, and raising in Europe so powerful a feeling against the slave-trade that it may be considered as receiving its death-blow."

The most conspicuous African missions directly inspired by Livingstone are the Universities Mission of the Established Church of England; and Livingstonia, the Missions to Nyassaland sustained by the Churches of Scotland. A central station is named Blantyre after Livingstone's birth-place. The grandson of Robert Moffat and the grandson of David Livingstone are carrying on the missionary work in Africa, begun by their grandfathers.

. . . . . .

In the solemn dusk of Westminster Abbey on an April day of 1874, Robert Moffat watched the slow advance up the nave of an imposing funeral procession, marching to slow organ-music. England's greatest men were gathered to show honour to one of her noblest sons. And England's son was Robert Moffat's son also, son in love and in law though not in blood.

Two black men, faithful body-servants of the dead man, Susi and Chuma, followed the coffin. They had the right. Had they not led the little band which had borne the body of David Livingstone from Ilala on a hero's march of nine months to the sea, fording rivers, crossing deserts, camping in untrodden wildernesses? Brave men and true, Susi and Chuma, and they had let

no stranger hand disturb the burden they bore. The old man could testify that no error was here; indeed he had been bidden by the Government men themselves to examine the sacred dust. No doubt he could identify David's body. There was the false joint in the left arm, mark of the lion upon him. The wound was hardly healed when the young doctor had claimed their little Mary for his own, there under the almond tree at Kuruman. Yes, it was thirty years since then, and now "poor Mary lies on Shupunga brae, and beeks forment the sun," as David used with such pathos to say. And Mary's mother, his own and Africa's Ma-Mary, is sleeping now on English soil. Could she but have been beside him now. For David was like a son to her. A marvellous man and chosen of God to open Africa! The door can never be shut again.

With bowed head and dimmed eyes, the old man rose and stood as the great organ's solemn chords died and a voice far off said, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." His own summons, please God, was not far distant. Amen, even so come Lord Jesus.

"A hard task and the muscle to achieve it,
A fierce noon and a well-contented gloam;
A good strife, and no great regret to leave it,
A still night, and the far red lights of home."

In his record of travel, *The Nama and Damara in German South-West Africa,* Lieutenant von François gives the following estimate of the work of missionaries in Africa:

"What merchants, artisans and men of science have done for the opening up and civilising of this country is as nothing in the balance compared with the positive results of missionary work. And this work means so much the more because all self-regarding motives such as always inspire the trader or the discoverer, and are to be found even in the soldier, are absent in the missionary. It must be an exalted impulse which leads the missionary to give up comfort, opportunities of advancement, honour and fame for the sake of realising the idea of bringing humanity into the kingdom of God, into sonship to God, and to instil into the soul of a red or black man the mystery of the love of God. Self-interest is put aside and the missionary becomes a Nama or a Herero. He gives continually from the inner treasure of his spiritual life and knowledge. In order to be able to do that, however, he must unweariedly play now the artisan, now the farmer, now the architect; he must always *give* presents, teaching, improvements,—never *take;* he must not even expect that his self-sacrifice will be understood. And to do this for years, decades even, that truly requires more than human power; and the average mind of the European adventurer, hardened in self-valuation and self-seeking, cannot understand it. I used not to be able to understand it; you must have seen it to be able to understand and admire."

III

CRUSADERS OF COMPASSION

One of the hall-marks of paganism is the general conception of disease as the work of malign spirits. The treatment of it, which consists in barbarous means of expelling the spirits, is another. Characteristic also is the prodigious prevalence of disease in all non-Christian countries. A notion has been more or less popular that among primitive peoples, not enervated by the softness of modern civilisation, a high degree of physical hardihood and health prevails. Precisely the opposite is the case. Over and above diseases common to civilised peoples, we find appalling forms of suffering in Africa as in the Near and Far East, due to lack of sanitation, proper medical and surgical treatment, and reasonable standards of personal and public hygiene.

India has always been noted for its neglect, not only of sanitary precautions, but in certain respects of the simple decencies of life. These conditions are conspicuous at the times of the great Hindu pilgrimages, when several hundred thousand people assemble at some shrine. No shelter is to be had for the greater number. Thousands sleep on the rain-soaked ground, thus bringing on cholera and other destructive contagious diseases. An epidemic of cholera will often prevail during a Mela, in the pilgrim camps, while the festival goes on in all its ceremonial pomp. The periodical famines also leave deep ravages on those who survive them, in weakened

constitutions and the diseases incident to malnutrition.

The strongest barrier against sanitation and cleanliness in India is the inflexible combination of ignorance and superstition. The pious Hindu believes that the Ganges River rises from the nail of the large toe of Vishnu's left foot, then reissues from the moon, and that the nymphs of heaven, by sporting in the water, have imparted to it life-giving power. He believes that any man who dies on the bank of that river is sure of heaven; and that the sacred stream, desired, seen, touched, bathed in, sanctifies all being.

Native medicine and surgery are often worse than the disease. The red-hot iron is freely applied even for such trivial complaints as toothache and headache; rags dipped in oil are set on fire and applied to the body. The cruelties in the name of surgery practised at the time of child-birth are such that they may rank with the suppressed custom of suttee.

"I have seen the people repeating verses out of their sacred books," says the Rev. J. Wilkie, "to relieve a person who had been bitten by a scorpion. They believe in the indwelling of evil spirits, and when the disease—of whatever kind it be, and especially if it concerns the nerves—is at all persistent, and refuses to yield to their absurd efforts, then it is attributed to the presence of an evil spirit that must be driven out, often by the most brutal treatment, which not infrequently results in driving the spirit out of the person by death."

Among the Mohammedan population the general conditions are perhaps augmented by their fatalism. This is humorously illustrated by the following conversation reported between a Government official and a Mohammedan citizen:

QUESTION: What is the death rate per thousand in your principal city?

ANSWER: It is the will of Allah that all should die. Some die young, some old.

QUESTION: What is the annual number of births?

ANSWER: We do not know. God alone can say.

QUESTION: Are the supplies of drinking water sufficient and of good quality?

ANSWER: From the remotest time no one has ever died of thirst.

QUESTION: General remarks on the hygienic conditions in your city.

ANSWER: Since Allah sent us Mohammed, His Prophet, to purge the world by fire and sword, there has been a vast improvement, but there still remains much to do. Everywhere is opportunity to help and reform, and now, my lamb of the West, cease your questioning which can do no good, either to you or to anyone else. Man should not bother himself about matters which concern only God.—*Salem Aleikum.*

The treatment of disease in China is characterised by the superstitions mentioned as common to India. Perhaps a degree of additional horror is added by reason of an extraordinary callousness peculiar to the Chinese temperament. Anyone may be a doctor in China. There were formerly no medical colleges, no examinations and no diplomas. No license was required for practice. A man made up his mind to practise medicine and did it.

The theory of Chinese doctors in modern times, at its best, is one of exact balance to be maintained between two elements of the dual principle, the Yin and the Yang. Medicine accordingly is directed to driving

Yang out and inviting Yin to come in. Of the prescriptions the less said the better. Treatment of the patient is drastic in the extreme, often incredibly cruel. If poor, no care is taken of him. He will be put out to die in the street, without food, with little clothing, and will be moved from door to door, as the person on whose step he rests when death comes to his relief, has to provide a coffin. An American in a Chinese city heard someone yell from a window into the ears of a dying man: "You are not allowed to die opposite the Telegraph Office, as it is a Government building." If a baby is taken sick, it is usually placed on one side pending the issue. If it is death the little body will be cast into the street to be carried away by the scavenger to a common pit outside the city walls.

The popular method of curing disease is that of pilgrimage to some idolatrous shrine of healing rather than resort to doctors. At these places, in answer to much incense-burning and supplication, a slip of paper containing directions is drawn by lot from a box. The recipient goes away satisfied that all is now done that can be done.

Such conditions surrounded on every side our pioneer missionaries withersoever they went; but thirty years passed after Carey went to India before the definite conception of medical missions was reached.

A tract is a trifle to most people, but from the reading of a good and honest tract by a man of good and honest heart there have proceeded directly one thousand years of missionary labour of the highest order.

The subject of the tract was: "The Conversion of the

World, or The Claims of Six Hundred Millions." Gordon Hall and Samuel Newell, members of that historic group of first American missionaries who sailed for India in 1812, and of whom one was Adoniram Judson, co-operated in its production.

A young practising physician of New York City, a Princeton man, by name John Scudder, while paying a professional visit during the year 1819, noticed the leaflet lying on his patient's table. He borrowed it, read it and accepted its challenge as the call of God to his own soul.

The story of medical missions began from the day on which John Scudder, on his knees, the word of Christ in his heart, cried: "Lord Jesus, I go as Thou hast commanded to preach the Gospel to every creature."

John Scudder never dreamed of the offering of a thousand years of missionary service as the fruit of his decision, but like all noblest things, that offering was born in travail of spirit. Neither by birth, training, nor the circumstances of his life was this young man predisposed to the vocation of the missionary. He had already won marked success in the medical profession in New York; he had the ambitions common to a rising physician; he had an established home with a wife and child; he had a revered father whose opposition to the step under consideration was certain to be bitter. It was no easy step to take.

In the end Dr. Scudder sadly submitted to disownment by his father, sacrificed gladly every worldly ambition, and with the generous sympathy of his young wife, offered himself to the American Board which just then advertised for a new type of missionary, for Ceylon,—"someone who could combine the qualities of missionary and physician." He was accepted.

A farewell sermon was preached in the Old South Church, Boston, on the evening of June 7th, 1819; and on the following day John Scudder with his wife and child and faithful colored servant, embarked on the brig *Indus* bound for Calcutta. In 1820 Dr. Scudder began in Ceylon his ministration to body as well as soul.

In 1829 impaired health made a change from the climate of Ceylon imperative, and the Scudders removed to the city of Madras. Here John Scudder added to his previous lines of medical, dispensary, and evangelistic work that of publishing and distributing the Bible and Christian literature in the Tamil tongue. His later years were spent in the city of Madura. Mrs. Scudder seconded her husband's life-work with devotion made effective by her winning personality, culture and spiritual elevation. A short time before her death Mrs. Scudder confided to those nearest to her that her constant prayer had been that all her children might witness for Christ in India. Marvellously was her prayer answered.

John Scudder died in South Africa, January 13th, 1855, but his body lies beside that of his wife in India, for whose people they both had lived and died. Of their ten children who grew to adult life, one died while in his years of preparation for the Christian ministry; the remaining nine became foreign missionaries, five of the nine being medical missionaries. Of John Scudder's grandchildren, eight have followed their grandparent's steps, and of these six are still in the service of the Arcot Mission. And in the year 1919, which completed the century since John Scudder and his wife sailed for Calcutta on the *Indus,* three of their great grandchildren embarked on the voyage to India

dedicated to the same work. Thus has the torch been passed on from hand to hand.

Altogether thirty-one of John Scudder's descendants have laboured in India, while seven others have served as missionaries in other heathen countries. Estimating the terms of service of these men and women, with their wives and husbands, the total of a thousand years of consecrated service is reached. It began with a tract and the heart of a man. The seed, falling into good ground, brought forth fruit a hundred fold.

In the year 1844 Henry Martyn Scudder, eldest son of John, completed his theological course at Union Seminary and sailed for India, the first American missionary's son to be appointed a missionary. It became the distinction of Dr. Henry Scudder that he advanced to the organisation of medical missionary work in full form. In 1853, two years before his death, John Scudder was present at a meeting at which three of his sons, all medical men, Henry, William and Joseph, officially founded the Arcot Mission, with provision for hospital and dispensary, the first in India under missionary auspices. In 1857 the Arcot Mission, for a considerable period manned wholly by members of the Scudder family, was transferred to the Board of the Reformed Church to whose communion the Scudders belonged.

From this as a beginning a steady increase in the number and influence of medical missions with their hospitals and dispensaries has been maintained in India. In a recent year 4,000,000 treatments were given in these missions, accompanied, with scarcely an exception, by the spiritual message of the Great Physician.

The man of whom it was said, "He opened the gates of China with a lancet when European cannon could not heave a single bar," the Rev. Peter Parker, M.D., was born in 1804 in Framingham, Massachusetts. While still a student at Yale, Mr. Parker resolved to become a medical missionary, and if possible to go to China. At the age of thirty he was appointed by the American Board in conformity with this purpose. This was in 1834.

Dr. Parker began his work in Singapore, but in November, 1835, having acquired a sufficient command of the Chinese language, he settled in Canton and began his distinguished work there by opening the Ophthalmic Hospital. Diseases of the eyes, leading to the very common affliction of blindness, urgently demanded attention. Dr. Parker's was the first Missionary Hospital in the Far East. It still continues its work under the name of the Canton Hospital.

Conditions for the practice of his profession when Dr. Parker began his work can be negatively described thus: China, with one-fourth of all the people in the world, was without a physician, foreign or native, who had ever seen a medical college or had medical training of any description; without a surgical instrument of any description other than needles; without an anæsthetic of any description; without one dispensary or hospital; without one trained nurse; without a medical school or class of any grade; without any knowledge of quarantine, or how to prevent the spread of contagious diseases; without any true knowledge of anatomy, physiology, hygiene, surgery or sanitation.

From the beginning Dr. Parker performed remarkable operations with remarkable success. By the Imperial Commissioner of Canton and from him down

to the humblest coolie he came to be beloved and revered in unexampled measure. The appreciation of one old gentleman, citizen of Canton, was quaintly demonstrated. Parker succeeded in restoring his sight. The grateful patient begged the privilege of sending a native artist to paint the Doctor's portrait in order that he might hang it up in his house and bow before it every morning. Dr. Parker's introduction of anæsthesia to the Chinese was nothing less than a miracle in their eyes. Nevertheless, at first his motives were questioned. Surely he must have come to China with some ulterior personal end! Only after he had lived and laboured among them for some time were their suspicions overcome. But when this came to pass, Dr. Parker's success was almost overpowering. He himself thus describes conditions:

"It was after a long effort that a place was found for a hospital, and when at length a suitable building was rented and previous notice had been given, on the first day no patient ventured to come; on the second day a solitary female afflicted with glaucoma, on the third day a half a dozen, and soon they came in crowds. It is difficult to convey to a person who has not visited the hospital a just idea of them. He needs to be present on a day for receiving new patients, and behold respectable women and children assembling at the doors the previous evening, and sitting all night in the street that they might be in time to obtain an early ticket for admission. He need behold in the morning a long line of sedans, extending far in every direction; see the officers with their attendants; observe the dense mass in the room below; stand by during the examination and giving out of tickets of admission, urgent cases being

admitted at once, while others are directed to come again at a specified time."

Describing what was "all in the day's work" for him, he mentions one patient as typical.

"When the man, who had cataracts for forty years and more," said Dr. Parker, "had been operated upon, stroking down his long flowing beard he remarked, 'I have lived till my beard has become long and hoary, but never before have I seen or heard of one who does such things as are done in this hospital.' Then an opportunity came to tell him the story of Jesus and that, but for Him I had not come to China."

Within the first five years it was estimated that 8,000 patients were cared for in the Hospital, many of them of high rank and influence, many coming 400 to 500 miles to reach Canton. Modern medical science in all its phases was introduced into eastern Asia at the Canton Hospital, including medical education, training of hospital assistants, the translation and publication of scientific medical text-books in the Chinese language.

In the year 1841 Dr. Parker, on his way to the United States, visited Scotland and was entertained by the celebrated Dr. Abercrombie. His revelation of conditions relating to human life and health in the Orient were such that Dr. Abercrombie called a public meeting to consider the formation of an association to carry on the work of medical missions. Dr. Parker addressed that gathering. As a consequence the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society was formed, formed as its founders declared, "to follow the leadings of Providence by encouraging in every possible way the settlement of Christian medical men in foreign countries."

Womanhood throughout non-Christian lands is relentlessly oppressed, and in no respect more cruelly oppressed than in the treatment of illness. In India and China alike the women of the better class are strictly secluded. Unless Christianity has first entered no male physician can enter their presence. Life and death may be in the balance, but they are small considerations in face of Caste and Custom. Native nurses seem to have had their training in some demons' school of torture. In the early days of missions the missionary's wife was wont to prescribe for the needs of the women around her from "the missionary medicine-closet." The inadequacy of the well-meant service rings in the cry of Alexander Duff, the illustrious Scotch missionary and educator who went to India in 1830.

"Would to God that we had such an agency ready for work," he exclaimed, the agency being *"a female missionary who knew something of medical science and practice."* Such was Duff's desideratum, "since every educated person," as he further set forth, "knows the seclusion of Hindu women of the upper classes and how in their case an ordinary missionary finds no access."

The idea of a qualified woman physician had not at that time entered into men's minds. Nevertheless Alexander Duff's demand did not fall to the ground unheeded. The West changes, advances, faster than the East. The women of India remain to-day secluded as they have been from time immemorial. In his *Mysterious India* M. Chauvelot says, "I must confess that not in the polar regions, not in the harems of Algeria, Tunis, Turkey, Egypt or Arabia, not in the Far East, not in Australia, or in Polynesia, not even among the Red Skins of America have I witnessed a downfall of

the feminine sex so irremediable, so heartrending as in the women's quarters among the Brahmans."

Meanwhile, in the West, women were rising to claim new rights and privileges. Seventy years ago the women of the United States in the person of a few dauntless leaders made their entrance into the medical profession. There was strong opposition in the beginning. The Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia, founded in 1850, had in its graduating class of 1869 a student by the name of Clara Swain, from the State of New York. That year, 1869, was an important one in this story. For there was organised in that year in Naina Tal, Northern India, by a medical missionary, Dr. Thomas, the first class of native Hindu girls in "anatomy, pharmacy and the management of minor surgical cases." Also in that year there came the first definite appeal for a "medical lady" (not a "female missionary who knew something of medical science") to be sent out to India to reinforce this native effort. To this appeal, made by Mrs. Thomas of India to Mrs. Gracey of the United States, Clara Swain, who had just won her diploma in medicine, responded. Still in the year 1869, in the month of November, she sailed for India, sent by the Woman's Society of the Methodist Church.

On January 3d, 1870, Dr. Swain having arrived the evening before in Bareilly, city not far from Naina Tal, without preamble or flourish began the practice of medicine. In the first six weeks Dr. Swain ministered to over a hundred patients. In less than three months she opened a dispensary and with strategic foresight of India's needs, organised a class of native girls to study medicine. In the first year sixteen different zenanas had been opened to this new kind of missionary;

she had prescribed for 1200 patients at the dispensary and had made 250 visits to the homes of patients. One demand for her ministration has been thus described by a sister physician: "In obstetrics more than in any other branch of the work, we are called upon to witness the pitiful ignorance and superstition of the people. In one case we arrived just in time to rescue a young woman who was being hung because she had a slight hemorrhage and had fainted, and was supposed to be in labour, though she was not. A ladder had been brought in and stood upright, and to this she was tied by her hair and supported by a high stool only; there she was being pounded and pinched to drive out the evil spirits. When we arrived she had been unconscious for some time and was almost pulseless. With some difficulty we got her down, laid her in bed, applied restoratives; and she recovered and a month later gave birth to a baby boy."

The great need, it was soon obvious, was a woman's hospital. It was sure to come but its inception suggests a fairy tale.

Adjacent to the missionary compound in Bareilly lay a tract of land, forty-two acres in extent, containing gardens, wells of water and a large dwelling-house, the property of a neighbouring Mohammedan prince. Dr. Thomas and Dr. Swain after long thought and with much trepidation, set out on the journey of forty miles to the palace of this prince in order to appeal to him to sell this tract of land to the mission for hospital uses. They were received with all the magnificence of Oriental regal hospitality, and to their amazement the prince met their timid appeal, not with refusal, not with crafty bargaining, but with the reply: "Take it!

Take it! I give it to you with much pleasure for such a purpose."

By reason of this undreamed-of bounty, seconded by Christians at home, a well-equipped hospital and dispensary with clinic, operating room, offices, baths and dormitories and a house for the resident physicians was opened on January 4th, 1874, the first Woman's Hospital in the Orient. That year the number of Dr. Swain's patients reached 3,000.

The term of service of this pioneer Christian physician was illuminated by a second incident suggestive of Arabian Nights' romance, an incident of significance no less far-reaching than was her interview with the Mohammedan prince.

About ten years after Dr. Swain's first arrival in Bareilly the missionary household there was fluttered by a summons to its lady doctor from the Rajah of Khetri in the next province, Rajputana, to attend his wife. It must have been a picturesque scene when this unpretending American single lady set out from her own door in Bareilly with her own small escort guarded by a hundred men servants sent by the Rajah, a camel chariot for her own personal use; palanquins, white oxen, saddle horses and elephants making up the train.

Arrived at the palace in Khetri, Dr. Swain ministered to the Rani (wife of the Rajah) skilfully and with success. When in due course, the doctor was about to make ready for return to her beloved hospital in Bareilly, the Rajah laid before her the startling proposition that she should remain as "palace physician," with the privilege of opening a dispensary for the women of the city, and also a school in which the Christian religion might be freely taught, as it might be also in the palace.

Sharp inner conflict followed for this wise and consecrated woman. Bareilly was her home; there she had lived and wrought, had learned to know and love her people, had become bound to them by many ties. On the other hand, here in Khetri she was in the very citadel of Brahminism and of the proudest and purest race of India, that of the Rajputs, in a country hitherto closed to Christian missionaries, the key to it, all unsought, lying now in her very hand.

Assured that her hospital in Bareilly could be left in competent hands, Dr. Swain decided for Khetri. For seventeen years accordingly she lived and worked in the Rajah's domain, ministering to his wife and child indeed, but to the poor and humble with equal devotion, training the young, and without ceasing publishing the good news of the Kingdom.

Twenty-seven years in all Clara Swain served her Master, the Great Physician, in His ministry of healing in India, the first woman physician in our race's history to undertake in the name of Christ, the practice of medicine among heathen women. Her place in missionary annals has well been called one of immortal honour.

General Statistics of Medical Missions are appended. As we review them we marvel that so much is accomplished, while we deplore that so much remains untouched.

India has in round numbers a population of three hundred and thirty millions. Here we find under missionary [1] control one hundred and eighty-three hospitals, three hundred and seventy-six dispensaries, one hundred and twenty-two men and one hundred and fifty-nine women physicians.

[1] All statistics relate to missionary, not general, equipment.

China, with a population of more than four hundred millions, has three hundred and seventy-two mission hospitals, three hundred and twenty-eight dispensaries, two hundred and sixty-seven men and ninety-three women medical missionaries.

For Korea's sixteen millions we have twenty-nine hospitals, thirty-one dispensaries, thirty-one men and five women medical missionaries.

The Philippine Islands, with a population of nine millions, have ten hospitals, and eighteen dispensaries under missionary conduct, with fourteen men and two women physicians.

Siam, with about the same population as the Philippines, has ten hospitals, twenty dispensaries, thirteen medical missionaries; all men, no women.

Persia's population is nine millions, five hundred thousand. For this number of people she has ten hospitals, seventeen dispensaries, thirteen men and six women medical missionaries.

Arabia has a population of one million, five hundred and ninety-six thousand, one hundred and sixty-five. Here are five hospitals, eight dispensaries, four men and four women medical missionaries.

Turkey and Syria show about twenty millions population. Here are thirty-five hospitals, fifty dispensaries, forty-eight men and ten women physicians.

For Egypt's twelve and one-half millions we have ten hospitals, sixteen dispensaries, twelve men and two women physicians.

Africa—a continent, not a country,—confronts us with its one hundred and thirty-six millions. For these the hospitals number eighty-five, the dispensaries two hundred and twenty-eight, the men physicians one hundred and six, the women physicians fifteen.

Part Four: ALONG LIVINGSTONE'S TRAIL

"The full extent of the benefit received from the work of Missions can be understood only by those who witness it in contrast with places which have not been so highly favoured. Everything I witnessed surpassed my hopes. If this is a fair sample, the statements of the missionaries as to their success are far within the mark."

David Livingstone, Kuruman, 1841.

"Cannot the love of Christ carry the missionary where the slave-trade carries the trader?"

David Livingstone, Barotsi-Land, 1853.

"I would say to missionaries, Come on, brethren, to the real heathen. You have no idea how brave you are till you try. Leaving the coast tribes and devoting yourselves heartily to the savages, as they are called, you will find, with some drawbacks and wickednesses, a very great deal to admire and love."

David Livingstone, Unyanyembe, 1872.

"The spirit of Missions is the spirit of conquest. Forward! Forward!"

Coillard of the Zambesi.

I

PHILANTHROPY NOT ENOUGH

With the passing years, the new missionary movement gathered momentum. The day of one-man effort passed; the day of team-work succeeded. The time came when striking statistics could be presented, when the roll of concrete accomplishment grew long and brilliant.

But underlying the natural craving for impressive results by the missionaries on the field, as well as by the churches at home, there persisted the original animus. The key-note of Carey and his contemporaries remained the key-note of the century. The aim was not to build up large churches, schools and colleges; not to carry out measures of reform, uplift, relief, merely or chiefly; not to give out sounding statements of numbers of natives added to the churches. The one supreme purpose was the change of heart, of character, of life in the individual native.

This was the motive which controlled "God's Forty-year Men and Women" and made them mighty in their day. They were indeed humanitarians and philanthropists. That was inevitable, incidental. First, last, always, however, they were Jesus Christ's men. And before these missionaries could be instrumental in the regeneration of savage, barbarous and idolatrous men and women there must be profound changes in their own lives and characters.

To brace the will of shrinking men and timid, home-loving women to meet, yes, to seek, the terrors of the African or Indian jungle; to company with cannibal tribes in the South Seas, or with the arrogant devotees of India's gods, not for fame, or gain, or love of adventure, requires a re-creation of heart and will. Philanthropy is not enough as motive power; it calls forth devotion, sincere and noble, but its call is not to the supreme sacrifice. The call of the Cross is the only motive strong enough. And the sacrificial spirit has never failed of its fruit, though there may be long waiting,—fruit in the transformed lives of natives.

This new life has been gloriously manifested in strong determination in the hearts of men emerging from the lowest savagery to carry the gift of Christ's grace to their fellows. This they have done often with conspicuous results in the conversion of whole tribes. Often their labours have been sealed with their own blood, shed as martyrs of the Cross. THE FOREIGN MISSION CHURCH HAS BECOME THE CHURCH OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

II

FRANÇOIS COILLARD

"Every time I think of the material sufferings and hardships awaiting me I cannot help a feeling of fear. . . . I feel my heart sink. . . . Yes, looking only at myself it would be perfectly impossible for me to become a missionary; but looking to Him who has called me I feel my courage and my desire revived."

So wrote François Coillard in his diary in February, 1854. A few days later we read the following entry: "I can but say O, my God, that I give myself *wholly and without any reserve* to Thyself. And the greatest grace I can ask of Thee is, O, deign to send me to some place where Thy missionaries have never yet been able to go."

How did this young Frenchman, born and bred in a Catholic country receive the impulse with which his natural inclination was at war, but which came off victorious? The name of Robert Haldane of Scotland is the answer. Under the influences set in motion by him the Paris Missionary Society was founded in 1828. M. Ami Bost, Protestant pastor in Coillard's native village, had been in personal touch with Robert Haldane. He had caught the passion for Missions,—master-motive of the great Scotchman. The daughter of Père Bost, Marie, was of one mind with her father. "Her ministry of love," said Coillard, "reached out to all. . . . No influence has more contributed to make

me love the things of God and to prepare me for my calling as a missionary . . . Mlle. Bost would lend me little books and say, 'Françoise, read that to La Mère Bonté' (familiar title of Coillard's mother). The same ones, read and re-read for the twentieth time, were as fresh as ever. But nothing in my youth impressed me like the work of Moffat."

In 1854 at the age of twenty, Coillard went to Paris to prepare himself under the Missionary Society, founded there by Haldane, for his chosen life-work. He was ordained at the Oratoire on May 24th, 1857, and on September 1st of that year embarked on a sailing vessel bound by way of India for Africa. Coillard's field of labour was Basutoland in East South Africa, then the sole mission-field of the Paris Society. With Leribé, a flourishing mission village for centre, François Coillard spent twenty years of devoted services to the Basutos.

The French misionaries were wise in their work. They regarded Africa as their home. There was no looking back to what they had left, and to which they might return. They purposed to identify themselves altogether and for life with the native people. Conversion of the natives was fundamental, and development into the stature of Christian character was not less so. But they never tried to make the Africans over into Europeans. Only as the native customs were contrary to the decencies of life, or the teachings of Christ were they interfered with.

M. Coillard himself defined his position in these words: "The traditional religion which our parents have bequeathed to us is worthless and deceptive if there has not been within us the change of heart which is called conversion. If we only required of the

heathen around us to become good Protestants, to go to church, and to perform what are called their religious duties, we should have crowds. *But we require more than that.*"

It was said of M. Coillard, by a fellow worker, "He wished to mould men's souls, and he could do it too. People under his pastoral care bore his mark; some were Christians of a remarkable type. . . . In Basutoland he laid the foundation of all mission work now existing in the northern part of the country." The work was strenuous in the extreme, fraught with hardships, dangers and discouragements. When the situation at Leribé seemed to become too difficult for one man alone to meet, and the Paris Committee proposed a more promising field to M. Coillard, he replied (1860):

"Whatever these difficulties may be, gentlemen, I have never allowed myself to think that we ought to run away from them."

In his diary he wrote, "Do they think I am made of wood with a heart of stone? Do they not know that it is just *because* I have suffered at Leribé that my heart is so much the more attached to it?" Again, "Decidedly I am growing too fond of these Basutos. I cannot live without loving them."

III

CHRISTINA COILLARD

A great reinforcement was about to come into Coillard's life and labour.

Through the influence of James and Robert Haldane, his life-long friends, Lachlan Mackintosh of Greenock, Scotland, was brought into the Christian ministry. It was under the preaching of James Haldane in Edinburgh, that his daughter, Christina Mackintosh, grew up.

On a visit to Paris in 1857, Christina, a charming girl, of marked originality and force of character, was introduced to François Coillard. He was about sailing for Africa and had just addressed a public meeting. The man and the message made a keen impression on Christina; while once having met her, François felt convinced that "she only could complete his life."

Not until 1860 were his appeals from Basutoland able to overcome Christina's doubts and fears. There was much opposition both from without and within. Her mother however, was made of heroic stuff. She declared she would "rather see her daughter a missionary than a princess." François Coillard, desolate and alone as he was, wrote with inborn chivalry, "I do not know that I could do what you are doing, giving up all for an unknown country and an almost unknown husband."

In November, 1860, Christina set sail in the *John Williams* for Africa. Her sister, alluding to the parting forty-five years later, said, "Such grief I never saw and can hardly bear to think of now."

The marriage took place in Cape Town, on February 26, 1861. When she met M. Coillard, on landing, Christina's first words were, "I have come to do the work of God with you, wherever it may be; and remember this—wherever God may call you you shall never find me crossing your path of duty." This promise Christina Coillard kept even unto death. Faithfully, joyously and heroically she kept it through thirty years of poverty, peril and pain, but of unbroken harmony and love. One cannot resist a sense of satisfaction in the knowledge that the "almost unknown husband" she had left all to meet was "indeed a gentleman in the true sense of the word;" that he was "always well-dressed, spotless, very particular about clothing and manners," so that he was known by the natives as *Rama Khetke,* the father of neatness; that it could be said of him that his kindness and courtesy in dealing with the Basuto natives were "very beautiful," and that one who knew him long and well could describe him thus: "I know of no one whose character so resembled that of our Lord, and in whom the fruit of the Spirit was so evident."

But no heroine is heroic all the time and there were days when the bride was very homesick. Evening after evening she would sit reading old home-letters and crying quietly. One day Christina saw that if she brooded over the precious old letters she was not really forsaking all for Christ's sake. She thrust the letters into the fire, and going out to meet her husband said, "You

shall never see me fretting any more. I have burnt them all."

In the first two years of her married life, Christina rarely had a roof over her head except the roof of the ox-wagon in which she and her husband travelled. They made the wagon like a home, with a leopard skin on the floor, and plants and curtains. Their days were very busy; Christina had a school full of little Basuto children. Housekeeping was difficult even for two people in a wagon and a tent. Christina had always lived in the town where there were plenty of shops. Now they wrote home, "We have no milk because we have no cows; no vegetables, nor fruit because we have no garden; no meat because we have no herd, and there is no butcher-shop here." In those days there were no tinned provisions such as missionaries in South Africa can buy now, nor was it possible to buy clothing. Christina had not even a sewing-machine, and clothes wore out very fast in such a life. At last a house of three rooms was built at the mission station of Leribé. Christina said, "I shall feel like a princess. We shall still cook in the open air and sleep in the tent, but we shall have a place where we can shut the door and be quiet for a little moment of the day."

Life with the Coillards was never devoid of happy experiences. In 1868 M. Coillard, writing to his mother, asked, "Do you remember the long evenings when I used to read you Mr. Moffat's book about Africa while you stripped the hemp? Did we ever think then that I should come to Africa, and that I should see Mr. Moffat and his station, Kuruman?" Again, "Kuruman is an oasis in a dreary desert. The gardens are in perfect order. . . . What strikes one in Mr. and Mrs. Moffat is the force and energy of their charac-

ter. . . . Our sufferings are nothing by comparison with theirs."

This friendship of great kindred souls closed only with M. Coillard's death.

IV

THE MISSION OF THE BASUTO TO THE BAROTSI

"The Spirit of Missions is the Spirit of Conquest. Forward! forward! The Gospel entered Europe by a prison."

These were the words of M. Coillard in 1876, as he faced a new and strenuous mission, that of carrying the Cross beyond the Zambesi River. It was a prospect to cause dismay. The missionaries had now established a home in Leribé. "People say," wrote Mme. Coillard, "there is not such a pretty well-finished house in Basutoland as ours." They both loved their home passionately, as they loved the work among the Basutos. They were no longer young; they had laboured hard for now twenty years; a period of quiet maturing for their work and for themselves had been their expectation.

Two things happened. Two things which ended their dreams; which opened a second twenty-year period of labour; which changed the Coillards from successful routine missionaries into heroes forever illustrious.

The first was the development among the Basuto Christians of a strong missionary impulse. Basutoland was now largely changed from a heathen to a Christian country. The general direction of native life was toward Christianity. Peaceable, industrious, orderly, Christian communities abounded. A definite purpose

awoke to bring the Gospel, which had transformed their own lives, to other savage tribes, their countrymen.

The second thing which happened was the visit to Basutoland of Major Malan, who arrived at Leribé on Christmas Day, 1874. He was a retired officer of the British army and a man of God, deeply imbued with the spirit of Christian consecration. He appears to have discerned at once that M. and Mme. Coillard had accomplished their task at Leribé and were ready to go forward. His visit was the point of departure of the Missionary Expedition to the Zambesi, the Foreign Mission of the Basuto Church. Major Malan did not suggest it, but it was the inspiration of his spirit which kindled the flame of sacrifice. M. Coillard himself describes the final steps leading to decision.

"Our project of extending the Mission was the one theme of our conversation as we,—Major Malan, Mabille and I,—rode back. One day we were crossing the river Key and climbing the slopes, when in obedience to an irresistible impulse, we all three sprang from our horses, knelt in the shadow of a bush . . . and taking each other as witness we offered ourselves individually to the Lord for the new Mission—an act of deep solemnity which made us all brothers-in-arms. Immediately we remounted, Major Malan waved his hat, spurred his horse and galloped up the hill, calling out, 'Three soldiers ready to conquer Africa.'

"Mabille and I said, 'By God's grace we will be true till death.' And we meant it. That marked a new era in our life and was, in so far as we were concerned, the true origin of the Barotsi Mission."

Exhausted with emotion, M. Coillard returned to Leribé and made known his resolution to his wife. "We spoke little," he continues in his diary, "and slept less

for several days. Our conflicts were terrible, especially hers. . . . However we fixed a day for our final decision and redoubled the ardour of our prayers. . . . On the evening of the day fixed, a guest in the house (ignorant of the crisis) read the ninety-first Psalm to us. Never had it seemed so beautiful. When our brother came to the end of verse eleven, *He shall give His angels charge over thee,* the climax was reached. My wife and I looked at each other and understood. The moment we were alone, 'Well?' I said to her.

" 'Well, with such an escort we can go anywhere, even to the Zambesi.' "

" 'I think so too,' " I said.

"We knelt down, our resolution was taken, peace and calm and joy returned to our hearts. No, we will not offer Thee that which costs us nothing. Here we are Lord; do with us as Thou wilt."

Poor Mme. Coillard. Triumphant, heroic, but still human! "I think I was too fond of my home," she wrote her sister, "and too proud of it, and this must be the reason why I had to be emptied out from vessel to vessel and shaken up."

And so the "Father of Neatness" becomes Coillard of the Zambesi, an apostle whose sufferings for the Cross of Christ were no whit behind those described by St. Paul in the eleventh chapter of Second Corinthians. And Mme. Coillard passes through every peril by her husband's side with dauntless courage.

Especially painful was it to both these consecrated souls to leave behind them in Leribé the native Christian who, from the first day of M. Coillard's coming among the Basuto, had been as his right hand, Nathanael Makotoko. It was impossible for him to join

the expedition to the Zambesi but his love and loyalty to the missionaries never changed.

In 1871 M. Coillard, writing to his mother still in the old home in Asniéres-les-Bourges, said: "The letter I enclose from Nathanael will give you great pleasure. Since my arrival in this country he has always been a faithful friend; since his conversion he has become a brother whose devotion knows no bounds."

A few sentences from Nathanael's letter to Mme. Coillard mère follow:

"You have sent your son to Basutoland in the Lord's name. His love for you tells us your love for him. . . . You think you have only one son at Leribé, because you sent only one. No, my mother, you have two; the second is myself, Nathanael. It is you who have given me life in the Lord, for it is you who gave birth to the servant of God, my beloved pastor, who came to draw me out of darkness that I might walk in the light. You have many children in Leribé, and you will have many more yet. . . . When you think of your beloved son whom you have sent and whom we love, think also of your other son who is called

NATHANAEL MAKOTOKO.

In the year 1903 when M. Coillard bereft, aged, and threatened with blindness, journeyed back alone to Basutoland in hope of benefit to his health, he saw once more at Leribé his friend Nathanael. Helpless and paralysed though he was, the old man's head was quite clear and his love for his spiritual father undiminished. "No one who heard it could forget the dear old Basuto's prayer when for the last time they took the Lord's Supper together."

The first expedition, that to the Banyai people, begun in 1877, continued for two years. The personnel consisted of five families conducted by M. Coillard, definitely searching for the proper field for a mission to be developed by the Basuto Christians themselves. It was a most difficult journey. But through it "one figure fills the background, that of Mme. Coillard, providing for every want, foreseeing every emergency," as we read from her husband's notes.

"Our direction at one juncture lying through a pathless forest, we had a war consultation with the Boer hunter and our principal men. Christina took part in it. She has a power of judgment worth ten men. . . . When all were exhausted, after dragging the wagon through a dry river bed, she it was who provided bottle after bottle of cold tea, a provision she had made at the last good fountain. 'O,' cried the poor men, crowding around her. 'You are our mother; you save our lives.'

"Again she is seen cutting out garments for the catechists' wives to sew, tending their sick children and the whole time carrying on her niece's education as quietly and almost as thoroughly as if in a Parisian schoolroom; classifying plants and writing copious journals; or surrounded by painted savages armed to the teeth, watching to steal everything they could lay hands upon."

Sometimes the water in their barrels became so hot from the sun that they could not touch it with their lips, even though they were frantic with thirst. One month was spent in forced marches through a foodless and waterless wilderness in burning heat, with six persons in the company on the sick list. Their camping grounds were often surrounded with thickets full of

jackals and lions roaring for prey and creeping at times within the stockade to their very tent-doors. And always, on the banks of the Zambesi swarmed the tsetse fly.

V

ON LIVINGSTONE'S GROUND

In the Zambesi country M. Coillard found it necessary only to call himself *moruti*—missionary, to be welcomed in the name of Livingstone. He found the impression among the native people made by the great missionary-explorer almost miraculous; already he was looked upon as scarcely less than a demi-god. M. Coillard, on the spot in 1884 notes this impression in vivid and picturesque phrases.

"Livingstone! It is interesting to find his traces here. His passage left the impression of a supernatural apparition, and the stories they tell of him now have naturally a legendary character. There was everything to strike the imagination of the natives. He was the first white man they had ever seen. They say he was fine and tall (I have never seen him myself). He spoke the Makololo tongue. He was the best hunter ever known. He was particularly fond of old men. . . . Thus he opened a way for himself among the tribes that seemed most hostile. Sometimes on seeing him they would rush on him with threats that terrified his companions. He kept silence, let the thunder roll by, and once it had ceased, he talked, chatted, distributed packets of beads and bits of stuff; and the people, full of enthusiasm, would go home and bring out bread, curds, beer; and Livingstone went on. . . . Nothing could be quainter than their descriptions of the magic

lanterns, Bengal fires and Roman candles which he showed off on occasion. . . . The admiration and the astonishment of these poor people knew no limits. What is certain is that Livingstone preached more by his pure life and unbounded devotion than by his words. The old people who traveled with him always end by saying, 'Nguka (the doctor) ah! he was not a man like any other, he was a god! What footsteps to leave behind!' "

A signal proof of the value of Livingstone's life and influence in the Zambesi country was encountered by the Coillards in Khama, the Christian overlord of Mangwato. His father, Sekhome, had known Livingstone, who had sought to bring him to a knowledge of Christ. The old chief proved impervious himself to such influences, frankly preferring the cruelties and superstitions in which he had grown up.

"God made you with straight hearts," he said to the missionary, John Mackenzie, who had in charge the training of his son Khama; "but God made us with crooked hearts." He admitted, however, that Khama's heart was right. Khama was a true spiritual descendant of David Livingstone.

On April 27th, 1878, M. Coillard's little company, cruelly persecuted by the Matabele and expelled by their ruler from his borders, arrived broken in body and spirit at Mangwato. Khama, the Christian chief, received them with generous hospitality and loaded them with kindness.

Khama exerted a powerful influence upon the king of the Barotsi, the famous, yet in certain ways infamous, Lewanika. He induced him to desire civilisation and to see that Christian civilisation was the highest mark of human attainment, but Lewanika could not

bring himself to discard his many gods or his many wives. Khama was made of sterner stuff. He introduced the Gospel among his own people, having first accepted it for himself. He inexorably fought against the introduction of intoxicating liquors, the white man's curse, into his realm. "I fear LoBengula (the formidable Matabele chief), less than I fear brandy," he declared. "I fought against LoBengula and drove him back. He never gives me a sleepless night. But to fight against drink is to fight against demons and not men. I fear the white man's drink more than the assagais of the Matabele, which kill men's bodies. Drink puts devils into men and destroys their souls and bodies."

In Khama we find the transparent Christian life and character which distinguished Nathanael Makotoko, and of which the African nature is eminently capable. The wife of his resident missionary, Mrs. J. D. Hepburn, in her book, *Twenty Years in Khama's Country,* thus describes him:

"It is now nearly a quarter of a century since Khama and I became friends. We were with him—my husband and I—through these long years, in sorrow and in joy; through times of famine and of plenty; through the miseries of war, and in the quietude of peace and prosperity. . . . And in all our intercourse I can most gratefully say that he was to me always a true Christian gentleman in word and deed. No one now living knows 'Khama the Good' as I knew him. Had they done so they could but honour and trust him, as I do, from my heart."

Such human material is still to be found in the heart of Africa.

On their march into Barotsiland, M. and Mme. Coil-

lard met and made acquaintance with the famous Portugese explorer, Serpa Pinto, who accompanied them to Deka. Here their ways parted, he going on to the Victoria Falls. The Coillard party had already visited these, Madame and her niece being, it seems, the first European women to see them.

The Portuguese explorer records in the story of his travels, the impression made upon his mind by M. Coillard. He describes this "new type of humanity"; notes "the superhuman tranquillity of his courage," of which quality he had better opportunities of judging than most people. What chiefly amazed him was M. Coillard's travelling without having recourse to arms, with "nothing but a switch in his hand, scarcely strong enough to make a way through the obstructing grass." As a matter of fact experience has shown that this is the only right and possible method in Africa, but it was not the method of the Portuguese.

"At times," he said (in his book of travels), "M. Coillard produced the most extraordinary effect on me: There was something in him that surpassed my intelli-telligence. One day he was relating one of the most agitating incidents of his journey, and concluded: 'We were within an ace of destruction.' 'But,' I replied, 'You had arms, an escort,—ten devoted followers, resolute in your defence.' He shook his head and said, 'I could only have saved myself by shedding blood, and never would I kill a man to save my own life, or even lives dear to me.' These words revealed to me a human type quite new to me, and which I am incapable of understanding, though I admire it with all my heart."

But François Coillard, by his own record, was by nature timorous and fearful alike of savage men and savage beasts. In him conspicuously we perceive the

working of that influence which in them that have no might increases power. He never saw a trace of heroism in his own conduct or character.

"We never courted danger," he would say, "all we did was simply each time the only thing possible to do in the circumstances. No, what was committed to us required no heroism, or I should certainly not have been the man for it. People do not know the apprehensions, the inward trembling that *I* know. . . . *She* was the heroine if you like—she never knew fear."

In 1887, at the close of the second Zambesi expedition, the Coillards established themselves and their mission station at Sefula on the Zambesi. For six years it was a struggle day by day to hold their post against the evil plots and treachery of the Barotsi who were savage at heart although possessed of "perfect manners."

VI

THE CLOSE OF DAY

In 1891 Mme. Coillard died, but not before she had seen of the travail of her soul. She was satisfied. From the day she came as a bride to Leribé, until she breathed her last in a wretched mud-hut at Sefula, she gave herself right royally.

"Is it not wonderful that François should have had such a cordial reception from the Barotsi?" she wrote in 1885 when her husband was received at Lealui by King Lewanika. "We have no earthly good to offer . . . but truly Jesus is the Desire of all the nations. . . . The Framer of the heart has seen and answered their aspirations in sending us to them."

From the year of his wife's death to his own in 1904, M. Coillard trod the thorny path he had chosen alone, sorrowful but with faith and courage invincible.

"When I had followed her to the threshold of eternity," he wrote, "when I had seen her already radiant with the glory of heaven, when the portals of the City of God closed upon her, and I found myself quite alone in darkness and tears, my heart was broken. . . . I shall never have a home on earth. But," he adds, "the Barotsi Mission has my heart. I shall die in its service, if the Lord grants my prayer."

The fruits of all this sacrifice? A vast kingdom transformed, peace and security instead of anarchy and bloodshed; slave-raiding and slave-trading abolished;

infanticide, torture, trial by ordeal and witchcraft forbidden; also, as an indirect result, a great territory opened to civilised government without the firing of a single shot.

Of his second Zambesi expedition, M. Coillard, at the ford of the Zambesi, December 12th, 1895, wrote:

"What a difference between the passage to-day and that of 1884. Then not a soul in that vast region knew even the name of the Lord, not one prayed to Him. To-day let us acknowledge to His glory, 'the Lord hath done great things.' We reckon five flourishing stations, and on each of them a greater or lesser number of Zambesians who profess to have found the Lord."

Two at least of his desires were accomplished, that he might die in harness and at the last be buried beside his wife. He died May 27th, 1904, in the midst of his work and was buried under the great tree of Sefula where three years before the body of Christina, his wife, had been laid to rest. A marble cross bears his name and the motto of his life, "To Live Is Christ."

On June 1st, the railway reached Victoria Falls, two days after the burial of the man who had opened the way for civilisation. The pioneer days were over.

"Coillard was given to France; he has been taken from the whole world."

These words were spoken at the memorial service in Paris at the Oratoire where, forty-seven years before François Coillard had received his consecration and commission as Christian minister and missionary.

VII

THE ROAD BUILDERS

[1] The scene is in Rhynie, a small Aberdeenshire village; the time is in the year 1863. In front of the Free Rock manse by the roadside stands the minister with his little son Alec, for whose benefit he is drawing a map with his stick in the dust of the road.

"This, you see, Alec," he explains, "is the Zambesi River running through the heart of Africa into the Indian Ocean, and here is the tributary, the Shiré, which Livingstone explored."

In this way first, the lad, Alexander Mackay, just entering his teens, found the name of Livingstone one to conjure by in his own heart.

Again, it is Christmas-tide and the year is 1875. Alexander Mackay is now twenty years old and has become an accomplished engineer, surveyor, mathematician. It is night. He writes in his diary for that day, December 12th—"This day last year, Livingstone died —a Scotsman and a Christian—loving God and his neighbours in the heart of Africa. 'Go thou and do likewise.' "

He has been absorbed all day in Stanley's book *How I found Livingstone.* He has read of the great missionary's gentleness and hopefulness; of "his Spartan heroism, the inflexibility of the Roman, the enduring

[1] Passage condensed from *Yarns on African Pioneers,* Basil Matthews.

resolution of the Anglo-Saxon." Like Stanley, his heart says *"the man has conquered me."*

But he is not through yet for the night with the voices of Livingstone and Stanley. A newspaper lying on the table attracts his attention by the words "Central Africa." He reads the thrilling call of Stanley from Uganda which just then stirred Great Britain from end to end.

"King M'tesa of Uganda has been asking me about the white man's God. . . . Oh, that some practical missionary would come here! M'tesa would give him anything that he desired—houses, land, cattle, ivory. It is the practical Christian who can cure their diseases, build dwellings, teach farming and turn his hand to anything, like a sailor—this is the man who is wanted. Such a one, if he can be found, would become the Saviour of Africa. . . . Where is there in all the Pagan world a more promising field for a Mission? Here, gentlemen, is your opportunity; embrace it! The people upon the shores of the Nyanza call upon you."

These piercing words are not all that Mackay reads this night. In the newspaper before him is a call from the Church Missionary Society for men to respond to the call of Uganda, the country to the northwest of Victoria Nyanza, the great inland sea. He is ready. He lets not an hour pass before writing to the society. This is what he writes:—"My heart burns for the deliverance of Africa, and if you can send me to any one of these regions which Livingstone and Stanley have found to be groaning under the curse of the slave-hunter, I shall be very glad."

Within four months Mackay sailed from Southampton for Zanzibar. Illness delayed his reaching Uganda, but time was not lost. He built 230 miles of road while

waiting. Then in November, 1878, after incredible hardships and discouragements, he reached the capital of King M'tesa, long his objective. It was a sinister place, despite the fact that the King allowed Mackay to hold service each Sunday at his Court. Dark forces were at work against the evangel which the intrepid soldier of Christ had brought, but he lived and toiled on among them undaunted. Three major menaces darkened every day, besides the minor ones of which he took no account. Always around the King were the slaves, his pages, some of them Christians now, destined alas, ere long to pass through a fiery furnace to their death for the Faith. And always, there hovered near, the shadow of the Arab slave-hunter; there were many Mohammedans, devotees of the Crescent stealthily at work against the Cross. Roman Catholic priests were on the ground before him, bitterly opposed to his simple gospel; and it was not easy to forget that the King had put 2,000 innocent persons to death on one occasion in a single day.

But Mackay, the White-Man-of-Work, as the Baganda[1] folk called him, kept on creating a Baganda language and alphabet, reducing it to letters and words, translating and printing the Scriptures, making his own tools, his own type, digging wells for pure water to combat fever, working at his lathe, his forge and his grindstone, all for the love of Christ and the barbarous people around him.

It was hard to explain to them why a man should labour with his hands unless forced by a taskmaster to do so! Very slowly the conception of the Carpenter of Nazareth who chose to become a servant for the sake of mankind found a lodgment in the savage minds and

[1] Adjective for people and language of Uganda.

hearts. Mackay was very humble and childlike on his knees in prayer, men said.

"Hosts of people come daily for instruction," he wrote. In 1882 five converts were baptised; in 1884, the native church numbered 86 members. His prayers were not forgotten before God. He even exerted an influence with the old King against slave-hunting.

M'tesa, the brutal, and yet not wholly hostile king of Uganda, died in 1884 and was succeeded by his young son M'wanga. He, weak and cruel by nature, proved a ready tool in the hands of the worst elements of the Court. The jealous suspicion that the white foreigners were coming to "eat up" Uganda was played upon by the crafty Arabs; the slumbering opposition to the new Way broke out in acts of fiendish persecution of the Baganda Christians. All such were endured with fortitude unsurpassed in the annals of martyrdom.

On one day of terror, M'wanga was worked up to a pitch of insane frenzy in which he threatened Mackay's life and gave orders to seize and burn the Christians. Forty-six men and boys were gathered, their arms slashed from their bodies by sharp knives that they might not struggle, after which they were placed on frames above a roaring fire, and so consumed. Yet we read that the number of Christians grew at this time of terror.

Mackay, expelled from the capital by the King, quietly locked up the mission premises and crossed to the other end of the lake. Thence he issued a circular letter to his scattered converts, printed on his own little hand press.

"In days of old," he wrote, "Christians were hated, were hunted, were driven out and were persecuted for

Jesus' sake, and thus it is to-day. Our beloved brothers, do not deny our Lord Jesus."

When from England came the proposal to give up the mission, Mackay wrote back *"Never!"* When the Society begged him to come home for a furlough, he replied, "Send us our first twenty men, and I may be tempted to come and find the second twenty." His term of service in Africa was cut short, for he died of fever in 1890.

Lord Rosebery said of Uganda: "I, for one, as a Scotchman, can never be indifferent to a land which witnessed the heroic exploits of Alexander Mackay, that Christian Bayard."

Stanley, between whom and Mackay, there existed a firm comradesnip, voiced his reverent admiration for his friend before his death in these words:

"To see one man of this kind, working day after day for twelve years bravely and without a syllable of complaint amid the wildernesses, and to hear him lead his little flock to show forth God's loving-kindness in the morning and his faithfulness every night, is worth going a long journey for the moral courage and contentment that one derives from it."

Again, in 1897, in the *Atlantic Monthly,* writing of Uganda as a smiling missionary oasis in the deep recesses of Central Africa, Mr. Stanley speaks of its Christian conquest as "an epic poem," "few secular enterprises, military or otherwise, deserving of greater praise."

At another time, Stanley expresses his opinion that "had the Society (C.M.S.) yielded to the almost universal desire that the missionaries should give up the effort, Uganda would by this time have been one of the darkest regions of Africa. Faith and perseverance how-

ever have made it one of the brightest, thereby more than fulfilling my brightest hopes."

* * * * * *

About the time that Alexander Mackay volunteered to the Church Missionary Society for Uganda, a young Oxford graduate, an Anglican clergyman, hitherto taking himself and things in general not over seriously, was undergoing profound spiritual conflict. From his country parish in Sussex, James Hannington wrote to a friend, "I cannot believe that I can ever be saved, and I feel that I have no right to preach to others."

Then there came to him the assurance, "Jesus died for me." In that moment his soul was lifted to a higher plane, fitted for Divine Service. "I sprang up and leaped about the room, rejoicing and praising God that Jesus died for me," so he wrote years later. "From that to this, I have lived under the shadow of His wings, in the assurance that I am His and He is mine."

Adventure ran in Hannington's blood. Fearless, endowed by nature with capacity for heroic action, instinctively chivalrous, he was *par excellence* the Christian soldier. When tidings came that two of the band of missionaries who had responded to Stanley's call for recruits for Uganda, had perished on the banks of Lake Victoria Nyanza, he felt the call to arms and reported for service. Having reached Zanzibar, he travelled west on the old route which leads to the southern extremity of Lake Nyanza. But as Mackay had been fever-stricken on this pestilential route, so Hannington fell a victim to dysentery and rheumatic

fever. His life endangered, his complete recovery apparently impossible, this missionary, although reaching Nyanza, was forced to turn back. For weeks, on that dreadful return march of five hundred miles on foot, he was more than once left for dead by the wayside by his men. Staggering on alone in agony after them, he would in the end reach their camp. Back to England was the inevitable sequel. This in 1883.

Two years later found him again on the East Coast of Africa, but far to the north of Zanzibar. His health was restored, his will to win out for Africa unbroken. His church had created him Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa at the age of thirty-seven. He was bound for Uganda, but he proposed to escape fevers and pestilence by opening a new route from Mombasa to the north end of Lake Nyanza. It was direct, and it traversed healthy highlands instead of fever-haunted swamps.

Men shook their heads. The Masai, a tribe which he must thus encounter, were a fierce and savage people; but Bishop Hannington's mind was made up. "If this route is to be opened, I can see no one but myself at present to do it." So on he went.

But he went foredoomed to death. Suffering outrage and violence at the hands of the Masai, the party, when nearly three months on the way, escaped their designs, and reached the lake shore at the village of Ukassa, only three days' journey from the capital of Uganda. There Alexander Mackay, single-handed, stood to hold the position, looking anxiously for their coming. Almost at his journey's end, at Ukassa, Hannington met with insolent challenge and exorbitant greed. What these betokened he did not guess; his goal was in sight!

M'wanga, son of M'tesa, the arch persecutor of Christians, had been persuaded by his evil counsellors that the white men who were plotting to wrest from him his Kingdom would come from the northeast; that they were even now on the way and that Bishop Hannington was their fore-runner.

Little by little, the savage sullenness surrounding the missionary grew darker. He was separated from his escort and confined in a wretched hut. There he lay for five long days, racked with fever and the torture of mortal suspense. It was then that he wrote with trembling fingers, hardly able to grasp the pencil, his last words to his friends in England: "If this is to be the last chapter of my earthly history, then the next will be the first page of the heavenly, no blots and smudges, no incoherence, but the sweet converse in the presence of the Lamb."

There came to him then, at last, the welcome summons to rejoin his men. For this purpose, the Bishop was led to a clearing where stood many people. Among them were his own men; he recognised them. But each man was naked, bound and guarded by armed warriors. The end had come. As the savages approached and would have torn his clothes from him, Hannington, with all the compelling physical and moral power which belonged to him, drew himself from their touch, faced them with death's sternness and spoke. "Tell your King that I am dying for the people of Uganda," he said, "and that I have bought the road to Uganda with my life." Having thus said, he knelt and received, from his own rifle in the executioner's hands, the fatal shot.

To-day, in Uganda, the son of M'wanga reigns. He is a Christian king and rules over a Christian people.

The railroad to the sea traverses that very road which Bishop Hannington died to open. Even to the fierce and treacherous Masai folk the Gospel is preached. It was hard to die at thirty-eight; to leave wife and child; to fail on the threshold of the great adventure so fearlessly undertaken; but James Hannington did not die in vain. He and Mackay alike were road-builders.

"These were His servants, in His steps they trod,
Following through death the martyred Son of God;
Victor He rose, victorious too shall rise
They who have drunk His cup of sacrifice."

Five years after Hannington died the martyr's death, a messenger of God to bring to fruition the seed sowed by him and Mackay visited Uganda. George L. Pilkington, an accomplished Irish classical scholar of Cambridge, a layman and a "born translator" took up the work so dear to the hearts of those heroes. In another five years, Mr. Pilkington completed the New Testament in the language of Uganda, together with a large part of the Old. The Uganda Bible carries Pilkington's influence down the years.

In 1893, a member of the native church, named Musa Yakuganda, came to the missionaries and asked to have it published that he had returned to heathenism. Asked the reason for this startling request, he replied: "Because I get no profit from your religion. Do you think I have been reading seven years and do not understand? Your religion does not profit me. I have done with it."

Mr. Pilkington, as also the missionaries associated with him, were overwhelmed with humiliation and dis-

tress. They were led to a new and poignant sense of their own need of deeper personal consecration and of the true indwelling of the Holy Spirit in their hearts. Confession of their own short-comings was made to the native church. Followed, one of the mightiest revivals of religion in Christian history.

Three Pentecostal days in the story of Uganda will never be forgotten,—December 8th, 9th, 10th, 1893. Each morning early, hundreds of people gathered for prayer and confession, and hundreds remained for personal light and leading. Musa Yakuganda was among them, finding at last "profit" to his soul in the new Way.

When he went to England in 1895 to put his Uganda Bible through the press Mr. Pilkington gave the results of the great revival in pamphlet form. The following, the substance of it, is given herewith, but the fact must be added that later reports eclipse even this.

"A hundred thousand souls brought into close contact with the Gospel, half of them able to read for themselves; two hundred buildings raised by native Christians, in which to worship and read the Word of God; two hundred native evangelists and teachers wholly supported by the native church; ten thousand New Testaments in circulation; six thousand souls seeking instruction daily; numbers of candidates for baptism, confirmation, and of adherents and teachers, more than doubling each year for six or seven years, and God's power shown by their changed lives—and all these results in the very centre of the world's thickest spiritual darkness and death shade!"

The new Cathedral at Kampala, Uganda, is probably the largest Christian Church in Africa. At the consecration services which took place recently the vast

building was quickly filled, and the throng outside was estimated at 20,000. The singing was led by a large surpliced choir of African boys. The following Sunday 864 communicants sat down to the Lord's Supper.

VIII

"THE GREAT-WHITE-MA-WHO-LIVED-ALONE"

"I go to Africa to try to make an open door . . . Do you carry on the work which I have begun. *I leave it to you.*"

These words flashed through the memory of a humble factory girl in Dundee on that day when the tidings of Livingstone's death thrilled all Scotland and England with sorrow. He was dead. His heart was buried in Ilala, where the end had come. His words stirred Mary Slessor like a call. She was ready. Her heart had long been set on service to Africa. She offered herself forthwith for the work at Old Calabar Mission.

On August 5, 1876, she sailed for the African West Coast on the S. S. *Ethiopia.* As she watched the dock-hands loading the vessel with casks of spirits, she cried, —"Scores of casks! and only one missionary!"

Miss Slessor's first period of service, twelve years spent in or near the established mission at Duke Town, closed with the decision of the missionary authorities to grant her cherished wish and send her into the ill-omened inland District of Okoyong. During the twelve years, her health had twice broken down and she had returned to Scotland for recuperation. Beginning with the year 1888, the dauntless little Scotchwoman became her own solitary explorer, her own defender, colonist, house and home builder, and God's own messenger of peace among unknown and untamed savages.

"I am going to a new tribe up-country." So she said in her casual fashion, unconscious apparently of anything exceptional in the adventure. "A fierce, cruel people, who, everyone tells me, will kill me. But I don't fear any hurt—only to combat their savage customs will require courage and firmness on my part."

Courage and firmness belonged to Mary Slessor in high degree, but certain other qualities which were hers were needed to create her matchless story: love for humanity, even for the most hopeless scrap of it; faith which did not waver in the darkest hour; also a strange, compelling, personal sway over the minds and consciences of those with and for whom she worked. And added to these, an invincible joyousness. Whether Mary, herself, ever realised the mysterious power which she exerted over others does not appear. She was not fond of talking about herself. Not alone was it the uncouth, sullen savages who rendered homage to her. One who knew her well said: "She had the power of attracting young men, and she had great influence with them. Whether they were in mission work, or traders, or government men, they were sure to be attracted. . . . She loved to stir them to do great things."

Of herself, she once remarked in her picturesque Scotch dialect: "I'm a wee, wee wifie, no very bookit, but I grip on well none the less." This was the limit of her self-exaltation.

The joyousness of Mary's temperament (which only the French phrase *joie de vivre* can properly convey) was part religion, part a happy imagination, part wit. The Rev. J. K. Waddell thus describes her: "A slim figure, of middle height, fine eyes full of power, she is no ordinary woman. It is wonderful to sit and listen to her talking, for she is most fascinating, and besides

being a humourist, is a mine of information on mission history and native customs."

Mary could speak of her own Okoyong home in the depths of the African wilderness on this wise: "In a home like mine, a woman can find infinite happiness and satisfaction. It is an exhilaration of constant joy. I cannot fancy anything to surpass it on earth."

What of this home? What of the tribe of Okoyong? The second question first; her friends said that no power on earth could subdue the Okoyong short of a gunboat and a British Consul. Physically, they were superior to the people of the coast, but their savagery was deep-dyed, dyed red in blood-shed and cruelty, sinister with witchcraft and treachery. A few months before Miss Slessor started on her journey to the Okoyong village of Ekenge, which she had chosen as her head centre, a chief among these people had died. Many men and women were thereupon put to the ordeal of poison; if the body rejected the poison, innocence was established, not otherwise. Besides the deaths thus brought about, there were buried with the chief eight slave men, eight slave women, ten girls, ten boys and four free wives. Such was the people among whom Mary Slessor elected to spend the years of her life from the age of 40 to 54.

Picturesque enough was the simple state in which she made her journey up the river to Ekenge on her first prospecting tour. King Eyo, friendly ruler of the semi-civilised tribes she was leaving behind, provided her with the royal canoe, Brussels-carpeted, palm-leaf canopied. The paddle-men (sworn enemies of the Okoyong) sang praises improvised by themselves to "Ma," the White Queen, as they glided along the river. On arriving at Ekenge, the chiefs whom she sought out were quickly won over by the charm of her personality

and assented to her taking up her abode in their village. So far, good. Now, back to the home base to collect and bring back luggage and the simple necessities of daily life for a white woman in a nest of savages. At Ekenge, Mary Slessor built herself a two-room hut of bamboo, daubed with red clay, furnished forth with a veranda, and within a fireplace, a dresser and sofa, all of clay, and, strange enough they must have looked; also a sewing machine and a small organ. And here at Ekenge for fifteen years she laboured with unfaltering courage, every day, in the face of mortal danger. Here, through faith, she subdued a kingdom, stopped the mouth of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness was made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. All this literally, actually. Of whom the world was not worthy!

Unguarded, she walked through jungles where leopards swarmed about her. "I did not use to believe the story of Daniel in the lion's den," she often said, "until I had to take some of those awful marches, and then I knew it was true. Many times I walked along praying, 'O God of Daniel, shut their mouths,' and He did."

In her isolation, Mary Slessor interfered with the murderous, cast-iron ceremonies, the rituals of cruelty common to the Okoyong, and was able to bring to naught their vengeful rage. "In some mysterious way she could subdue these wild people and bend them to her will. Her fame went far and wide throughout Okoyong and beyond into regions unexplored, and many thought of her with a kind of awe as one possessing superhuman power. There were, indeed, some amongst those who

knew her who had a lurking suspicion that she was more than woman."

When, her fame spreading far and wide as the great *Ma* of Okoyong, natives from afar made pilgrimage to visit her at Ekenge, they found nothing of the material pomp and power which they expected. They found just a "weak woman in a lonely house surrounded by a number of helpless children." But they quickly surrendered to the spell of the Queen of Okoyong, and by the contagion of faith the good news of the Kingdom was spread abroad.

For a long time "Ma" had been called upon to decide difficult questions and settle disputes among the people around her. Recognition by the Government of her marvellous power in dealing with the turbulent natives, led to her being invested with the powers of a magistrate. The formal proffer of this position came in May, 1905. Mary accepted the office and discharged its duties with her wonted unassuming dignity and good sense. But she was hardly prepared for the impression her personality made on the Governor of Southern Nigeria, Sir W. Egerton. On a stormy night he came himself with several attendants to her cottage bringing generous gifts for her comfort.

"Hoots, my dear laddie—I mean Sir!" she exclaimed as she greeted him; then later wrote,—"The Governor is a Scotsman and must be sympathetic to mission work, or else why did he come with his retinue and all to a mud-house and see me at that cost to his comfort and time on a wet night?"

At the age of 54 Mary left the work she had learned to love at Ekenge in other hands, and proceeded to another mission at Ipke among the slave-raiding Aros

tribe and others which were known to practise human sacrifices. She was worn and weary in body now, a victim to the distressing chills and fever of Africa, but her will to work and to sacrifice remained indomitable.

When her life work for Africa neared its close, Mary was called upon to receive a signal honour, that of admission to the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, in England, of which the King is sovereign head. This was conferred "in recognition of her life and record of her self-sacrifice."

She commented,—"I am Mary Mitchell Slessor, nothing more and none other than the unworthy, unprofitable but most willing servant of the King of Kings. May this be an incentive to work, and to be better than ever I have been in the past."

When the formal presentation of the Badge, a Maltese Cross in silver, had taken place in Duke Town, when all the adulation and ceremony were over, and she could escape to her own little hut in Ipke, Mary murmured, "I shall never look the world in the face again until all this blarney and publicity is over."

On January 13, 1915, the great "Ma" met her good friend Death, surrounded by the children whose lives had been redeemed by the Divine Love she had made manifest among them. As the news spread throughout the region around Ipke, it was everywhere said, "She was everybody's Mother." Could there be a sweeter, a deeper word spoken?

[1] "Mary Slessor laid the foundations of civilised life in Okoyong. . . . The little kirks and huts which she constructed in the bush represented a spiritual force and influence far beyond their material value. They

[1] *Mary Slessor of Calabar.* George H. Doran Company.

were erected with her life blood, they embodied her love for her Master and for the people; they were outposts, the first dim lights in the darkness of a dark land; they stood for Christ Himself and His Cross."

Part Five: THE SOUTHERN CROSS

"I conceived a great prejudice against missions in the South Seas, and had no sooner come there than that prejudice was first reduced and then, at last, annihilated. Those who debate against missions have only one thing to do, to come and see them on the spot. . . . Those who have a taste for hearing missions, Protestant or Catholic, decried, must seek their pleasure elsewhere than in my pages."

Robert Louis Stevenson.

"The saddest thing for a heathen people is to come into contact with civilisation without Christianity."

James M. Alexander.

"Civilisation! The rampart can only be stormed by those who carry the Cross."

James Chalmers.

"Christianity in Oceanica is as real as it has been in the early days of any Christian country, and we may sing peans of praise to God for the conversion of South Sea Islanders with as much reason as *Te Deums* were justified when ancient Britons first felt the power of the Cross."

Joseph King.

"No portion of Christendom is better supplied with religious instruction than the Christianised islands of Polynesia, and nowhere is there more regard paid by the people generally to Sabbath observance, to public worship and to other outward duties of religion. Family worship is almost invariably observed."

Encyclopedia Britannica.

"The march of improvement consequent upon the introduction of Christianity throughout the Southern Seas probably stands by itself in the records of history. The lesson of the Missionaries is the Enchanter's wand."

Charles Darwin.

I

THE WHITE PERIL

The islands of the Southern Pacific Ocean are by way of becoming fashionable resorts. A sprinkling of South Sea spindrift splashes across our up-to-date magazine literature, gay with glints of pearl and coral, humorously touched by the grotesqueries of the natives. Men whose ancestors have ruled the islands from time immemorial figure as diverting, picturesque or dangerous adjuncts in the white man's tales of adventure, hectic romance or sport.

From the beginning of the last century down to recent times three classes of civilised white men have been conspicuous visitors to these islands:—Explorers, coming in the name of profit to geography and other lines of scientific investigation; traders or adventurers, coming in the name of cash profit; representatives of European protectorates, notably British and French, coming in the name of commercial and political profit to their nations. And now we perceive this fourth class, made up variously of Americans and Europeans, professional novelty-seekers, the idle rich, sporting and adventuring men and women, who have exhausted their familiar pleasure-grounds. These come in the name and for the sake of new impressions, amusement, excitement. That which appears in fiction and travel-sketches has found its origin or suggestion somewhere, in some degree, under the Southern Cross.

Mr. Charles B. Nordhoff, in the *Atlantic Monthly* makes a less flattering analysis. "In general, the white men of the islands," he states, "are there for one of four reasons: work, drink, women or a murky past."

The scientific investigators in the Southern Pacific have not come as philanthropists to the island folk. They have done them no harm, however, if but little good. The average trader has wrought for them disaster incalculable. The European protectorates have produced a degree of civilisation accompanied by many dubious influences. They have made the islands in certain cases more habitable for foreigners, but at the same time less favourable for the life of the natives.

If the representatives of commerce and civilisation above named continue the destruction they have begun, and if to them there shall now be added the threatened influx in force of the sportsman, the tourist, the journalist, the artist, the novelist, the film producer, the exploiter,—with their habits, their diseases and their vices, the native races of the South Sea Islands on their own soil may, by another century be reduced to a negligible although curious ethnic survival. The indictment is a stern one. Is it justified? Let us see.

1. The first count is the character of the early settlers in the Islands. Early in the last century, an element among these was that of convicts, escaped or released from penal stations in the Continental Islands. These men, the dregs of civilisation, and their descendants, form the lowest stratum; but while there have been men of decent habits among the white settlers, the greater number have led senusal and brutal lives, worse than those of the natives.

2. The second count in the indictment is the character of the sailors and officers as well as traders on the

vessels which have visited the islands for trade in sandalwood, bêche-de-mer (a marine slug), copra (dried cocoanut), or in the interests of pearl and whale fisheries. These vessels, when in port, were often scenes of wild debauchery "like floating exhibitions of Sodom and Gomorrah." The white men's orgies were not confined to the sea, but extended to the shore where the native villages often suggested hell let loose.

3. The third count against the white man in these waters is the ruin of the native races by the introduction of strong drink. There are some among us who may remember the visit to the United States in 1892 of the venerable and heroic missionary from the New Hebrides, John G. Paton. In his words,

"The sale of intoxicants, opium, fire-arms and ammunition by the traders among the New Hebrides, has become a terrible and intolerable evil. The lives of many natives and not a few Europeans are every year sacrificed in connection therewith, while the general demoralisation produced on all around has been painfully notorious."

4. The fourth count in the indictment is the introduction of diseases contributing to the depopulation of many of the islands. This very serious sequela of the advent of the White Man is in part involuntary, but in part the result of greed and malevolence. The natives have little or no resistance to the epidemics which are indigenous in the white races, and which are seldom, with them in high degree fatal. Thus, in 1858, measles swept away a third of the population on three of the New Hebrides. Stevenson tells of a tribe of 400 souls reduced by one-fourth when small-pox came; in another case, a whole region was depopulated through the contagion from one case of tubercular consumption.

A returning traveller reports that the inhabitants of the Marquesas Islands are dying rapidly of the same disease. "The Marquesan beholds with dismay the approaching extinction of his race." A melancholy fact, we comment, but not so was it regarded by the early traders. Their cry from of old has been: "Let the native people perish, and let the white man enjoy these islands!"

In the year 1860, three captains landed at Tanna of the New Hebrides and boasted that they had planted in four different ports young men ill with measles. "Our watchword, they declared, is 'sweep away these creatures and let white men occupy the soil.'" This appearing to the seafarers a highly profitable line of action, they invited a chief named Kapuku on board one of their vessels, and when he was in their power, they seized him and threw him into the hold among men sick with measles. There they kept him for a sufficient length of time and then sent him ashore to spread the disease. The experiment was successful. The measles, we are told on highest authority, thus introduced, spread fearfully and decimated the population. In some villages men, women and children were stricken down together, and none could give food or water to the sick or bury the dead. A third of the population of Tanna perished. In some parts of the islands deserted villages and family gravestones within narrow compass can be numbered by the dozen.

Deeds of wholesale violence, not worse morally than these, at the hands of the traders have resulted in terrific reprisals. Seldom has the martyrdom of a Christian missionary taken place save in revenge for some act of treachery or cruelty on the part of the traders

with whom the missionaries were not unnaturally associated in the minds of the natives.

5. The last point which we make against the treatment of the islanders by the representatives of civilisation and commerce is what is usually called "labour traffic." It is next of kin to the slave-trade, and the story of its atrocities is too dreadful to narrate. This slave, or Kanaka-traffic, as it is variously called, works fearful havoc among the tribes. Children are kidnapped and kept on the slave-ships thus forcing their parents to follow them rather than be separated forever. Many thousands die of starvation and hardship on the way to the far fields of hard labour. Depopulation goes on its tragic way.

The ships engaged in the business of transporting the natives *en masse* to serve as labourers on plantations in other islands, in Guatemala or South America, number a hundred often in one port at one time. Sometimes, on a kidnapping expedition, a captain of one of these vessels will resort to the ruse of painting his vessel white to resemble the missionary packets and will land in the character of a respectable Christian missionary. As the natives flock to greet him and respond to his cordial invitation to come aboard his ship, they are suddenly seized and manacled. Without delay, the captain puts his vessel to sea, leaving behind the canoes loaded with astounded and shrieking wives, children and friends vainly seeking to follow.

The death of John Coleridge Patteson, Anglican Bishop of Melanesia in 1871 was the result of this form of the white man's treachery.

"Some traders once painted their ship in imitation of his, and by this artifice were able to kidnap some

natives from the island of Nakapu of the Swallow Group, for the purpose of sending them to plantations in Queensland and Fiji. When the missionary ship, as it cruised among the islands, again approached Nakapu, the natives, mistaking it for the kidnapping craft, determined to avenge themselves. The bishop, unsuspicious, lowered his boat and went to meet them coming in their canoes. According to their custom, they asked him to get into one of their boats, which he did, and was taken to the shore. He was never seen alive again. Immediate search was made and his body was found, pierced with five wounds and wrapped in a coarse mat with a palm leaf laid on his breast."

On Nakapu stands a simple cross bearing the inscription:

In memory of
John Coleridge Patteson, D.D.
Missionary Bishop
Whose life was taken by men
for whom he would
gladly have given it.
September 20, 1871.

II

THE WHITE BENISON

We have watched the fleet of the white man's ships cruising for science, trade, selfish gain, pleasure, or for political aggrandisement, among the Islands. It was in the main a vision of doom for the Islanders; while many of these vessels were bent on no mischief, many should have flown the pirates' black flag, for that sinister emblem would have become them.

Is there no relief to this dark picture? Otherwise the lines of the old hymn we used to sing would be fearfully true,

> "Where every prospect pleases
> And only man is vile."

As for the truth of every prospect pleasing, that can never be doubted by one who has seen the glories of nature in the South Sea Islands. The colours of the water, ranging from deep purple to lucent turquoise in sea and lagoon, the atolls,—fairy rings of the sea,—the white reefs and beaches from which the mountains rise above enchanting valleys rich with palm trees, their floors carpeted with flowers and ferns,—all are of incomparable beauty; and more than all beside, perhaps, are the changing colours of morning and evening; the latter with its tropical orange flush fading at the sea's rim to pale crystalline green and above in violet depths appearing one by one the brilliant constellations, among

them the Southern Cross and the Southern Crown. And the morning!

"I have watched the morning break in many quarters of the world," wrote Stevenson; "it has been certainly one of the chief joys of my existence, and the dawn that I saw with most emotion shone upon the bay of Anaho.[1] The mountains abruptly overhang the port with every variety of surface and of inclination, lawn, and cliff, and forest. Not one of these but wore its proper tint of saffron, of sulphur, of the dove and of the rose. The lustre was like that of satin; on the lighter hues there seemed to float an efflorescence; a solemn bloom appeared on the more dark. The light itself was the ordinary light of morning, colourless and clean . . . and pencilled to the least detail of drawing."

The prospect undeniably pleases! How about man, —the native? Is he really wholly vile? Not wholly, but there is something to be desired.

It is a common thing to hear from superficial observers and journalists, bent on "featuring" the picturesque and the striking, that the natives of the South Seas, these "innocent children of nature," should have been left unmolested in their primitive virtue, untouched by the artificialities of our modern western life. The popular magazinist indeed is wont to wax furious over the incursion of the "sombre-faced," "woebegone," "religious cranks" who, as missionaries, are robbing the natives of their charming and artless customs; making them—sad indeed!—too much "like folks." A wholesome rebuke to critics of this stripe was once administered by Charles Darwin.

[1] Marquesas Islands.

"They forget," he wrote, "or will not remember, that human sacrifices and the power of an idolatrous priesthood, a system of profligacy unparalleled in any other part of the world, infanticide, a consequence of that system, bloody wars, where the conquerors spared neither women nor children,—that all these have been abolished, and that dishonesty, intemperance and licentiousness have been greatly reduced by the introduction of Christianity. In a voyager, to forget these things would be base ingratitude; for should he chance to be on the point of shipwreck on some unknown coast, he will most devoutly pray that the lesson of the missionary may have extended thus far."

Let us look a little into the habits of life of these "innocent children of nature." Capt. Cook, first and foremost of explorers in these waters, described these as given to a degree of licentiousness and depravity too horrible to dwell upon here; and he was a remarkably accurate observer. Of the Tahitians he said:

"There is a scale of dissolute sensuality which these people have ascended, wholly unknown to every other nation, and which no imagination could possibly conceive." He did not deny that his crew was partly responsible for these conditions.

From one-fourth to two-thirds of the children of the island population were strangled or buried alive, the common rule being only two children to any family. Few of the natives died from natural causes, as the sick and the aged were brutally murdered. Polygamy was universal and all widows were strangled on the death of any man of prominence. Innumerable gods and demons were worshipped with human sacrifices and

wild carousals like orgies of the infernal regions. Superstition, including *tabu,* held all tribes in bondage.

The climax of depraved and abhorrent cruelty, common to the Islanders with few exceptions, is cannibalism. Though not universal, this practice is found from end to end of the South Sea Islands. This is not only a social custom but a sacred religious rite. It is performed on every occasion of interest, the building of a hut, the launching of a canoe and the like. The chiefs of the Fiji group were wont to boast with pride of the number of bodies they had eaten. Mothers gave their children portions of the horrible food. The whole life of the people was inwrought with the destroying and devouring of human beings. Prisoners were deliberately fattened for slaughter. Limbs cut off living men and women were roasted and devoured in the sufferers' presence, these having been compelled previously to dig the oven and cut the firewood for the purpose.

It seems best to stop here. Cannibalism is not pleasing to read or write of, but it was a dominant fact in the scheme of life in those islands before another fleet than the one we have seen began to visit them,—the fleet of ships sailing under the Cross of Christ, bearing the white flag of peace on earth, good will to men.

Watch this fleet! It began coming far back, almost as soon as Captain Cook's *Voyages* published in England the desperate depradation of the dwellers in the Pacific Islands. It was to Tahiti that William Carey, having read Cook's chronicles, proposed to go. It was the second objective in the story of Modern Missions.

At the head of the fleet we note a ship called the *Duff,* date 1796. This was the first definitely missionary ship known to sail any sea. She was bought by the London

Missionary Society, the first action of its corporate life, and despatched to the South Seas, with a Christian Captain and thirty Christian men,—ministers, carpenters, shoemakers, weavers, a surgeon, and representatives of various other arts and crafts.

There follows *The Endeavour,* called by the natives *The Beginning,* bought for their needs in 1822 by John Williams, the Master-Mariner of the Cross in the Pacific. He had come in 1816, the Apostle to the South Sea Islanders. John Williams could build holy character out of cannibal savage material and he did it. Also he could build ships with his own hands, first making his own tools. Which he did. There is one! *The Messenger of Peace.*—Sixty feet long is the vessel, eighteen wide, the sails of native matting, the cordage of hibiscus bark, the oakum of cocoanut husks, the rudder of "a piece of a pickaxe, a cooper's adze, and a long hoe." A more nondescript craft was perhaps never launched, but she was seaworthy, and served her master well. The small craft we can see coming after the *Messenger of Peace* were all built by John Williams' own hand. But we watch,—and perhaps with bent head and dimming eyes,—the four following phantom ships which silently pass, for each sails under the name of the martyr-apostle: first, there appears a three-masted barque, and its figure-head is in the likeness of John Williams, whose name it bears; in three years this phantom barque sailed 100,000 miles on her errands of love and light. After her we see a second *John Williams,* clipper-rigged, with racing spars; and then a third, launched in 1868; the fourth *John Williams* is the first missionary steamship.

Following now are five small ships, all on one model. Each shows the name of *Morning Star.* They were built

for cruising through Micronesia, the coral island groups lying along the equator. It was from money earned by children in America that those five *Morning Stars* arose.

Then we see a neat brig with the name *Pitcairn,* another the *Camden,* and two *Daysprings.* Then the *Thaddeus,* the *Columbia,* the *Niue* and the *John Wesley.* Johns and reformers being in order, we catch sight of the *John Knox,* and there is the *Southern Cross* and the *Daylight,* the *Surprise,* the *Ellengowans,*—one and two, the *Undine* and a goodly company besides, all sailing under the Cross of Christ beneath the Southern Cross. This fleet brings blessing not bale. It has come into these waters, not with the white's man's curse, but with his blessing. To save, not to destroy. To restore what is cast down. Healing is in its wings.

III

CHRIST'S MASTER-MARINER

There was a man sent from God to the South Seas whose name was John. From his forefathers he received the name Williams. From a fortunate strain of heredity he received genius;—by the grace of God, religious genius. He had the genius for dealing with men and nature, for piercing to the best in men, undiscouraged by their worst; the genius for bringing things to pass, things tangible and things spiritual. Beginning, a boy of twenty-one, at Eimeo, one of the Society Islands near the eastern limit of Polynesia, John Williams was later stationed on Raiatea, an island in the same group. Thence he voyaged far and wide. Five years before he fell a martyr, no group of islands, nor single island of importance within two thousand miles of his starting-point had been left unvisited. Wherever he touched he left the peace of God in place of diabolism. The cannibals of Erromanga who murdered him did so, not because they knew him but because they knew him not.

But Williams was not the first messenger of peace to reach these islands. What of the passenger list of the *Duff* sent out from England in 1796? These pioneers had gained a foothold in Tahiti, largest of the Society Islands, but after they had endured for sixteen years opposition and persecutions indescribable both from king and people, without result, the time came

when the London Missionary Society concluded to abandon the enterprise.

Then arose Dr. Haweis, one of the Society's founders, with earnest protest and a large contribution for the mission's sustaining. John Williams' pastor declared that he would sell the clothes from his back rather than give up the work in Tahiti. Instead of a recall, a budget of letters of encouragement and gifts was accordingly despatched to the missionaries. While the vessel was on her way to carry these letters to Tahiti, a ship passed her in mid-ocean which conveyed to Great Britain, in October, 1813, the news that King Pomare had been baptised and that idolatry was entirely overthrown on the island. The rejected idols of the native people were on board the ship, sent as tangible proof of the mighty work of God. Pomare, king or chief of Tahiti, himself now a convert to Christianity, has been aptly called the "Clovis of the South Seas. Out of his own resources he built perhaps the most remarkable chapel in missionary history. It was 712 feet long, furnished with 123 windows and 29 doors. Three pulpits were placed within the walls 260 feet apart. A stream of clear spring water on its way from the mountains to the sea, ran through the enclosure. Here the king received baptism in the presence of 4,000 of his subjects. In a brief period three hundred natives had renounced their idols and given public allegiance to Jesus Christ. In a surprisingly short time, at the initiation of the people, sixty-six chapels had been built, in which the people assembled four times a week. A printing-press was established. The gospel of Luke was already translated. The whole Bible in Tahitian was afterwards completed. Laws were enacted against murder, theft, adultery, etc., to which the chiefs and people solemnly subscribed.

Idolatry was soon after abolished throughout this group of islands.

In 1835, Charles Darwin, the great naturalist, made an inland tour of Tahiti. He describes certain of his impressions thus:

"Before we laid ourselves down to sleep, the elder Tahitian fell on his knees, and with closed eyes repeated a long prayer in his native tongue. He prayed as a Christian should do, with fitting reverence, and without the fear of ridicule or any ostentation of piety. At our meals, neither of the men would taste food without saying beforehand a short grace. Those travellers who think that a Tahitian prays only when the eyes of the missionary are fixed on him should have slept with us that night on the mountain."

Discussing the popular rumour that the natives are rendered gloomy and apathetic by the introduction among them of Christianity, he says: "Instead of discontent being a common feeling, it would be difficult in Europe to pick out of a crowd half so many merry and happy faces."

Capt. Harvey, master of a whale ship, who visited Tahiti in 1839, made the following statement: "This is the most civilised place I have been at in the South Seas. It is governed by a dignified young lady (Queen Pomare, daughter of the second King of that name), twenty-five years of age. They have a good code of laws, and no liquors are allowed to be landed on the island. It is one of the most gratifying sights the eye can witness to see on Sunday in their church, which holds about five thousand, the Queen near the pulpit, with all her subjects around her, decently apparelled, and seemingly in pure devotion."

In 1844, the French obtained control of the Society

Islands, and the Christian work, begun under the London Missionary Society, was transferred to the Evangelical Society of France. This organisation now carries on effectual work in Tahiti and other groups.

Having accepted the invitation of the King of Raiatea, one of the largest of the Society Group, John Williams made that island his headquarters from 1818 to 1827. From the first, however, he had Livingstone's impulse not to tarry among the comforts of a Christian community, however crude, but to push on into regions beyond. His sympathies and his vision were as broad as the Pacific, and on the Pacific again and yet again, he set sail in the tiny craft his own hands fashioned, bearing the Cross to the people in darkness. "I can never consent to be confined within the limits of a single reef," he said. On one cruise, he ventured in his clumsy barque from Rarotonga to the Samoan Islands, a distance of 1,800 miles. Wherever he touched, unless landing was obviously impossible, Mr. Williams preached the Gospel, and left native missionaries to work among the people.

The last service of this nature which John Williams performed was that of planting the good seed of the Word on that "inveterately cannibal" island, Tanna, from its flaming volcano called the Lighthouse of the Pacific. This was in November, 1839, when cruising among the New Hebrides. His ship, the *Camden,* anchored off Erromanga. Mr. Williams, with another missionary, landed on the island. They were, at first, cordially received by the natives. But swiftly followed one of those appalling deeds of treachery common among savages. Both men were brutally murdered at the water's edge, and their bodies carried into the bushes. A cannibal feast followed.

In the words of Sylvester Horne, "No idea can be given of the awful grief of those on board the *Camden*, nor of the terrible sorrow of Mrs. Williams and her children. But indeed throughout all those islands to which he had devoted his life the news spread anguish and despair. Then it was fully seen what John Williams had been to the Polynesians. The cry that went up from those scattered islands was the orphaned cry of those who felt themselves fatherless. 'Alas, Williamu! Alas, our Father!' was the common wail." When the news of this martyrdom reached England twenty-five men at once offered themselves for missionary service in the South Seas.

Captain Croker of H. M. S. *Favourite* reverently collected certain remains of the great missionary and carried them to Apia on the Samoan island of Upolu, at this time Mr. Williams' place of residence. There they were laid to rest in the presence of an immense throng of sorrowing natives.

IV

THE HERVEY ISLANDS

Ten years of John Williams' life were spent on this minor group, consisting of six principal islands, and situated about 600 miles southwest of Tahiti. The group was formerly known as the Cook Islands.

During King Pomare's lifetime, and at his instance, a Missionary Society, auxiliary to the London Society, was organised at Tahiti. John Williams became the first foreign missionary of this, the first organisation of its kind in the South Seas, perhaps in the world. In 1823 he sailed from Raiatea to the Hervey group and left on an island there, named Aitutaki, two native Tahitaian teachers as missionaries. Returning after eighteen months, he was welcomed with joy by the natives whom he remembered as utter savages. They hailed him with cries, "Good is the Word of God! It is now well with Aitutaki! The good Word has taken root in our land!" Mr. Williams found, with ever-mounting wonder and delight, collections of discarded idols, a large, white-walled chapel, and everywhere the evidence of a new and higher life.

As he cruised from one to another island of the Hervey group Mr. Williams learned of those on which no white man had ever landed: Mitiaro, Mauke, and Rarotonga, the latter so marvellous in its lofty mountains and picturesque charm as to be called "the Queen of the South Seas." The dwellers in the two first-named

islands anon with joy received the message of the missionary. Thus the first tidings from the outside world to reach those islanders was the glad tidings of the love of God in Christ. It was even so with Rarotonga, but with a difference.

As the story is told, the king of Rarotonga, on the arrival of the vessel, came on board and readily consented to receive two teachers and their wives. But the next morning these teachers returned in a canoe in a pitiable condition, with a sad tale of brutal treatment received; for the chief of a neighbouring district had endeavoured to take the wife of one of them for his harem, in which he already had 19 wives, and she was rescued only after a desperate struggle. One of the unmarried teachers, Papeiha, now offered to go ashore alone, and with nothing but a Testament and a few school books, he swam ashore, and after a little rough treatment found acceptance among the people.

Papeiha was a hero, a native saint, to be held in everlasting remembrance. With one companion, sent later to join him, he visited all the Rarotongan chiefs and reasoned with them concerning the folly of idol-worship. Much impression was made by reading those words of Isaiah,

"With part thereof he roasteth roast and is satisfied, and the residue thereof he maketh a god, and worshippeth it and saith, 'Deliver me; for thou art my God!'"

Upon one man bringing his idol and laying it at his feet, Papeiha promptly sawed off its head. When no punishment was visited upon him the natives were convinced that the idol was indeed a sham. In short order

the priests and chiefs repudiated idolatry and set to work to build a Christian church under Papeiha's leadership. All this within a year.

Here begins the marvellous story of the results won in the South Seas by native Christians. In large part this is due to the wise and far-seeing missionary policy of John Williams. For, early in his work, he saw, as other missionaries have seen, that the Pacific Islands could not be won to Christ by the white man, but only by the islanders, selected, trained and watched over by the European Missionary. He established a training school in Rarotonga for native missionaries, by the agency of which in great measure, with others of like character in Samoa and elsewhere, the evangelisation of the islands of Polynesia, eastern division of the Pacific, was accomplished. Heavy has been the cost of South Seas missions in the life of Europeans, but heavier far in the life of native Christians. Out of one church in the Hervey Islands sixty members have been killed while in missionary service. But here, as always, the blood of martyrs has proved the seed of the church.

In 1827 John Williams, his wife with him, took up his permanent abode on Rarotonga; there, through much tribulation, they fought the good fight, and spread the good news of the Kingdom far and wide. Food was scanty and ill adapted to their tastes, consisting chiefly of native roots; for ten years they never tasted beef; often months, even years passed in which no vessel but their own touched the island; trials and bereavements visited them, but they "kept on keeping on." The result? Bits of testimony pieced together make a shining mosaic.

Said John Williams himself of the Rarotongans,—

"When I found them, in 1823, they were ignorant of

the nature of Christian worship; and when I left them in 1834, I am not aware that there was a house in the island where prayer was not observed, morning and evening."

"The Christian churches in Rarotonga," runs the report of the directors of this mission in 1841, "present a most impressive and animating appearance. The social and moral character of the people, a few years previous loathsome and terrific, is now pure and peaceful."

The Rarotongans, under British protection, stand high among South Sea Islanders, being now counted the most forward of all in industrial and agricultural advancement. Being geographically *off the line of trade and slave ships,* they are uncontaminated by the vices, devices and diseases of unprincipled foreigners. Their new religion brings to an end tribal wars and the indigenous evil practices which elsewhere produce decay and depopulation. The missionaries have taught tribes to live cleanly and to abstain from strong drink. Consequently they are not only increasing numerically, unlike most Islanders, but are law-abiding, peaceful, contented, prosperous. There is not a pauper among them. They are generally better educated, more moral and more religious than the people of England and the United States.

V

DEATH AND LIFE IN THE NEW HEBRIDES

It was reserved for the genius of Scotch and Nova Scotian Presbyterians to make a permanent impression on the fierce savagery of the New Hebrides. And that happened years after the death of John Williams.

Native teachers and English missionaries again and again landed on these ill-omened islands only to meet with fierce hostility, often with martyrdom. Erromanga will always bear the name of the "Martyr Isle."

A hopeful beginning at last was made there, as it seemed, in 1857 by George Gordon and his wife, youthful missionaries from Nova Scotia. The work advanced under their leadership, but an epidemic of measles among the natives, introduced by a trading vessel, roused the old vengeful feelings of the natives against foreigners. On May 20th, 1861, George Gordon, brave and saintly soul, and his young wife were murdered. Three years later James Gordon came out to carry on his brother's mission, and in 1868 James McNair came from Scotland, to join him. The latter died in 1870. In 1872 James Gordon, while at work on the translation of the seventh chapter of Acts, and having reached the prayer of Stephen, *Lord, lay not this sin to their charge,* was tomahawked by a savage who fancied that he had caused the death of his child by the exercise of supernatural influence.

In a grave near the sea the Christian natives, grief-

stricken, laid the body and beside it vowed that Erromanga should yet be won for Christ. Then, sternly and deliberately, they set themselves to the punishment of the dreadful deed.

The reasoning of one of these men as to the justice of this cause, in the absence of administrative authority, is convincing even in its naïveté. "They have killed our *Misi!*" so they declared, "and are we going to allow this and do nothing? They say, 'These Christians are women; they cannot handle the battle-axe; and we can kill as many as we please.' Now let us show them our strength if we have any. . . . So we returned, our hands red with blood, and our hearts, perhaps, red too. We would have gone on with the punishment, but we said that if we did, the missionaries would say that we were heathen and murderers ourselves. But, *Misi* (native title for missionary), though we were sorry afterward for our conduct, I sometimes think we did not do so wrongly as some said we did. The heathen had killed Mr. Harris and Mr. Williams and Mr. Gordon and his wife, and now they have killed my own *Misi*. They said we were 'women.' We showed them we were men as well as Christians, and that we would defend our friends against their cruelties."

The news of Gordon's death reaching Nova Scotia, the Rev. Hugh Robertson and his fearless wife promptly offered themselves for service on Erromanga, deliberately choosing its appalling dangers because of its appalling needs.

At Dillon's Bay in 1880 a Martyrs' Memorial Church was erected, and in it can to-day be seen the monument to Erromanga's Martyrs, placed there on the fiftieth anniversary of the death of John Williams. It bears the following inscription:

Sacred to the memory of Christian missionaries
who died on this island:
John Williams,
James Harris,
Killed at Dillon's Bay by the natives, 30th November, 1839;
George N. Gordon,
Ellen C. Gordon,
Killed on 20th of May, 1861;
James McNair,
Who died at Dillon's Bay, 16th July, 1870; and
James D. Gordon,
Killed at Portinia Bay, 7th March, 1872.
They hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus. Acts 15:26.
It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. I Tim. 1:15.

The man who laid the cornerstone of the church was the son of John Williams' murderer. This man's brother was at the same time preaching Christ in Australia!

The period of violence and murderous opposition was happily over. Mr. Robertson was able to perform constructive work on his chosen field, unmolested, and to report after 16 years of service most encouraging results. "The converts are doing all in their power," he wrote in 1889, "to help on the work of the mission, and under constant training they are growing in liberality and other graces with gratifying rapidity."

Meanwhile on the island of Aneityum, south of Tanna, another pair of Nova Scotian missionaries, reinforced by another from Scotland, were bringing mar-

vellous things to pass, overcoming all obstacles. In the year 1848, a young Nova Scotian, John Geddie, and his wife, guests of the L. M. S. mission house on Samoa, awaited with impatience the ship which should carry them to the island of Aneityum and their work, they having been eighteen months on the way. The *John Williams* came at last; the new missionaries reached their desired haven. In 1852 John Inglis and his wife came from Scotland to join them. Steady, unfaltering labour for nearly twenty-five years followed amid discouragements before which others failed and left. Civilisation followed Christianity. A place of warlike savagery became the centre of peaceful industry. Aneityum was the first island of a large group to be visited by scientific explorers, their path having been made smooth and their safety assured by the pioneer work of John Geddie. His life is summed up in the inscription on the tablet in Analgahat: "When he landed in 1848 there were no Christians here, and when he died in 1872 there were no heathen."

But the work of Geddie and Inglis would have been of comparatively small avail had it not been for the co-operation of their wives. Mrs. Geddie, first of Christian women, began the task of awakening a rudimentary moral sense among the degraded and ignorant women of the New Hebrides. For twenty-five years she worked on patiently and cheerfully among these wretched beings, given over to every revolting crime, including human sacrifice. For four years Mrs. Geddie had no Christian woman with her on Aneityum.

The coming of Mrs. Inglis was a mighty reinforcement to the work as well as a personal comfort and stay to Mrs. Geddie. Mrs. Inglis possessed all the native Scotch constancy and steadiness with astonishing execu-

tive ability, and a constitution which enabled her, for more than a half a century, never once to fail in accomplishing a full day's work.

On a day of festival celebrating the close of eight years' work, when eighteen hundred persons had renounced heathenism and accepted Christ, the company of natives no longer appeared as naked savages. They were clothed decently, and every garment worn had been cut and prepared by Mrs. Inglis's own hands.

In translating and revising the Scriptures and other publications this marvellous woman was of the greatest assistance to her husband. "I never wrote anything or translated anything for publication which I did not submit to her for criticism. . . . Every final proof she attested twice at least." So he said of her.

Mrs. Inglis's introduction of the arrow-root industry into Aneityum proved of vast importance, providing the women with suitable and lucrative employment, all the arrow-root they could raise and prepare for market being in demand in New Zealand. So punctual was Mrs. Inglis in all matters that a gentleman from Australia visiting Aneityum said of her, "I have lived on board a man-of-war, and in many places where order reigned, but I never saw punctuality like hers." A ship's captain who shared her hospitality said, "She could have conducted the commissariat department of a man-of-war."

When John Inglis of Aneityum, at home on furlough, being present at the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, was asked to make a speech before that august body and cautioned that it must be brief, he said:

[1] "Fathers and brothers, we are told that missionaries should content themselves with stating facts, and leave the Church to draw the inferences. I wish to bring these facts to your notice.

"*First,* I place on your table," suiting the action to the word, "the Shorter Catechism translated into the language of Aneityum.

"*Second,* I place on your table also *Pilgrim's Progress* translated into the language of Aneityum.

"*Third,* I place on your table the Holy Scriptures, Old and New Testaments translated into the language of Aneityum, and now leave the Church to draw the inference," and sat down amid a storm of applause.

On November 5th, 1858, John G. Paton and his wife Mary landed on Tanna. Their first impression was of the nudity, the ignorance, the ferocity of the natives; their second of the infamous cruelty of the sandal-wood traders. The two factors were inter-wrought to the undoing of Dr. Paton's heroic efforts, continuing over five years. For the desire for revenge upon the white man for his deeds of cruelty, treachery and greed was never permitted to slumber long in the heart of a Tannese.

It is piteous to read of John Paton, obliged to sit down in deliberate council with ten chiefs of Tanna in order to plead with them for a cessation of certain of their domestic atrocities and to receive from them their answer:

"If we did not beat our women, they would never work; they would not fear and obey us. But when we

[1] Pierson's *New Acts of the Apostles.*

have beaten and killed, and feasted on two or three, the rest are all very quiet and good for a long time to come."

Forced in order to save his life to flee from Tanna (which remains to-day problematic as concerns Christianity or civilisation), Dr. Paton, in 1866 escaping from the thousand perils which beset him there, began work on Aniwa, a small island west of Tanna. Three years after his arrival he celebrated the Lord's Supper with twelve natives, the most of whom had been murderers and cannibals. In 1892 he was able to characterise the whole population of Aniwa as "more openly and reverently Christian than any community he had ever visited."

VI

KING GEORGE TUBOU OF TONGA

De Quatrefages, in a table giving the stature of different races of men, puts the natives of Samoa and Tonga as the largest in the world, giving their average height as 5 feet, 9.92 inches. The men and women of the Tonga or Friendly Islands, which lie southeast of the Fijis, are well formed and graceful; they have good features and beautiful eyes.

After several apparently vain attempts to reach these islands with the Gospel, a group of Wesleyan missionaries, among them John Thomas, John Hutchinson and Nathaniel Turner, began work upon them about the year 1827. While among the thirty or less inhabited islands, divided into three minor groups, no trace of Christian influence could have been found, the new missionaries were overjoyed to discover on Tongatabu two native teachers from Tahiti. A chapel was in regular use in which these men preached regularly to congregations of several hundred persons. *Lotu,* the common name in these regions for the Christian religion, already was known and loved. Here was a nucleus for their work and upon it the missionaries were not slow to build. Interest grew and spread, and was carried to other islands and other groups in the Tongas.

Next enters upon the scene another Pomare, a miniature Clovis, who by the grace of God and his own sincere and potent character was enabled to transform

the Tongan Islands from centres of heathenism to centres of Christian civilisation in a generation. This was the Chief of the Habaai group. He heard that something extraordinary was going forward on Tongatabu and promptly betook himself to that group to observe. What he observed impressed him tremendously. His first impression seems to have been a mighty disgust toward the wooden images which he had all his life feared, worshipped, placated with sacrifices.

When he was again on his own island the Chief set to work energetically to show his sudden contempt for the whole paraphernalia of idol-worship. As usual on such occasions the priests set up strong opposition and sought to counter the move by a great pagan festival. To prevent this taking place the Chief desecrated the temple where the festival must be held by two singular but effective measures; he sent his women servants thither to sleep one night, their presence being naturally pollution; and he caused a drove of pigs to be driven through the sacred precincts. Next he hung the tribal gods by their necks from the rafters. The priests, not liking this suggestion, made haste to get out of reach.

Having called the Rev. John Thomas to his island to show him the truth more perfectly, the destructive side being always simpler than the constructive, the Chief visited in his canoe Finau, a brother chief on another minor group, and persuaded him to join the New Movement. Finau's treatment of his tribal deities was no less summary than that of his friend. He caused seven principal idols to be set in a row before him. Then he addressed them thus,

"I have brought you here to prove you. If you are gods, run away, or I will burn you."

As none of them ran, Finau proceeded to burn not only them but 18 pagan temples.

The Chief of Habaai had now been baptised, receiving the new name, "King George Tubou." He came to be considered and called the "Father of the Tonga Mission," the influence of his humble, heartfelt faith in Christ as a Saviour making itself everywhere manifest. King George was a powerful preacher, as well as a man of great administrative ability, and pure and lofty character. He is described as upwards of six feet in height, strikingly well proportioned and athletic, with a fine open countenance and unassuming dignity. In process of time he became king of all the Tongas.

In 1834 a series of remarkable revivals began in the Tonga Islands, on one day 1,000 souls being converted. Following this the previous savage despotism was done away, constitutional civil government taking its place. Common schools and a high school, as well as a training school for preachers were established. This last was called "Tubou College," in honour of the King, In 1860 licensed preachers to the number of nearly 500 had gone out from this school to their own islands and other groups far distant.

It has been testified that by 1870 the entire population, with the exception of 50 persons, had confessed Christ; that 8,000 of them could read and 5,000 could write their own tongue, reduced to a written language by the missionaries.

The Tonga mission long since became self-supporting, and is also a large contributor to the funds of the Wesleyan Society. The extraordinary success of mission work in these islands is due in large part to their situation, away from the most frequented trade-routes. It is also due in no small measure to the initial character

stamped upon it by King George Tubou. And it was to the influence of King George that the evangelisation of the Fiji Islands, in no small part, was due. And that is the next story.

VII

JOELI, "A MAN INDEED"

The island of Ono, among the Fijis, has a curiously interesting history. One of its Chiefs in 1835 in time of a fearful epidemic, brought forward a rumour, drifted across the seas from Tonga, of a one and only God. His name was said to be Jehovah, and, it was reported, if men would propitiate Him, they must set apart one day in seven for His honour.

For a time the Ono-ans thus ignorantly worshipped an unknown God. Then, one day, a half-wrecked boat-load of Tongan Christians was driven far out of its course upon Ono. These men were able to instruct the people more perfectly in "the Way." They were reinforced in this endeavour by brief visits of white missionaries from other islands. The Church of Ono soon became a shining light in the darkness of Fiji. About 1842 a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit took place, resulting in an urgent desire among the Christian natives to carry the Cross to surrounding islands, still pagan.

In her admirable book, *At Home in Fiji* (now unhappily out of print) [1] Miss Gordon-Cummings introduces us to Joeli Mbulu, and describes a typical scene

[1] This highly gifted writer in 1875 accompanied the family of Sir Arthur Hamilton Gordon to Fiji, of which he was first British Governor, and there resided, studying the natives and their condition with large intelligence and sympathy.

on the island of Ono of whose Christian Church he became in, 1845, the first ordained and settled pastor.

"It was like a story of the early days of the Church," wrote Miss Gordon-Cummings, "so wonderful was the flood of light and love that had been poured on these men and women. . . . Many now desired to be allowed to go as teachers to other parts of Fiji (of course in peril of their lives). Of these, eight were selected and the meeting closed with the simple prayer:

"They go, we stay on this small isle according to Thy will. We would all go, Thou knowest, to make known the good tidings!"

At the close of the morning service 300 communicants knelt together at the Holy Communion; and on the following morning all the people assembled on the beach, and again knelt in prayer for blessings on the teaching of the eight first missionaries sent forth by the little lonely isle to preach the Gospel of Christ to the vicious cannibal tribes throughout the group.

Of such stuff were the men and women of Joeli's first parish in Ono.

In the year 1874, King Thakombau, over-lord of the isles, with the lesser Fiji chiefs, had petitioned the Government of the English Queen to extend its protection over their domain, and the petition had been granted. Thakombau gave his reasons for desiring the British Protectorate in concise and significant phrases, from which we quote the following:

"Any Fijian Chief who refuses to cede cannot have much wisdom. If matters remain as they are Fiji will become like a piece of drift-wood on the sea, and be picked up by the first passer-by.

"The whites who have come to Fiji are a bad lot.

They are mere stalkers on the beach. The wars have been far more the result of intruders than the fault of the inhabitants.

"Of one thing I am assured, that if we do not cede Fiji, the white stalkers on the beach, the cormorants, will open their maws and swallow us.

"The king gives her Majesty Queen Victoria, his old and favourite war-club,—the former, and until lately the only known law of Fiji. The barbaric law and age are of the past; and his people now submit themselves, under her Majesty's rule, to civilisation."

If ever there was a man with a past it was this Fiji king, Thakombau. Blood-stained and terrible had been his life; but he had a Christian neighbour, King George Tubou of Tonga. And King George was bent on Thakombau's acceptance of *lotu*. He wrote to him; and he visited him; he reasoned with him; and he persuaded him to study the doctrines and the effects of *lotu* on the heart and on the life of men.

In the end Thakombau confessed publicly, "I have been a bad man," and professed conversion. But he had wives many and the wise missionaries put him, like any other weak brother, on probation. In the year 1857 Thakombau, having stood fast and put away all wives but one, with her received Christian baptism.

King George Tubou of Tonga had powerful allies in giving the evangel to Fiji. There was an heroic band of Scotchmen, Wesleyan missionaries, who from 1834 on laboured to this end. The names of Cargill, Cross, Hunt, Lythe and that of James Calvert can never be forgotten. And it must be remembered that humble Christian natives of Tonga, strong in the Faith, were already on the field with these lifting up the Cross of

Christ in Fiji. And among the greatest of these was Joeli Mbulu.

It can be asserted incontrovertibly that, in the recorded history of human endeavour, no such transformation of a people in character, behaviour and conditions of life has ever been effected as that wrought in Fiji by the grace of God and the self-devotion of His servants between 1835 and 1875.

"I often wish," wrote Miss Gordon-Cummings, under date, Bau, Fiji, May, 1877, "that some of the cavillers who are forever sneering at Christian missions could see what has been wrought here. Only ten years ago there was not the slightest security for life or property in all these islands. No man knew how quickly his own hour of doom might come. Now you may pass from isle to isle, certain everywhere to find the same cordial reception by kindly men and women. Every village on the eighty inhabited isles has built for itself a tidy church, and a good house for its teacher or native minister, for whom the village provides food and clothing. *Can you realise that there are nine hundred Wesleyan churches in Fiji,* at everyone of which the frequent services are crowded by devout congregations; that the schools are well attended; and that the first sound which greets your ear at early dawn, and the last at night is that of hymn-singing . . . rising from each dwelling at the hour of family prayers? . . . *What these people may become after much contact with the common run of white men, we cannot of course tell, though we may unhappily guess.*

"A year ago the first to welcome us on landing here was the native minister, Joeli Mbulu, the noble old Tongan chief. . . . To-day we have been to see him. Alas! his work is well nigh finished. He is greatly

changed this week,—wasted to a shadow; but his face is perhaps more beautiful than ever, from its sweetness of expression and the bright look which at times lights it up,—just like some grand old apostle nearing his rest. . . . He has been a Christian teacher in Fiji for the last 30 years,—that is, from the beginning,—amid noise and tumult of war, and in the thick of all the devilry and cannibalism. He has been King Thakombau's special teacher, and many a difficult day he has had with him. . . .

"Last night there was great wailing and lamentation in Bau, for soon after midnight Joeli passed away, and died nobly as he had lived. He was quite conscious to the very last, and the expression of the grand old face was simply beautiful, so radiant, as of one without a shadow of doubt concerning the Home he was so near. No man ever more truly earned the right to say, 'I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith'; and none ever was more truly humble. If ever the crown of righteousness is awarded by a righteous Judge to His true and faithful servants, assuredly Joeli will not fail to stand in that blessed company."

VIII

PAO, APOSTLE OF LIFU

The Loyalty Islands, lying south of the New Hebrides, facing the large single island of New Caledonia, form a gateway of access to the largest island in the world, Papua, or as we more commonly know it, New Guinea.

It is a blood-stained entrance to a yet bloodier battlefield for Christianity, but among the Loyalties lies Lifu, a bright spot in the fierce gloom. And Pao of Rarotonga is Herald and Hero of the Faith in Lifu.

Pao, native Christian, bold spirit, fervent and fearless, had sailed these Southern Seas again and again in whaling vessels. These voyages had widened his vision; and made many things clear to him, as that "it's wiser being good than bad"; had made him sagacious, sensible, shrewd, and, by force of some native moral fortitude within him, had left him none the worse. This part of Pao's education was followed by a course in the Rarotongan Training School, the heads of the mission discovering here missionary timber.

Then came a sojourn on Mare, a Loyalty island evangelised by Samoan native preachers, stained, too, and deeply by Christian blood. Here Pao was able to study "methods" in extension work, this in 1842 before proper theories were supposed to have been born. After a little he became impatient. It was time to get to work! So, one fine morning, with his Bible and a few clothes tied

in a bundle, he embarked in his canoe, spread his mat-sail to the wind and made for Lifu.

Here ruled an aged but powerful king who had vision. When Pao landed, alone and defenceless, on an errand so strange and puzzling to the Lifuans, they brought him before the King.

"Have you a message for me from the Great Spirit?" inquired the King.

"Yes, and here it is," was Pao's reply. With this he presented his Rarotongan New Testament. The King perceived that Pao brought something his people needed, so in that hour took him under his wing and gave him a chance to lift the Cross and preach the Gospel. Many souls accepted the redemption thus offered; many proved through fiery trial faithful to the end. When the king died fierce war broke out for the succession; also an epidemic swept away many of the islanders. For this Pao was naturally held accountable, so escaped to Mare to watch his chance.

He thought, over-soon, that the chance had come, and visited Lifu while war was still on, and again withdrew. But ere long peace came and with it a great popular demand for Pao's presence. In a few hours after this tidings reached him, Pao was on his way to Lifu. To his joy he found the band of Christians, which he had left behind, refined and purified by persecution, strong in the kingdom and patience of their Lord. All they wanted was a leader. And Pao was able to lead. He knew the way to establish a Christian community. Chapels were built; schools were formed; in course of time war and cannibalism were abolished. Pao did not shrink from personal danger; the darkest haunts of savage fanaticism were visited and cleaned out; every village was shown the better way.

When the time came for the guiding hand of European missionaries and they arrived on Lifu to organise the work in permanence, they found material for eight churches each with thirty members, confessed followers of Christ. Later the indispensable training school for native missionaries was established, and the island which Pao of Rarotonga had evangelised began its work of giving forth the blessing it had received.

In 1871 when the decision was made to open a mission in New Guinea, the call was given on Lifu for native volunteers to go to that island of dark repute. Every native pastor in Lifu and every student in the mission seminary volunteered for the perilous enterprise. Albeit only two were appointed for the service, one being Gucheng, a convert of Lifu, a marvellous man, later head of the Papuan Training School.

In 1893 the people of Lifu placed an obelisk above the grave of Pao, their first evangelist, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of his first coming to their island. The inscription reads,

"A memorial of the jubilee of the religion of Jesus Christ in this land; this stone is erected over the grave of Pao, who first brought the Word of God to this Country."

IX

KEKELA AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Once upon a time, an island chieftain from the South Seas was stranded in Hawaii far to the north of the equator. Finding himself in a civilised Christian community he was vastly struck by its superiority to conditions in his own home, Marquesas, one of the worst cannibal groups under the Southern Cross. Was it possible that such benefits could be conveyed to his far-off islands? Could the Hawaiians, would they, send missionaries to Marquesas?

The Hawaiians, being ardently missionary in sentiment, responded generously. A large sum of money was raised and a vessel chartered and despatched to the Marquesas. On board, besides this Chief, were two ordained Hawaiian ministers, one of whom was Kekela, two deacons with their wives and others.

Kekela settled on the Island of Hivaoa, near a rock platform famous for barbaric sports, pagan orgies and cannibal feasts. In the year 1864, Mr. Whalon, a United States Naval Officer on board the American ship *Congress,* was kidnapped on going ashore, stripped of his clothing by the Marquesan savages, taken to this place of infernal rites, chained and tortured. On the morrow he was to be killed and his flesh devoured, partly as occasion for high festival, partly as revenge for outrages of a Peruvian slave-trader recently suffered by the

island folk. Death itself cannot satisfy their instinct of vengeance; the enemy's flesh must be eaten.

Early on the following morning, Kekela, having learned what had happened, hastened to the spot, cut the white man's fetters and rushed him to a spot on the shore where his own mission-boat lay at anchor. Bidding the officer enter it without delay and row for his life to his vessel which was standing off the island, Kekela stood his ground before the angry natives as they discovered the loss of their prey. Appeased by the payment of a heavy ransom, the savages abandoned their first threats of vengeance; Kekela's life was spared and spared for nearly fifty years of faithful service on the Marquesas Islands.

When President Lincoln heard of this incident, he wrote a letter to Kekela expressing the nation's thanks for his heroic rescue of a United States officer and citizen, and with the letter sent gifts and medals of five hundred dollars' value.

The reply of the humble native missionary to the President's letter follows:

"When I saw one of your countrymen, a citizen of your great nation ill-treated, and about to be baked and eaten as a pig is eaten, I ran to save him, full of pity and grief at the evil deed of these benighted people. I gave my boat for the stranger's life. This boat came from James Hunnewell, a gift of friendship. It became the ransom of this countryman of yours that he might not be eaten by the savages who knew not Jehovah. This was Mr. Whalon and the date Jan. 14, 1864.

"As to this friendly deed of mine in saving Mr. Whalon, its seed came from your great land, and was brought by certain of your countrymen, who had re-

ceived the love of God. It was planted in Hawaii, and I brought it to plant in this land and in these dark regions that they might receive the root of all that is good and true, which is *love*.

"1. Love to Jehovah.

"2. Love to self.

"3. Love to our neighbour.

"If a man have a sufficiency of these three, he is good and holy, like his God Jehovah in His triune character (Father, Son and Holy Ghost), one-three, three-one. If he have two and wants one, it is not well; and if he have one and wants two, this indeed is not well; but if he cherishes all three, then is he holy indeed after the manner of the Bible.

"This is a great thing for your great nation to boast of, before all the nations of the earth. From your great land, a most precious seed was brought to the land of darkness. It was planted here not by means of guns and men-of-war and threatenings. It was planted by means of the ignorant, the neglected, the despised. Such was the introduction of the Word of the Almighty God into this group of Nunhiwa. Great is my debt to Americans, who have taught me all things pertaining to this life and to that which is to come.

"How shall I repay your great kindness to me? Thus David asked of Jehovah and thus I ask you, the President of the United States. This is my only payment—that which I have received of the Lord, love—(aloha)."

X

GREAT-HEART OF NEW GUINEA

When James Chalmers, missionary of Inverness, in the year 1877 was transferred from Rarotonga to New Guinea, he had been preceded by a pioneer band of natives among whom was Ruatoka, a second-generation Rarotongan Christian.

Ten years earlier, 1867, when, on first coming to the South Seas, he landed on Rarotonga, Chalmers had been challenged by the negro who was carrying him ashore from the ship, with the question,

"What fellow name belong you?"

Chalmers replied, giving his name. This being unpronounceable, the man roared out his announcement to those on shore in the syllables: *Ta-mate,* which appears a common native cognomen for a man of consequence. Thereafter among the Pacific Islands, Chalmers was known as Tamate.

The perilous expedition of 1877 to New Guinea was of Tamate's own seeking.

"For years," he said, "I had longed to get amongst real heathen and savages, and I was disappointed when we landed on Rarotonga and found them so much civilised and Christianised."

Here we have the keynote of the man's character. He was an Athlete of Christ emphatically; body, soul and spirit were vital, vigorous, virile. After the years of calm, pastoral work on Rarotonga, the call to more

daring deeds came to him. It was welcome. When Ruatoka's band of native teachers, two years before, departed for New Guinea, he had written: "How I should rejoice to accompany them, and stand in the centre of Papua, and tell of infinite Love! The nearer I get to Christ and His cross, the more do I long for direct contact with the heathen. The one wish is to be entirely spent for Christ, working, consumed in His love."

Echoes of Henry Martyn and David Livingstone come to us in those words.

When Chalmers reached New Guinea, the largest island in the world, and certainly in its population one of the most degraded, he found awaiting him at Port Moresby, Ruatoka and his wife, both shining lights in that dark place. Together, the missionary and the teacher took long trips, along the coast and inland, prospecting for a strategic point at which to plant the new mission. Concerning Ruatoka's courage and constancy Tamate gives us many proofs in his records of those days; of which, later. What of Tamate himself?

We do not often see our missionaries personally through the eyes of outsiders, wholly detached from them and their objective. But Robert Louis Stevenson, prejudiced at the outset, as he confesses, against missions and missionaries,—recognised Chalmers' great nature, rendered to it both his homage and his love in a species of hero-worship, and thenceforth did justice to the work and workers of the Cross in the Pacific.

The two men with their wives met on shipboard *en route* from Sydney to Samoa in 1890. Stevenson, as Tamate described it, "had bought 400 acres of land behind Apia and was going to squat." Tamate and his wife were journeying for health and for study of

missions in Samoa. We are able by means of his letters to look at this illustrious Scotch missionary through his great companion's eyes. Writing to his mother from Vailima, not long after this meeting, Stevenson speaks of going to Auckland soon, and says, "I shall meet Tamate once more before he disappears up the Fly River, perhaps to be one of the unreturning brave—and I have a *cultus* for Tamate; he is a man nobody can see and not love. Did I tell you I took the chair at his missionary lecture by his own desire? I thought you would like that; and I was proud to be at his side even for so long. He has plenty faults like the rest of us, but he's as big as a church. I am really highly *mitonari* now, like your true son."

From a letter of Stevenson's of later date to Tamate himself, we quote the exquisite and significant passages which follow: The writer, having expected to meet Tamate by appointment in Auckland, writes to express his disappointment in being unable to do so on account of conditions at Vailima.

"You must go without my farewell; and I must do without the inspiration of seeing you. . . . I am a man now past forty, Scotch at that, and not used to big expressions in friendship; and used on the other hand to be very much ashamed of them. Now, when I break my word to you, I may say so much:—I count it a privilege and a benefit to have met you. I count it a loss not to meet with you again. . . .

"I hope Mrs. Chalmers will not mind if I send also my love to her; and my wife's. How often have we talked of you both! . . . I ask you as a particular favour, send me a note of the most healthy periods in New Guinea. I am only a looker-on. I have a (rather heavy) charge of souls and bodies. If I can make out

any visit, it must be done sensibly, and with the least risk. But oh, Tamate, if I had met you when I was a boy and a bachelor, how different my life would have been!

"Dear Mrs. Chalmers, you say (and very justly), 'Tamate is such a rowdy'—your own excellent expression. I wonder if even you know what it means, to a man like me . . . to meet one who represents the essential, and who is so free from the formal, from the grimace. My friend, Mr. Clarke, said, 'I wish I could have him for a colleague to keep me up to the mark.' So I; I wish I had him for a neighbour to keep me human.

"Farewell! forgive me my failure. I think your Master would have had me break my word. I live in the hope of seeing you again. I pray God watch over you. Your sincere friend, R. L. S."

Such a letter is worth a thousand formal eulogies. It gives us Tamate, the man.

For the man Ruatoka, Tamate's humble friend, we have many vivid and affectionate portrayals, as he pressed forward in the dangerous and difficult effort of evangelising the savage tribes of New Guinea.

For the sake of strangers, this man faced hostile bands, ready to take his life, that so he might save the white man and give the knowledge of his Master to the ferocious cannibal. Once he rescued from death a fever-stricken Englishman, left to die alone in the wilderness. Chalmers thus described Ruatoka's line of action on hearing of the man's plight: "Ruatoka got a long piece of cloth, a small lantern and bottle of water and started (from Port Moresby) in the dark. About five miles out he was searching in the long grass when he heard a low moaning, and going whence the sound came, he

found poor Neville nearly dead, then fastening the cloth around him, he bent down, and taking the two ends in his hands, and using all his strength, he got the sick man on his back and began the return journey. He had to cross a range of hills over 300 feet high, and as day was breaking, he arrived at his house, and laid the sick man on their one bed, to be cared for by his wife, while he lay down dead beat. Neville was nursed back to life and was able to return inland."

A quaint but forcible lesson in Sabbath-keeping was given at the mission in New Guinea by Ruatoka on a certain Sunday. He was a strict Sabbatarian, and any infraction of the Fourth Commandment vexed his soul deeply.

On this particular Sunday morning, Ruatoka was holding his service in the Chapel when he was disturbed by a loud noise of hammering iron. It proceeded from a new cook-house close at hand which a German settler was building next his store. This settler had hired a Scotchman who happened to have come in from the river, to finish his roof. Ruatoka stood the noisy interruption to his service for a short time; then dismissed his congregation, took his English Bible (which he could read, however, but slightly) and marched solemnly to the cook-house. The German proprietor sat on the doorstep of his store watching the workman on the roof. Advancing to a spot just below the man, Ruatoka, who could speak only a little "Pidgen English," pointed to him and called, "Say, come down." The white man, astonished at this abrupt order from a native, made no reply. Ruatoka spoke again,—"Say you know savee, I speak come down." Upon this, the workman in very strong language ordered "the nigger" to betake himself to the infernal regions. "What do you talk?" cried

Ruatoka, nothing daunted, gathering words as his righteous wrath kindled, "You white fellow send missionary along my country and my country he get good, and he like Sabati much. Before my countrymen he eat you, but no now. I come along New Guinea, I speak man Sabati tabu, he no work, no fish, no hunt, no build house on Sabati. New Guinea man, he say, Ruatoka, you make lie; white man he work Sabati. What for you make him? Come down."

This oration was received with fresh oaths and Ruatoka's wrath rose higher. He was a tall powerful man and he was in earnest. He put his foot on the ladder to ascend to the roof.

The German, watching from his doorstep, seeing the case hopeless that day for his roof, intervened. "Ruatoka, my friend, stop!" he cried. Then shouted to the Scotchman, "You fool, come down at once. Can't you see, it is our friend, the teacher, and we are wrong?"

Ruatoka stood aside in silence while the man came down the ladder; then with sternness which would tolerate no trifling, he placed the Bible, open to the Fourth Commandment, in his hand and ordered him to read it and at once. Overawed, the white man obeyed the despised "nigger." Then, very quietly, Ruatoka said, "God, He speak you no work now. Put down hammer belong you."

There was a quiet Sabbath on the testimony of Tamate, for the remainder of that day.

. . . . . .

On April 4, 1901, Chalmers at Daru, entered in his brief diary: "6 A. M. S. E. strong. Heavy showers; 8.40 A .M. blowing and showers. Hope to leave. Will go down and see."

This was written in the mission house at Daru, his station on the west shore of the Gulf of Papua, a lonely place, and Tamate a weary man of sixty now, his wife dead, his health breaking under the prolonged strain of hard work and many dangers.

Between the few lines of this record, we can read the few, fatal facts. Tamate was bound on one more exploring tour, for he had set his heart on establishing mission stations all along the coast from Cape Blackwood to the Fly Delta. It was on this errand he "hoped to leave." His next step was to go down to the water's edge where the mission boat, the *Niue,* lay and take an observation of the weather and the prospects for a start.

The start was made later in the day. On the 7th, Easter Sunday, the *Niue* anchored off the village of Dopima on Goaribari Island at the mouth of the Omati River. On the 8th, Tamate with his young colleague, the Rev. Oliver Tomkins (whom he loved) and ten lads from the same mission, went ashore in the whale-boat to return in half an hour. The party left on board the *Niue,* watched for their return during the day; they watched through the long night. No sign of their friends along the island's coast came with the morning. In the morning of the 9th, the *Niue* left for Daru to report the matter to the governor. That there had been foul play was obvious.

Tamate with Tomkins and their attendants were dead, massacred at Dopima in cold blood by the savages they had come to befriend.

The Lieut. Governor of British New Guinea in his full official report of the tragedy and the just punishment dealt the perpetrators of it wrote,—"The locality is one which has a very bad reputation; the population is large and savage. . . . It was stated by the survivors

of the *Niue* that Mr. Chalmers probably anticipated some danger, as he wished to leave Mr. Tomkins; but the latter would not let him go without him, and they were called away together at each other's side. I am not alone in the opinion that Mr. Chalmers has won the death he would have wished for of all others—in New Guinea and for New Guinea."

. . . . . .

Upon the loss of his friend, Ruatoka (who survived Tamate but two years) wrote to the Reverend H. M. Dauncy, a fellow-worker in New Guinea, a letter which gives singular and striking proof of the Christ-like influence of Chalmers' life and spirit.

"May you have life and happiness," wrote Ruatoka. "At this time our hearts are very sad because Tamate and Mr. Tomkins and the boys are not here, and we shall not see them again. I have wept much. My father, Tamate's body I shall not see again, but his spirit we shall certainly see in Heaven, if we are strong to do the work of God thoroughly and all the time. . . . Hear my wish. It is a great wish. The remainder of my strength I could spend in the place where Tamate and Mr. Tomkins were killed; in that village, I would live. In that place where they killed men, Jesus Christ's name and His word I would teach to the people, that they may become Jesus' children. My wish is just this. You know it. I have spoken."

Part Six: THE SPLENDID ADVENTUROUS THIRTIES

"From the first, the missionary in India has been a pioneer in all that enriches life. He was a pioneer in higher English education; in primary education among the ignorant masses; in education for women; in medical work of all kinds; and now by common consent, the missionary is the pioneer in the most successful and useful lines of industrial training and development."

Robert A. Hume.

"God has been silently and peacefully doing His work, but He has infinitely greater designs than these. It is not His will that the influences set forth by Him shall cease at this point. Rather shall they course out to the very ends of the earth."

Echoes from Edinburgh.

"Women are needed for missions as well as men. On the whole, I think women make better missionaries than men."

Sir Harry Johnston.

American Board reports from Angola, West Africa, state that the Chief of the Galenge Tribe refuses longer to rule unless a missionary is sent to live among his people. He says, "I cannot control the Galenge unless I have schools like those of the American Mission among the Ovimbundu."

I

THE DECADE

1832-1842

The year 1830 was designated by the London *Spectator* as the "real birth year" of the nineteenth century. The decade from 1832 to 1842, fifth decade from the *annus mirabilis* of Modern Protestant Missions—1792—might be said to mark the coming of age of the movement.

Great forces were now at work in India, China, Moslem Lands, Africa, the Islands of the Seas. The main lines of action followed to-day were already laid down or projected. Great men stood at their posts. Carey in India and Morrison in China, *both died in 1834,* but strong men stood ready to take their places.

Organisation at the Home Base was now largely effected in the major denominations of Great Britain and the United States. From this time, the emphasis for us is in the main transferred from the work of the British Societies to our own, and from pioneering to expansion. A high tide of missionary consecration, as of missionary adventure and initiative, swept our churches in the thirties. Men and women were moved mightily. Fresh impetus was given by the new forces appearing on the field, under marching orders, from the great bodies of American Presbyterians and Episcopalians.

The first note of organisation by women for foreign mission work came from Great Britain in 1834; its purpose being to evangelise and to educate women of the Orient. There were great revivals;—in the Friendly and Sandwich Islands, in South India and in New Zealand. A conspicuous feature is the inauguration of new missions;—in Persia, Fiji, the Punjab, Siam, Madura, Java, Orissa, Samoa, Assam; among the Telugus, Garos and Nagas; in Liberia and at certain points in China.

The decade is marked by many and great new names: Melville B. Cox, Titus Coan, Dr. Peter Parker, James Calvert, Bishop Selwyn, David Livingstone. And Judson, his converts now a thousand, finishes the revision of his Burman Bible, while the Maori New Testament, the Tongan Bible, the Persian and the Hawaiian translations, are published in complete form.

A great record this for ten years, and full of promise for greater to follow.

II

THE BIBLE AND THE SCHOOL

It may be said that the missionary's heart is held by the passion of making known to needy men the love of Christ,—evangelism is the supreme motive. His head, his brain power, is consecrated to the structure of language itself, where this is required, and to translation and publication of the Bible and Christian literature. His right and left arms are Education and Medical Work. His tools are the activities and appliances of civilisation, from sanitation and banking, down to making bricks. These varied lines of labour were well developed in our Fifth Decade.

The structure of dialects and languages, the translation and printing of the Old and New Testaments in the vernacular, together with other Christian literature, have from the first formed an integral part of every missionary enterprise. And the task is a prodigious one. With the civilised nations, such as India or China, there was a written language to begin upon, however difficult to master. But in the case of primitive people, such as the tribes of Africa and the South Sea Islands, the first rudiments of alphabet and syllables must be constructed; while definitions could be achieved only by the closest and most accurate study of the actual intercourse of the native people. In various tribes it was almost impossible to discover a spoken term for *God,* for *gratitude,* for *faith, conscience, hope, law,* and many another concept.

Only unwearying and sympathetic labour could reduce these primitive dialects to writing, could produce in them grammar, dictionary and Bible. But James S. Dennis is authority for the record of sixty-one dictionaries of different African tongues; thirty-seven for British India, twenty-one for China. The Bible, in whole or in part, has now been translated into 600 languages and dialects, the whole Bible into 135 languages. The New Testament itself has been printed in 261 tongues. "Huge is the debt which philologists owe to the labours of British missionaries in Africa!" Sir H. H. Johnston comments in his *British Central Africa.* "By evangelists of our own nationality nearly 200 African languages and dialects have been illustrated by grammars, dictionaries, vocabularies, and translations of the Bible."

Probably the Islanders of the Southern Pacific were originally the most completely primitive savages among the nations of the earth. It is interesting to note that among them the Bible in whole or in part can now be found in at least forty different versions suited to the different tribes.

The earliest pioneers to these tribes made this work of language and translation their foremost aim, beginning with Henry Nott, one of the band who sailed to Tahiti in 1796 on the *Duff,* and who laboured on his Tahitian Bible for twenty years. John Williams, after working hard and long on his Rarotongan New Testament, went to England to see it through the press in perfected form. After four years' absence he returned to the island, five thousand copies of his hard-won Rarotongan Testament with him, on the missionary ship *Camden.* The welcome which the book received as he distributed it among the native people crowding around

him, he has himself described. "Everyone," he said, "was eager to buy a copy. One man, as he secured his, hugged the book in ecstasy; another and another kissed it; others held them up and waved them in the air. Some sprang away like a dart, and did not stop till they entered their own dwellings, and exhibited their treasures to their wives and children, while others jumped and capered about like persons half frantic with joy."

Education, Christian Education, we have described as the missionary's right hand. Note its growth. In India from 126 Protestant mission schools, attended by 10,000 pupils a century ago, we have now 14,000 such schools, attended by over 650,000 pupils; and 38 well-equipped Christian colleges in place of one. China, with 3,708 primary mission schools and 553 academies and high-grade institutions, has 18 colleges and universities. In the Turkish Empire, exclusive of Syria, the number of Mission Schools before the war was reported as 432 with eleven colleges and four Theological and Bible Schools. Syria, including Palestine, in 1914 was equipped with 306 mission schools of all grades, two colleges and two Theological Schools.

III

EDUCATION OF WOMEN OF THE EAST

1834

Accustomed for several generations in the United States to the work and working of higher education for women, it is only those familiar with the conditions of women of the Orient who can realise what the achievement of colleges for these connotes. For among the Christian colleges above mentioned, four in India are exclusively for women, as are two in China, and in Turkey one.

Not over many, to be sure, but a beginning. The general depression and ignorance of the women of the East is notorious and has led to immeasurable social debasement. Of the women of India only one per cent can read and write. In China only one woman in each thousand can even read. In both these vast realms the seclusion and subordination of women, especially among the higher classes, is entrenched in pre-historic custom and religion.

The Code of Manu, India's great "moral law," declares:

"Sinful woman must be as foul as falsehood itself. This is a fixed law."

"A woman must never rule herself; in her childhood she obeys her father; in her youth, her husband; when her husband dies, she obeys her sons."

"Though destitute of every virtue or seeking pleasure elsewhere, yet a husband must be constantly worshipped as a god by a faithful wife."

A common proverb runs, "Educating a woman is like putting a knife in the hands of a monkey."

It is not, perhaps, surprising that the average Hindu gentleman, even of the present day, though himself university-bred, quails a little before the idea of education for his wife. For long centuries officially entitled to worship, he dreads the thought that its fervour might depend in some degree upon his own individual character and behaviour! Woman his chattel, his plaything, his useful slave,—in that capacity she is all very well. But woman his equal, his comrade, his friend,—is it conceivable?

Twenty-six centuries of Confucianism have given China polygamy, seclusion of women by foot-binding and general consent of public opinion. The universal estimate of woman is as a necessary evil to be diligently kept in her place. The following is one of the sacred sayings of Confucius:

"Women are as different from men as earth is from heaven. Women, indeed, are human beings, but they are of a lower state than men and can never attain full equality with them. The aim of female education, therefore, is perfect submission, not cultivation and development of the mind."

It is safe to say that *any* education for girls and women in these countries, or in any pagan or non-Christian country, is the result, in the beginning, of missionary endeavour.

The first school for girls in India was opened at Serampore in 1800 by Hannah Marshman, who seven

years later established a second school. Mrs. Marshman was a woman of great nobleness of character, as well as of conspicuous intellectual and executive ability. For forty-six years she devoted herself unremittingly to the education of India's girls and women with an enthusiasm and devotion which never failed.

The first mission school for girls in China was opened in Singapore, soon after the memorable visit in 1834 of the Rev. David Abeel to England. Although in 1820 Miss M. A. Cooke had gone to India and there engaged successfully in educational work for girls, (she being the first unmarried woman to enter the foreign field), her example had not been followed to any considerable extent. Mr. Abeel made known to the women of Great Britain in convincing terms the dire need for the work of single women among the secluded women of China and India. He appealed definitely for two objects:—women to go out as educational workers, thus relieving and extending the labour of the wives of missionaries to whom this branch of service had hitherto been delegated; and, second, the organisation of women's boards at the home-base to sustain and stand definitely behind them.

Mr. Abeel's appeal stirred the Christian women of England in such degree that there was organised in that same year, 1834, "The Society for Promoting Female Education in the East." Not until 1861 were like steps taken in America. But before any organisation was formed among us to encourage the entrance of single women into this service, Fidelia Fiske left Mount Holyoke to go to the remote and isolated mission at Urumia, Persia. At the head of this mission stood Dr. Grant, the well-known author of *Mountain Nestorians*. This was in 1843. Two years later the death of Dr.

Grant left Miss Fiske in a position of peculiar isolation. Undaunted, she proceeded to develop the boarding school, which she had opened, into a New Holyoke. The transformation of the Persian girls under her care from a state of indescribable moral, mental and physical degradation into Christian womanhood is one of the wonders of missions. In 1846 a remarkable revival of religion began which continued for ten years, changing the aspect not only of the school but of the whole mission, its character and its prospects. At a celebration of the Lord's Supper in 1858, when Miss Fiske by reason of failing health was forced to leave Persia, between 60 and 70 of her former pupils were gathered with her, some of whom had to travel 60 miles to bid her farewell.

In 1861 the organisation of American Christian women for the furtherance of Foreign Missions began with the Woman's Union Missionary Society, founded by Mrs. Doremus in New York City. Following this thirty-three woman's societies were formed within twenty-one years. Each one of these is engaged in large degree in the promotion of woman's education in non-Christian lands. Boarding and day schools for girls from the primary to high-school standards are now scattered liberally by these agencies through the Near East, in China, Japan and in India and to lesser extent in Africa and the Islands of the Seas. In most of these industrial education in some form is carried on. European and American women are still, in general, at the head of the teaching staffs.

Here we discover in strong light, the acute demand for native colleges for women. These native secondary schools cannot and should not for a day longer than is required by the exigencies of the case, be manned by

foreigners. There is no lack of capacity among the women of the Orient to serve as teachers even in the highest grade institutions. What they lack is higher education and training for this and kindred service all along the line of advance.

When, in Tremont Street Methodist Church in Boston in 1869 a Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church had been organised, the name of Isabella Thoburn was presented to the just-born society as one who stood ready to sail for India under their auspices, if appointed. The proposition, made thus early, staggered many of those present as premature, but Mrs. E. F. Porter rose and exclaimed,

"Shall we lose her because we have not the needed money in our hands? No, rather let us walk the streets of Boston in calico and save the expense of more costly apparel. Mrs. President, I move the appointment of Miss Thoburn as our missionary to India."

The response of the meeting was unanimous, "We will send her."

Arrived at Lucknow in 1870 Miss Thoburn opened a school for little girls in a single room. In 1884 this was advanced to High School grade. In 1886 it became a College, affiliated with the University of Allahabad. To-day it has become a Union College, one of two such now open in India, the second being the Woman's Christian College of Madras.

In 1900 Miss Thoburn was present at the epoch-making Ecumenical Missionary Conference in New York City. In her address to that body on April 24th she gave some incisive utterances on the subject of college education for women. "Dr. Duff," she declared, "one of the great educators, said, 'You might as well try to scale a Chinese wall fifty feet high as to educate the

women of India.' The wall has not only been scaled, but thrown down. . . . There is nothing to compare with the opening for educated women in Asia. The West cannot supply this help to the East, there are not hands enough. . . . Mission policy is full of social problems. . . . They will never be solved by men alone, though they give their working years to the study. We, as missionaries, are doing poor work for the women *if we are not developing leadership in them.*"

With Miss Thoburn on the platform that day was her former pupil, then on the college faculty at Lucknow, Lilavati Singh, one of the most engaging and distinguished of the women of India who have visited America. On hearing her address the great audience assembled, Ex-President Harrison exclaimed, "If this was the only result of the money spent on missions, she would justify the expense!"

Lilavati Singh at the time of her early death, 1909, had been elected president-elect of the Isabella Thoburn College to become successor to Miss Thoburn, who died in the year following the Ecumenical Conference.

IV

LOVEDALE AND OTHERS

In 1841 the first school combining industrial and agricultural features with a regular educational curriculum was founded at Lovedale, Cape Colony, Africa. While started by the Glasgow Missionary Society, Lovedale is non-sectarian. Its distinctive work and the high degree of success attained make an irresistible appeal to the co-operation of Christians of every name.

While industrial and agricultural training have been largely introduced in India and other lands to which the mission enterprise has found its way, these lines of education are more conspicuously followed in Africa than elsewhere, owing to the primitive mental development of the natives and the crying need for their physical uplift. Says Sir Harry H. Johnston:

"It is they (missionaries) too, who in many cases have first taught the natives carpentry, joinery, masonry, tailoring, cobbling, engineering, bookkeeping, printing. . . . Almost invariably it has been to missionaries that the natives of Interior Africa have owed their first acquaintance with the turning-lathe, the mangle, the flat-iron, the saw mill and the brickmould. . . . Instead of importing printers, etc., from England or India, we are gradually becoming able to obtain them amongst the natives of the country, who are trained in the missionaries' schools, and who, having been given simple,

wholesome, local education, have not had their heads turned, and are not above their station in life."

Now all these lines of useful, practical development being embodied successfully in Lovedale, we will enumerate its departments as typical in greater or less measure of mission institutions of this order.

Boys' Boarding and Day Schools; Girls' Boarding and Day Schools; the Institution Church; the Victoria Hospital; High School; Training School; Theological Department; Elementary School; Technical Department; Carpentry Department; Printing and Binding Department; Wagon-making and Black-smithing; Post Office; Book Department; Girls' Industrial Department; Farm Department; Special Classes in Music, Needlework, Woodwork, etc.; Literary Society; Sports; Library; Students' Christian Association.

While the exact number of pupils at Lovedale in the present year cannot be given, it may be said that between 600 and 800 are commonly enrolled.

In specialised agricultural mission work the outstanding exponent is Mr. Sam Higginbottom of India. From all parts of the land young men, including native princes and nobles, flock to his Agricultural School at Allahabad for practical training. This American missionary is the recognised expert in his line of Northern India. At the same time he retains his connection with Ewing College, where he is free to teach Christ to all who come under his influence.

Mr. Higginbottom has introduced modern American agricultural machinery into India and has raised the yield of wheat per acre from the old average of ten bushels to a yield of 25 to 30 bushels. The fame of this most vital achievement has spread far and wide. In

it lies promise and potency of ultimate conquest of the scourge of those famines which from time to time devastate India.

The British Government in India has met a unique problem in the existence of a hereditary criminal class, similar to the more formidable thugs of an earlier day. These are known as the Erukalas or Red Thieves' Tribe. The Government, finding itself almost impotent either to control or to reform these restless criminals has recently placed large tracts of land in the hands of the Salvation Army and of Baptist and Methodist missionaries with a view to their betterment. The result of this enterprise appears in the reduction of crime 75 per cent in one year.

At Kavali, South India, and in adjacent villages is a famous settlement of 1800 of these outlaws, in charge of the Rev. Samuel D. Bawden, an athletic young missionary of almost a giant's stature. He is an earnest Christian, possessed, in particular, of a certain compelling kindliness of nature.

The late Rev. A. H. Strong, D.D., a visitor to Kavali, testifies:

"The success of it proves its value. There are no prison walls. There are no punishments except deprivation of food-wages. Each member of the community is paid in food, and in proportion to the extent of his labours. If he will not work, neither can he eat. Opportunities for education are given to all. There is even a church made up of converted criminals. . . . Nothing is given away but education and Christian influence. Everything for the physical man is earned. In this way hundreds of reformed criminals learn to

gain their own living and to lead an honest life. It was pathetic to see the reverence and affection of these humble men for their 'big father,' or 'our Saviour, Mr. Bawden.'"

Oriental countries overflow with orphans by reason of constantly recurrent flood, famine, and warfare, but until missionaries came upon the scene no institution resembling an orphanage had been known in them.

Millions of men in India and China are able to earn but six cents a day. This must suffice in general to provide lodging, food and clothing for a family. It is easy to see that there is but a step between such families and starvation. Scanty harvest and lack of work are common misfortunes, hence localised famines are of constant occurrence, to say nothing of the terrible scourges which at intervals sweep large territories. The parents, with the instinct of parenthood, deny themselves the scanty food attainable for the sake of their children. Thus they die of starvation and hundreds of helpless orphans are left behind.

Dr. William Butler, the famous Methodist missionary to North India, was among the first to establish orphanages for these piteous waifs. No Mohammedan or Hindu hand reached out to succour them. No trait, indeed, is more conspicuous in these peoples than their apathy in the face of suffering.

It was as an act of faith, as well as of benevolence, that Dr. Butler in 1860, on the occasion of a famine in Rohilcund, opened the doors of his mission to a hundred and fifty of the orphans in his neighbourhood. There came flooding in upon him children of all ages, from three months to thirteen years, weak, emaciated, some

dying. Devoted care saved all but fifteen of the number. From this beginning sprang two orphanages under Dr. Butler's care,—Christian homes, where the children enjoyed wholesome and happy conditions, and were trained and educated for useful lives.

In some cases, in the great famines, a single missionary has been known to rescue and care for seven hundred children until they could be distributed among different orphanages. The orphanage has become one of the familiar features of the missionary economy. They are homes of industry; dairy-farming, rope-making, carving, weaving, wood-working, together with exquisite art and craft in lace and linen work are among the occupations by which these growing boys and girls are trained to self-support.

An institution of this general class at Dohnavur, in the Tinnevelli District of South India, illustrates one of the darkest sides of Hinduism. There is probably no company of orphans so tragically orphaned in the world as this. It is the home of little girls rescued by Miss Amy Carmichael and her fellow-workers of the Church of England Zenana Society, from the life of temple-harlots, into which they have been sold in early infancy by their parents. The Hindu title of these doomed children is *devadasis,* servants or slaves of the gods. Slaves of the priests would be the accurate title. The ceremony of giving over one of these little girls to her hideous vocation is called being *married to the god,* or *tied to the stone*—image of the god.

In face of the stern opposition of the Brahman authorities, Miss Carmichael, and those associated with her in the Dohnavur mission, have rescued two hundred of these little girls from the unspeakable degradation to which they were devoted, and have established a

Christian home for them. At Dohnavur are more than twenty separate nurseries, a hospital and school buildings. With tender care and invincible patience these miserable little ones are led to cleanliness of thought and life, of soul and body. There is plenty of playtime and playroom for them,—a swimming-pool, charming flower gardens and playgrounds. There is a Kindergarten for the youngest little waifs and schools of different grades for the older ones. They grow up sweet, upright, Christian.

But what of the religious system which creates the need for Miss Carmichael's Christlike enterprise? Exponents of the lofty philosophy of Hinduism pass very lightly over the human sacrifice of the temple girls. A *Swami,* unable to deny the fact, says placidly, "The Temple worship is one thing, and religious teaching is another." And very wisely so. The crafty Brahman keeps on the safe side of the law, but within his own domains his despotism is absolute. The temple is his domain.

Sometimes, as Miss Carmichael shows us in her volume, *Things As They Are,* a young girl in a high caste home has had even the courage to break her own chains and confess Christ. The result? She disappears. Sometimes she is immured for life in a dark corner of the Hindu house; sometimes a frail little body is found thrown outside the house door. A crime? Yes. But nobody is convicted. *Caste sees to that.* Probably a priestly interdict will be laid upon a whole village, forbidding all further communication with Christian missionaries. You can hear the echo of all this frightfulness in Rudyard Kipling's groan,—*"The foundations of life are rotten, utterly rotten, beastly rotten."*

So much for the beauty of Hinduism!

V

FLOW AND EBB IN MADAGASCAR

1832-1869

The missionary story of this great postscript to Africa, third largest island on the globe, is deeply marked by the names of two native queens, Ranavalona I and Ranavalona II. The first name is a synonym of infamous cruelty. Ranavalona I is commonly designated as another Bloody Mary, but the title is wholly inadequate. The second name is that of a wise and gentle Christian queen.

In the early thirties, the native Christian Church of Madagascar was established upon foundations laid by the London Missionary Society as far back as 1818. Important portions of the Bible translated into Malagasy were freely circulated and education was advancing rapidly, in 1833 30,000 natives being able to read. There were then 2,000 professed Christians belonging to the native churches. But a few years earlier, upon the death of King Radama I, Ranavalona, one of his twelve wives, had snatched the reins of government from his lawful successor,—a fact of terrible import to the infant church. She began her reign by putting to death all near relatives of her husband. By reason of much war-making, Ranavalona I was unable for a time to give particular attention to the Christian community, which, though alarmed and watchful, pur-

sued its peaceful progress, gathering in yearly many converts from the gross heathenism of the island.

The first decisive note of warning was sounded in January, 1832, when prohibition of baptism was enacted. In 1834, the queen forbade any native to learn to read or write except in government service. A year later, formal accusation against the Christians was preferred in the following charges:

1st. They despise the idols.
2nd. They are always praying.
3rd. They will not swear, but only affirm.
4th. Their women are chaste.
5th. They are of one mind with regard to their religion.
6th. They observe the Sabbath as a sacred day.

Holy indictment! A thousand and six hundred souls pleaded guilty to it. Cruel persecution followed.

The missionaries were ordered off the island. Severest penalties were visited upon all who refused to worship the idols in which the queen had declared upon her coronation she put her trust. And this cruel policy was sustained for twenty-six years. Through it all, in spite of chains, torture and the sword, none of these native Christians turned back to heathenism. To the amazement of the queen, for everyone whom she put to death, a score accepted the new faith. The years 1839 to 1842 were marked by extreme fury of persecution; a lull of five years followed; then, in 1849, another baptism of blood came upon the infant church.

On the 28th of March, 1849, nineteen Christians, all of them of excellent families and four of them at least from the highest nobles, were condemned to die for the

crime of being Christians. Fifteen were to be hurled over the cliffs at Ampamarinana, a perpendicular wall of rock 150 feet high, and with a rocky ravine or canon at the bottom. This is now known as the Rock of Hurling of Antananarivo. This was counted perhaps the most terrible form of persecution. The queen looked down from her palace windows and saw her subjects dashed to pieces because they were Christians. The idols were taken to the place of execution, and each victim was lowered a little way over the precipice and the demand made, "Will you worship this god?" or, "Will you cease to pray to Christ?"

The answer in each case was an emphatic "No." And the rope was cut, and the martyrs often singing as they went, were hurled down upon the rocks below.

Only one of the condemned was spared—a young girl of fifteen, a relative and favourite of the queen, who, finding her firm, caused her to be taken away and sent to a distant village on the charge that she was insane. This noble girl, Raviva by name, lived to found a large Christian church in the place where she was exiled, and to bring her father and her relatives to Christ.

This crime was followed by a series of monstrous deeds, Queen Ranavalona seeming to bend all her energies to the invention of new forms of ignominy and torture with which to enhance the terrors of martyrdom. But all testimonies, both heathen and Christian, prove that not only was there no recantation, but that the terrible deaths to which the native Christians were subjected were borne with quiet heroism and unfaltering trust in God. And wonder of wonders,—the little company of believing men and women, left by their English pastors and teachers as sheep without a shepherd in

1836, had multiplied at least twenty fold in 1861, the year of the queen's death.

Her immediate successors, although not openly Christian, were prompt and sincere in their efforts at restoration of religious liberty in their realm. In 1868, when Ranavalona II came to the throne, the joyful word went forth that Madagascar was to be a Christian kingdom, for their new queen was herself a Christian and her life proved her truly consecrated to Christ. She and her prime minister, soon after her coronation, were baptised and received into the "palace-church." Thus was accomplished the supremacy of Christianity in Madagascar.

As if in a single night, a great evangelical national church sprang into being. An increase of 16,000 worshippers was recorded in this year and the cornerstone of a noble Chapel Royal was laid in the Courtyard of the palace where in the reign of Ranavalona I of dreadful memory, the bloodiest edicts of persecution were proclaimed.

Upon stone tablets, forming part of the surface of the Chapel, the following inscription, read at the laying of the cornerstone in 1869, is engraved:

"By the power of God and grace of our Lord Jesus, I, Ranavalomanjaka, Queen of Madagascar, founded the House of Prayer, on the thirteenth Adimizana, in the year of our Lord Jesus Christ, 1869, as a house of prayer for the service of God, King of kings and Lord of lords, according to the word in sacred Scriptures, by Jesus Christ the Lord, who died for the sons of all men, and rose again for the justification and salvation of all who believe in and love Him.

"For these reasons this stone house founded by me

as a house of prayer, cannot be destroyed by anyone, whoever may be king of this my land, forever and forever; but if he shall destroy this house of prayer to God which I have founded, then he is not king of my land, Madagascar. Wherefore I have signed my name with my hand and the seal of the kingdom.

"RANAVALOMANJAKA, Queen of Madagascar."

It is sad to record that in 1895, the island of Madagascar having been seized by the French, and the Jesuits having established themselves in the ecclesiastical seats of the mighty, the evangelical churches were systematically opposed, religious liberty being set at defiance. The Paris Missionary Society (Evangelical) with fine courage and resolution, has come to the aid of the hard-pressed Protestant population and has succeeded in preventing active persecution. But the heroic development of the mid-nineteenth century has been suppressed with a heavy hand. The end is not yet.

VI

TITUS COAN OF HILO

1835-1882

From Christianised Tahiti, about 1819, a waft of purified moral air was blown northward over the Pacific to heathen Hawaii. Amazing tidings of a new religion, in which the intolerable system of *tabu* was done away, excited the natives of the Hawaiian group almost to frenzy. A general iconoclastic rage struck them amain. A royal proclamation forbade forever the worship of images in the islands.

When, in 1820, the first group of American missionaries, headed by Hiram Bingham and Asa Thurston, landed on the islands, they were greeted by the announcement that the idols had been destroyed. Hawaii was a non-idolatrous country. This, however, did not signify that it was a Christian country. On the contrary, king and people alike opposed the landing of the missionaries. They had heard enough by way of Tahiti to know that polygamy, intemperance, gambling and prostitution had no place on the programme of Christianity. But the missionaries succeeded in landing and in getting to work. It was not long before the new Mission won its way into the upper social circles of Hawaii. Kings and queens came to listen and some accepted the Gospel teaching. Most conspicuous was the Princess Kapiolani (the captive of heaven), who

was descended from a line of kings and was the wife of the national orator.

In December, 1824, she determined to break the spell of belief in Pele, the goddess of the volcano. For this purpose she made a long journey to Kilauea. Her husband and a multitude of friends besought her not to provoke the wrath of the supposed goddess. A priestess met her at the brink of the crater and predicted her death if she persisted in her course. But she boldly descended into the volcano and walked to the brink of the burning lake, then half a mile in breadth, and there defiantly ate the berries consecrated to the goddess, and threw stones into the fountains of fire. As she did this she exclaimed, "Jehovah is my God. He kindled these fires. I fear not Pele." She then knelt in prayer to the true God and united with her attendants in singing a Christian hymn.

Up to her death in 1841, Kapiolani proved in her daily walk and conversation that no taint of the theatrical had entered into her startling object-lesson. She was not only sincerely Christian in her private life but marvellous in her work as a reformer. Her influence became all-powerful in combating murder, infanticide, theft, Sabbath-breaking, lust and drunkenness, the tenacious vices of her people. Schools were founded by her efforts; the beauty of an ordered Christian home life was set forth; and like Lydia, she received with kindliest hospitality all strangers who came in the name of Christ, her Lord.

The death in Hawaii of another wise Christian queen in 1832 was followed by an unhappy reaction from the standards which the missionaries had upheld often against terrible odds. The prince who succeeded, being given over to evil advisers, a period of disorder and

demoralisation set in. From the standpoint of the missionaries, the outlook in 1834 was very dark, but in 1835 there came upon the scene a new missionary, the Rev. Titus Coan, whose advent marked a new era in Hawaii.

Mr. Coan was a man of splendid physique,—an athlete and full of vital power, spiritually as well as physically. Stationed at Hilo on Hawaii, while still engaged in learning the language, he began the series of tours along the coast for a hundred miles which have made his name famous. Each one of these excursions was an adventure hazardous in the extreme. On one, for example, Mr. Coan crossed sixty-three ravines, many of them ranging from 200 to 1,000 feet in depth. "It was often a matter of climbing with both hands and feet, over perilous places, sometimes of being let down by ropes from tree to tree, or being carried on the shoulders of a native while a company of men with locked hands stretched themselves across the torrent to prevent the danger of being carried over the falls." By efforts like these, village after village, heretofore counted practically inaccessible to the missionaries, was visited and was able to hear the good news of the Kingdom.

Hilo was a hamlet of a thousand souls. When in 1837, the divine spark kindled into fire all along that coast and Mr. Coan found that 15,000 people in the lonely villages he had visited were clamouring to hear more of the gospel, he was forced to new measures. He bade those to whom he could not go to come to him, and they came flocking in by families and clans, bringing with them their aged and crippled on litters. Hilo's population of one thousand was raised to ten and for two years sustained at that mark.

The situation can best be described as "a two-year colossal camp-meeting." Thousands came together to listen to the Word, morning, noon and night. A mighty outpouring of God's spirit came upon the community thus strangely gathered together from many into one. Mr. Coan preached simply, quietly, avoiding all which could produce excitable conditions in the crowds who listened to him, challenging no testimony or confession. Nevertheless, the people, conscious of evil hearts and vicious habits, cried out aloud in agony of repentance,—What shall we do to be saved?

Searching and inexorable, the missionary's teaching probed to the very core, not only of secret idolatry, but of drunkenness, adultery, dishonesty, fighting, murders. Confession of secret and open sin was followed by lives transformed. The High Priest and Priestess of Pele, the great crater of Kilauea, two arch-criminals, had for years held the ignorant masses in subjection by threats of violence; unhesitatingly, they would commit murder for sake of a garment or a little food. Even such servants of diabolism as these came to listen. They were pricked to the heart and confessed their treacheries and their foul deeds of deceit and of blood. In humble penitance they bowed before the Christ who could forgive even sinners such as they. Until death, they bore themselves thereafter as true Christians.

The work thus begun grew until it shook the whole land. In 1838 and 1839 over 5,000 persons were received into the church. On one Sabbath, 1,705 were baptised and in the Communion of the Lord's Supper following 2,400 participated. When in 1870, Titus Coan removed from Hilo, he had personally baptised nearly 12,000 persons, and not one of these was admitted to Christian fellowship without careful scrutiny and

testing, and systematic teaching of the standards of Christian faith and living. That the Church of Hawaii was from the first a missionary church was inevitable, for it was in truth an Apostolic Church.

In 1883, the American Board, counting Hawaii Christianised, withdrew from the field, leaving a church membership of about 15,000. The gifts of the people during that year to church and missions amounted to $21,000. Thirty per cent of their ministers were missionaries on other islands, faithful and devoted in their work.

The Jubilee of the introduction of Christianity into the Sandwich Islands (Hawaii) was celebrated in 1870. The Rev. Nathaniel G. Clark, Secretary of the American Board, who had come to the islands to share in the celebration, thus recorded his impressions:

"The grandest scene of all that Jubilee day, was the veteran native missionary, Kauwealoha, returned after seventeen years in the Marquesas Islands, where, after the failure of English missionaries and American missionaries, he with two others, had driven down their stakes and stayed on, through trial and hardships till he could report four churches of Christ established, and that 500 men and women had learned to read the story of the cross. And there on that 15th of June standing up in the presence of his king, foreign diplomats, old missionaries, and that great assembly, he held aloft the Hawaiian Bible, saying, 'Not with powder and ball, and swords and cannon, but with this loving word of God and with His Spirit, do we go forth to conquer the islands for Christ.' "

Part Seven: HIGH LIGHTS DOWN THE DECADES—1852-1922

"There is this difference between Christ and all the religions of India; all the others are passing away. Christ alone will remain."

A Hindu Ascetic.

"Forty years of continued, unstinted service for the people not of one's own race and nation! Let our readers think of it. Is there any one of our countrymen who is thus spending and being spent for our immediate neighbours, the Koreans? Forty years continued, unostentatious work, not to get money, or praise, but with an aim known only to himself and his Maker! . . . The joy, the contentedness, the sweet submission in his work seemed to imply some source of strength not wholly explicable by physics and physiology."

Yorodzu Cho, Tokio, 1898,
on the death of Guido F. Verbeck.

"China is poor to-day, not for lack of resources, but because our one burning need is for moral character and moral leadership. Christianity alone can supply this need for China."

C. T. Wang,
Vice-President of the Chinese Senate and
Delegate to the Peace Conference.

"Say to the Americans, I have seen the missionaries and their work at Urumiah, Salmas, Tabriz and Teheran, and I know them and their work,—it is an angel work!"

General Wagner,
Drillmaster of the Persian Army.

"The design is not to send Presbyterianism, Independency, Episcopacy, or any other form of church order and government, but the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, to the heathen."

Constitution of the London Missionary Society, 1796.

I

THE SUNRISE KINGDOM

The seventh decade in the life of the Protestant Missionary Enterprise, 1852-1862, is one of striking significance for several reasons. But the event, transcending all others in importance is by common consent the opening of Japan's closed doors. In 1853 Commodore Perry entered the Bay of Yeddo (Tokio). In 1858 Townsend Harris, first U. S. envoy to Japan, secured a treaty which opened Japan to commerce.

For over two centuries an absolute prohibition had banished the Roman Catholic missionaries who, after the middle of the 16th century, had conducted work in Japan. These articles of prohibition were posted throughout the land. They read thus: *"So long as the sun shall continue to warm the earth let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan, and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christian's God, or the great God himself, if he dare violate this command, shall pay for it with His head."*

But the treaty of 1858 between Japan and the United States opened Japan to Christian missions as well as to commerce. And American representatives of missions were not slow in attack. In the following year American missionaries of the Protestant Episcopal Church, of the American Reformed Church, and of the Presbyterian Church, began work at Nagasaki and Kanagawa, near Yokohama.

Into what atmosphere, religious, moral, social, did this company of apostles enter?

As far as Japan had a national religion, it was found to be an admixture of Shinto (a species of ancestor and emperor-worship), with a corrupt Buddhism. Neither of these cults possessed more than the vaguest conception of one Almighty God. As a religion Shinto is moribund, but it survives in an over-developed intensity of patriotism and in Mikado-worship; as such it is encouraged, as a powerful political force. Neither cult concerns itself with immortality. To orthodox Buddhists Japan is the Land of Dreadful Heresies. At about the beginning of the eighth century A. D., Buddhism was introduced into the Sunrise Kingdom and by absorbing Shinto into itself won its way. It provided thus gods many and lords many, and, with each god an innumerable train of temples, images, and liturgies.

The missionaries had to adapt themselves to a situation thus defined: "We speak of God, and the Japanese mind is filled with idols. We mention sin, and he thinks of eating flesh or the killing of insects. The word 'holiness' reminds him of crowds of pilgrims flocking to some famous shrine, or of some famous anchorite sitting lost in religious abstraction till his legs rot off. He has much error to unlearn before he can take in the truth."

A Japanese writer of the 18th century, Kaibara, has made the following comment, "Shinto shrines and Buddhist temples, being public resorts for pleasure, should be sparingly visited before the age of forty."

Scholars admit that Buddhism in Japan won its way by a long process of self-degradation. Whatever of ethical elevation it originally possessed was lost in the

process of adaptation to the Japanese genius. Nevertheless, Buddhism acted as a civilising agency upon a people advanced little beyond the most primitive standards of life at the time of its entrance. The Japan of a thousand years later, as it appeared to the American missionaries, with ordered and spacious houses, artistic oratories, with its beauty and grace of architecture and decoration, was the product of an adapted Buddhism. But "the moral night of Japan" was in no degree enlightened. Its social customs in the middle of the 19th century were essentially those of all heathen nations, deeply tainted with cruelty, lust and oppression; its idolatrous rites were often incredibly licentious; its punishment of crime atrocious as, sawing the head off with a bamboo saw, burning at the stake, and the like; its contempt for and enslavement of women truly Oriental. In general the unspeakable vices of heathenism ruled without restraint in old Japan, and the effect of them was the more astounding because of the general appearance of civilisation of the Japanese cities.

Perhaps nowhere on the face of the globe could have been found a social fabric more corrupt than that disclosed to the Western missionaries who entered Japan in 1859. A writer who visited the country in 1870 thus describes what he saw: "In the licensed prostitutes' quarters girls were sold as slaves, and when past 16 were daily and nightly ranged to public view *in rows* for selection and rent. Phallic shrines were numerous along the roads in many provinces and the emblems exposed for sale by hundreds in the shops. . . . In the frenzy of the idolatrous processions the most unspeakably indecent performances were gone through with. Much of the popular literature, even that of the daily

press, was simply putrid. The complete exposure of the body by the men's walking to and from the bath naked, and the women and girls taking their tubbing in the street in absolute nudity, as well as the promiscuous intermingling in the public bath-houses of the sexes, in all conditions of disease; the disregard for human life; the unquarantined small-pox patients roaming freely about; the not uncommon sight of dead men lying by the wayside; the general practice of concubinage; the universal habit of lying . . . ought not perhaps to be judged by our standards."

It is safe to say that those interested in the evangelising of Japan have found the ingrained national immorality a greater obstacle to the pure Gospel of Christ than idolatry itself. And it can be regarded, perhaps, as not easier to bring into the Kingdom primitive savage peoples, like the tribes of Africa and the Pacific Islands, than a people so sophisticated, so proud, so civilised and so highly developed in national consciousness as pagan Japan.

Nevertheless, in due time the Gospel became in Japan a mighty force.

II

APOSTLES TO JAPAN

Of the group of pioneer missionaries who settled in Japan in 1859 we may name Bishop Williams, James Hepburn, Samuel R. Brown, and Guido F. Verbeck as distinctively representative.

Dr. Brown landed in Yokohama on November 3rd, 1859, accompanied by Guido F. Verbeck and Dr. Simmons, all three missionaries of the Reformed Church. Dr. Hepburn, of the Presbyterian Board, had reached Japan a fortnight earlier. From a Japanese newspaper published 30 years later in Tokio we quote the following characterisation: "Brown, Hepburn, Verbeck,—these are the three names which shall ever be remembered in connection with Japan's new civilisation. They were young men of twenty-five or thereabout, when they together rode into the harbour of Nagasaki in 1859. The first said he would teach, the second that he would heal, and the third that he would preach. All three by their silent labours have left Japan better than they found it."

These missionaries of the first period worked under mighty difficulties, the chief being the rooted suspicion of them among the ruling and privileged classes among whom, "Expel the Foreigners!" was the popular slogan. Christianity being commonly looked upon as a species of sorcery or a shrewd masque for political spying instigated by the white nations of the West, their

lives were constantly menaced. Bitter hostility met them on every side. Their labours were confined to a few open ports; they had no prestige, no credentials, no native helpers, no Japanese literature of any kind.

The mastery of the Japanese language in those early days, from teachers who could not teach except as they were slowly taught to impart, has been described as rather like the muscular labour expended upon a pump than the intellectual effort to-day put forth to the same end.

From an unexpected source assistance came in overcoming the last named condition. Educated Japanese could read Chinese. Morrison and Milne's Chinese Bible, with not a little related Christian literature, such as the *Pilgrim's Progress* and Martin's *Evidences of Christianity,* was circulated and read, the while the missionaries laboured over their work of Japanese translation. It was not until 1887 that the entire Bible, translated by a committee appointed for the purpose, was published, and formally presented by Dr. Hepburn to the Japanese nation. But in the meantime the gospels by the scholarly labours of Hepburn and Brown, had long since been made familiar to the people at large.

From the year 1859, the first period, was in the main the period of underground work for the men at Nagasaki and Yokohama, work under unfavourable and discouraging conditions, as has been the case almost without exception at the outset in introducing Christianity in pagan countries. But they worked heroically on, each developing his own especial talent.

The second period, following the revolution of 1868, had for keynote the disestablishing of Buddhism early in 1871. In 1872 at Yokohama, the first Christian Church was formed. In 1873 a Christian Sabbath be-

came among the possibilities by the official change from the old lunar calendar to the solar calendar, significant token of the birth of Japan into life among the enlightened nations of the world. While Japan was thus brought into line with civilisation, it was not strictly with Christian civilisation, since she dates her years not from Anno Domini but from Meiji, reference being to the enthronement of the Mikado. In 1873 also the anti-Christian posters were removed from public places. A new day of toleration was ushered in. In the new day the pioneer missionaries bore a noble part.

The Rev. C. M. Williams, who with the Rev. John Liggins had been first upon the scene (arriving in Japan in June of 1859), was consecrated Bishop of Japan and China in 1866. He resided in Japan from 1869 to 1889. On the foundations laid by him six bishopries in Japan alone were later established. Dr. Hepburn has been described as perhaps the most versatile figure who has yet been seen in the Far East. Besides practising medicine, he served as chief Biblical translator, as a notable educator and as the author of a Japanese-English Dictionary, so surpassingly well constructed that on it all similar work is said to be based. Dr. Brown's distinctive achievement also was as an educator and in this his success was conspicuous. He had a genius for imparting his own high ideals and his own high scholarship to his students. He left a noble company of young Japanese Christians who, having come under the power of his personality, exerted in their turn wide influence among their own people as reformers, preachers and pastors, as Christian laymen, editors and publicists.

But the missionary achievement was only attained by wrestling with perpetual disappointment by reason of

the fierce reactions of the Japanese people. As Dr. Griffis describes it:

"First there were years of patient waiting, then a rush of the people to hear the gospel. Preaching places were crowded. Church membership doubled every three years, and self-support was almost in sight. The evangelisation of Japan in a single generation, was talked, written, and printed. Then came sudden change and reaction. Patriotism ran rampant. These were years of fierce political excitement about internal and foreign affairs. The waves of nationalism and Chauvinism swept over the land. "Japan for the Japanese" was the cry. Native fashions and ideas again came into vogue. Confucian ethics were taught in the government schools. For a while it looked as if Japan were to return to her hermitage of insular seclusion and the petty nationalism of old days."

Out of all the confusion of those years one figure emerges as born to rule the storm,—that of Guido Verbeck, who may well be called one of the Makers of Japan, in so far as Christian counsels have prevailed in her development. Verbeck, by blood and breeding a gentleman and scholar, was born in Holland. Japan, during the two centuries of peace previous to 1853 had been strongly influenced by Hollanders, colonists settled on the island of Deshima, opposite Nagasaki, for purposes of commerce. She was by no means the hermit nation she has been frequently called, for through her Dutch contingent knowledge of inventions, of language, literature and general progress was continually sifting in. Dutch ships, generations before the arrival of Commodore Perry in the waters of Yeddo, were periodically bringing in scientific apparatus and the various commodities of modern European civilisation.

Well educated natives spoke and read the language of Holland and reverenced its intellectual and material attainments. Dutch had become the language of science and medicine.

Guido Verbeck had thus easy access to the educated Japanese, whose native language he was not slow in acquiring, having a talent for languages. As a boy he could speak, besides Dutch, English, French and German. Later it was said of him that he had "four mother-tongues and could be silent in six languages." He was a cosmopolitan, having become "an Americanised Dutchman" in the years from 1852 to 1859 spent in the United States. He was a many sided man, being described as "engineer, teacher, linguist, preacher, educator, statesman, missionary, translator, scholar, gentleman, man of the world, child of his own age and of all ages." Above all he was with all his soul a Christian.

Furthermore, in course of time, finding himself "a man without a country," having lost his citizenship in Holland and not having acquired such in the United States, and being thus left without national status, he was granted in 1891 privileges from the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, never before conferred upon an alien. This entitled him in an especial manner to the imperial protection. All in all, Verbeck had unique entrance into the heart of the Japanese people. He made use of the advantage thus acquired with all his native tact and fine spirit as with all his missionary consecration.

Beginning his life in Japan in Nagasaki in 1889 with the usual activities of the missionary, Verbeck's peculiar facilities for intercourse with the educated classes soon won for him striking opportunities for service. Prince

after prince, high and puissant, visited him in the interests of national education and advancement. His voice was soon heard in the counsels of the nation in which the members who studied under him, men such as Soyeshima and Okuma, were early called to conspicuous positions. "You may be sure," he wrote in 1868, "that my friends and pupils above-named will work hard for not only the repeal of the ancient edicts against Christianity, but, if possible, for universal toleration in the empire. . . . It was interesting to see how their own . . . reasoning led these men to the conclusion that at the bottom of the difference in civilisation and power between their own country and countries like ours and England, lay a difference of national religion."

After the revolution of 1868, in which the Mikado was restored to power and the new Japanese nation began, Verbeck was called to the new capital, Tokio. The younger statesmen in the new régime, the men of the future, feeling their need of guidance, turned to their old master and called him to their aid. It had really been a movement of the students which inaugurated the new era. They were bent on making education the basis of all progress. The Imperial University was the outgrowth of the removal of Verbeck to Tokio. Here his influence for Christianity and a high standard of morals made itself profoundly felt. The new thirst for knowledge made the University all-powerful in its influence, and Verbeck made the University.

Dr. Griffis, as a guest in the Verbeck household in 1871, entered intimately into the life of its distinguished head. He thus describes Dr. Verbeck's activities:

"I could not help thinking how he imitated his Mas-

ter (as a servant of servants). I saw a prime minister of the empire, heads of departments, and officers of various ranks, coming to find out from Mr. Verbeck matters of knowledge, or to discuss with him points and courses of action. To-day it might be a plan of national education; to-morrow the engagement of foreigners to important positions; or the dispatch of an envoy to Europe; the choice of the language best suitable for medical science; or how to act in matters of neutrality between France and Germany whose war vessels were in Japanese waters; or to learn the truth about what some foreign diplomatist had asserted; or concerning the persecutions of Christians; or some serious measure of home policy."

But the event of far-reaching importance in 1871 was the dispatch of the embassy from Japan to Christendom, sent to secure measures for full recognition of Japan as a sovereign state. And, in general, to introduce that country to the nations of the world. Of this mission Guido Verbeck was both originator and organiser. Deep in his heart lay the mighty hope that it would bring about toleration of Christianity. The plan had been definitely outlined by him two years previously and an outline of its main features deposited with Okuma.

One of the first results of the embassy was that the eyes of the imperial ministers sent abroad were at last opened to the fact that in all true civilisation the dynamic was Christianity. Their impressions were cabled back to their government. Like magic the anti-Christian edicts disappeared from the highways. Verbeck wrote:

"The great and glorious event of the day is that, about a week ago, the edicts prohibiting the introduc-

tion of foreign religions have been removed by command of the government from the public law boards throughout the country! It is equivalent to granting toleration! The Lord be praised!"

For a decade Verbeck occupied the position of minister without portfolio, or unofficial attaché of the imperial cabinet at Tokio. In the discharge of those duties he impressed his stamp on the whole future history of Japan. At the close of his term of service, 1877, the emperor conferred on him the decoration of the third-class of his Order of the Rising Sun. In an unexampled degree this faithful servant of Christ and humanity had won the trust, affection and reverence of the Japanese people from the Emperor down to the humblest citizen.

The ban now being lifted from Christianity, Verbeck was free to devote all his marvellous energies as missionary, educator and translator to the building up of an organised Christianity. This he did to the limit of his strength in the remaining twenty years of his residence in Japan. As an educator the only difficulty with Verbeck was that he was too popular. It became a legend that any man who came under his tuition for a length of time was sure to rise to high position as minister, councillor-of-state or the like.

In Tokio, March 10th, 1898, Dr. Verbeck died suddenly, worn out by unceasing labour. It has been said of him that his life was best summed up in the words: "I determined not to know anything among you but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." His first pleasure was preaching, for which he had talents that could have made him notable in any land. Wherever he went, the people came in crowds to see and hear. He wanted people to think of Jesus Christ, not about himself. "This

plain, modest, forceful, learned, devoted missionary will be remembered as are St. Augustine in England, St. Patrick in Ireland, and Ulfilas, the missionary to the Goths. The race of Christian heroes does not fail."

III

JAPANESE PROGRESS AND PROBLEMS

Following the organisation of the first Japanese Christian church at Yokohama in 1872, churches were formed in 1874 at Kobe and Osaka. For a time increase in the number of converts was rapid, in some years as many as 5,000 new members being received into Christian fellowship. In 1900 the number enrolled in 538 Protestant churches reached 42,451. The number of communicants is now 116,069.

In Christian education Japanese progress was marked. In 1871, when the imperial embassy, promoted by Verbeck, started on its way, a Japanese student of Andover was called upon to act as official English interpreter. This student was Joseph Hardy Neesima, who a few years later founded the first Christian College of Japan, the Doshisha. Beginning 1875 with six students, at Neesima's death in 1890 their number was 570. On the benches of the great World Missionary Conference at Edinburgh in 1910 sat four Japanese delegates: Y. Chiba, alumnus of the Missionary College of Aoyama Gakim, and now President of a Theological Seminary; Harada, alumnus of the Doshisha,—most important Christian College in Japan,—and then its President; Honda and Ibuka, both pupils of the pioneer missionary, Dr. S. R. Brown, both Presidents of important institutions. "Four scholars of Christian Schools; four Presidents of colleges that are helping to mould the national life of Japan!"

From the first Christian school, founded by Dr. Brown soon after his arrival at Yokohama, education has been a conspicuous line of missionary endeavour in Japan, the rather that its appeal is conspicuously strong to the spirit of the Japanese. Miss Kidder, the first unmarried woman missionary to this country, began her work of teaching in 1869. In 1874 Miss Eddy opened a girl's school in Osaka. In 1875 Miss Talcott and Miss Dudley founded the Kobe Girls' School which has since developed into Kobe College. A score of Girls' High Schools have been established since then under missionary auspices. Under government auspices little is provided beyond elementary education for girls. In 1918 Japan appropriated about $22,000,000 for the higher education of her young men; but not a penny for the higher education of young women. In answer to the urgent demand a Woman's (Christian) Union College has been established at Tokio. In 1918 this college was opened with a class of 84, one girl having travelled all the way from Dairen through Manchuria, crossing the length of Chosen and the breadth of Japan in order to enter.

But danger signals are out for Japan. The Christian Church of Christian lands may well look to its responsibilities, remembering the word of Prince Ito, called "the Master of New Japan:" "Japan's progress and development are largely due to the influence of missionaries exerted in the right direction when Japan was first studying the outer world."

The importance of the higher education and Christian education at this crisis in Japan cannot be over-emphasised. Christian schools for girls have made possible the establishment of Christian homes. And the influence of Christian homes in Japan must be stimulated by

all possible means, if the rising tide of reaction to infidelity is to be met and overcome.

Japan counts herself no longer in need of any aid from abroad in her march of progress. She has snatched eagerly at the obvious advantages of higher civilisation, but, as a nation, she is now unmoved by the appeal of the religion of the Man of Nazareth. Lowliness and meekness of spirit are not congenial to the national consciousness. Japan has become sensitive to being regarded as in any sense a mission field. She has given notice that medical missions are no longer required by her people. Christian schools are by way of becoming superfluous from her view-point since her system of education is one of the most thorough now existing. Ninety-eight per cent of Japanese children are in national schools. Meanwhile industrial conditions are in the highest degree destructive to the health and morals of the working class, and the educated youth of Japan drift toward irreligion, immorality, materialism.

Says the Rev. Paul Kanomori, Japan's great Christian evangelist:—"It is a fatal mistake to think that Japan does not need more missionaries. For the past fifty years the missionary's work has been chiefly ploughing and seed-sowing. Now the harvest time is at hand. . . . The reaping must be done quickly. In answer to the question: 'What is the chief obstacle to Christianity in Japan to-day?' I can only say that it is the same the world over—*Sin*. This is the real stumbling block. The Holy Spirit must first convict the Japanese of sin, then they can be influenced for Christ. It is not necessary to spend much effort on secondary things—PREACH THE GOSPEL."

IV

"THE CAUSE OF THE AFFLICTED"

Paganism has little mercy upon the unfortunate. Hindu and Buddhist alike regard the sufferer from leprosy as undergoing just punishment for unpardonable sin, sin committed in a previous incarnation. "Islam has no place for the leper." Blind girls in China and India, as well as orphans and child-widows, are sold and trained to lives of shame. No hospital for the shelter and treatment of the insane had been known in China until 1898, when Dr. J. G. Kerr, successor to Dr. Parker in Canton, opened such an institution, the wonder of all classes of the people. This hospital now accommodates 500 persons. Personal Christian work is a strong factor in the service. Many go out cured in soul as well as in mind.

During the period of missionary expansion, homes and schools for the blind and deaf have been established in connection with various orphanages and kindred institutions. The followers of Jesus Christ, having this mind which also was in Him, are moved with practical compassion for the helpless and needy. What they dare to dream of they dare to do. Modern Christian relief work for and among lepers is precisely a hundred years old, although its keynote was struck in 1812 by William Carey when he started the first leper hospital in Calcutta. It was not until 1822 that permanent work for this class of unfortunates was organised by Moravian

missionaries, the noble heralds of the whole Protestant enterprise.

Leprosy is common in every town east of the Suez Canal. Upon its horrors there is no need to dwell. In China the number of victims is estimated as not less than 450,000. Little more than a generation ago a young missionary in India (where the number is still larger than in China), overwhelmed by the number of lepers whom he saw, and the utter failure on the part of either the Government or the native peoples to deal adequately with this terrible disease,—returned to England to plead the cause of the leper. His appeal was heeded. Out of it came "The Mission to Lepers in India and the East," whose beneficent work now extends as far as this curse is found. It has in India alone, no less than fifty-nine institutions for lepers. This Society, the Government and the missionary are working together in a great effort to "cleanse the lepers." The missionary has led the way.

The founder of this Society, Wellesley C. Bailey, was an American Presbyterian missionary in the Punjab. The date of its organisation was 1874. Asylums to the number of over one hundred are now to be found throughout India, the Near and Far East. Associated with these are homes for the untainted children of lepers, by-product of the undertaking which only the spirit of Christ could have inspired.

A famous leper colony at Chieng Mai in Siam was opened by Dr. McKean in 1913 with one hundred patients. The leper church connected with this home now numbers two hundred, all of whom are joyfully looking forward to the possession of a church home. When Dr. and Mrs. McKean began their work at Chieng Mai, they began it with the specific prayer, in which they

asked all their friends to join, that every leper who came to the asylum should become a follower of Christ. This prayer has been abundantly answered, as every inmate, with possibly one exception, has become a Christian.

In 1914 there was a voluntary contribution by the Chieng Mai lepers to the American Bible Society. This gift was forwarded to the Bible Society with a letter in the following language: "We, the elders and members of the Leper Church at Chieng Mai, with one heart and mind, have great gladness in sending our small offering to the American Bible Society, and we beg that our gift of twenty-five rupees ($8.09) may be graciously received by you and used for the distribution of the Holy Scriptures. To have a share in this good work will give us very great happiness.

"(Signed) Elders—Peang, Toon, Gnok."

Dr. Robert E. Speer says: "The morning that we were at the Chieng Mai, Siam, Leper Asylum, twenty lepers were baptised and welcomed to the Lord's table. I think the highest honour I have ever had in my life was to be allowed to hold the baptismal bowl out of which these lepers were baptised. I am taking it home as a priceless memorial."

A typical institution, planned and equipped along thoroughly modern lines is that at Allahabad, India. It is thus described:

"There is a large compound, inside which live 250 men, women and children of the leper caste. Substantial buildings of brick, with concrete floors, have replaced the thatched huts of former years. Everything that modern science and Christian sympathy, aided by Government assistance could do, has been done for these

poor lepers. The missionary in charge, whose hobby is gardening, has used his knowledge to good effect in teaching the lepers how to cultivate the fruits of the earth. Each one is given a plot of ground to cultivate, prizes are awarded, and the health of all greatly improved because of the labour of the husbandman. A visitor who wished to photograph a group of inmates was startled by an exclamation of an old man. The pathos of it all came home to him when the interpreter said, "He says he would like to *stand* and oblige the young sahib, but his feet are gone." Science and sympathy here are doing their best to cleanse the leper. A church, a school, a hospital, separate dormitories for women and children, and for untainted children of lepers, attest the thorough character of the work at Allahabad."

V

OPENING DOORS AND MASS MOVEMENTS

The Decade which saw the opening of Japan to the world saw also, in 1858, the Toleration Treaty covering all parts of China. This treaty led to the penetration by missionaries into Central China, hitherto closed to foreigners. Notable among these was Griffith John, who went out to Hankow in 1861, and there did effectual work for over fifty years.

China Inland Mission

Hudson Taylor, who has been characterised as "most romantic of dreamers and most practical of saints," first went to China in 1853. He worked as a medical missionary for seven years in Shanghai and Ningpo. He studied the map of China during those years and thus commented: "Think of the 186 millions beyond the reach of the Gospel in the seven provinces where missionaries have commenced to labour! Think of the 198 millions in those provinces where NO Protestant missionary is labouring!"

Broken in health, Hudson Taylor returned to England, but he left his heart in China, and for China he still worked, raising money for the service of missions, translating that Gospel into native dialects, and, in season and out of season, praying for China's redemption. In answer to the prayers of his strong faith he

was enabled to return to China in 1865 accompanied by a large company of Christian men and women workers, bent on founding a China Inland Mission. The principles on which this mission rested might be summed up in William Carey's noble epitome: "Attempt great things for God; Expect great things from God." Furthermore, it is strictly undenominational, it makes no direct appeal for funds and its missionaries may not reckon upon a stated salary.

In spite of terrible persecution during the Boxer Rebellion, in which 58 adult missionary workers were murdered, and which broke up many stations, the work still goes on. In 16 provinces over a thousand of its missionaries are at work, in the spirit of the mission's founder, now dead. Surely a wondrous result of one man's faith!

To-day the China Inland Mission is doing a more extensive work in China than any other Society. It has 235 stations with 1,267 outstations and 1,496 chapels. On its staff are 1,059 European missionaries and 3,338 trained Chinese workers. The mission has over 40,000 communicants.

Egypt

Moslem lands are proverbially difficult fields in which to plant the Gospel. After several unsuccessful attempts to found a permanent mission in Egypt had been made by European societies, the United Presbyterians of America in 1861 met with distinct and gratifying success. Their schools, from this date on, grew in numbers and influence and their mission property was equipped in a dignified and attractive manner. The first native church was organised in Cairo in 1863. This mission has achieved remarkable success, in 25

years about 100 new centres being added, these stations following the Nile a distance of 400 miles. The mission has 190 schools with 17,000 pupils; also two colleges, one at Assiut, one at Cairo.

There is often a close connection between the opening of doors into hitherto un-christianised regions, and great revivals among the populations. Often, however, these mass movements come after long and apparently unproductive labours.

The Great Telugu Revival

The mission to the Telugu people of Southern India began with the year 1835, with Madras for centre. So meagre were the results of the enterprise that again and yet again abandonment was seriously considered by the Baptist Missionary Union to which the mission owed its origin. It was not until 1862 that one Telugu Christian showed himself fitted for ordination as a Christian minister, and for a generation converts remained few in number.

In the month of January, 1867, the whole region in and around Ongole was mysteriously moved by a mighty influence. The Spirit of God seemed to find its way into the hearts of the native people. The Divine influence overshadowed towns, villages and even the deserts. The church in Ongole in that year numbered eight members; in 1874 it numbered 3,300, perhaps the largest Baptist church in the world. It was in truth a new Pentecost, and a continuous one, year after year.

The Rev. John E. Clough and the Rev. Lyman Jewett were at this time in charge of the mission. Their reports were thus expressed in 1873: "In many instances the seed is scarcely sown before the reaper is needed to

gather in the harvest. Obstacles in the way the proclamation of the truth have nearly disappeared. All the gateways seem to be thrown open."

But the work was suddenly interrupted by a severe famine. Missionary work in its regular form was suspended, while those engaged in it devoted themselves altogether to the saving of life. Lest any should make the Christian profession from mercenary motives the churches received no new members for a period of months. But the dark days of famine and stress passed; in 1878 the revival spirit burned with fresh ardour. In that year on August 5th, Dr. Clough baptised 3,262 persons in one day. The Telugu Church since then has gone from strength to strength and now numbers 74,257.

In Far Formosa

The large island of Formosa, lying off the coast of China is inhabited by two races, the Mongolian and the Malay, the latter in great part savages. On the northern part of this island—virgin soil for the Gospel—from the year 1872, the Rev. George Leslie Mackay, ordained and designated by the Presbytery of Toronto, lived and laboured for three and twenty years with marvellous results. But he must needs first endure fiery trial of persecution.

The first ray of light came after conference with a young native who came to his house bringing a group of students with him. "I brought all these graduates and teachers," he said to Mr. Mackay, "expecting to silence you or to be silenced. But I have thought a great deal about these things and I am now determined to be a Christian even though I suffer death for it. The Book you have is the true doctrine, and I should

like to study it with you." Mr. Mackay speaks of the "strange thrill of joy and hope" which he knew in that hour. The young man, called A Hoa, became a remarkable Christian student and preacher; 25 years later he was in charge of the 60 churches in North Formosa planted by Mackay.

Prayer, Preaching and Teaching were Mackay's foundation stones. He declared that he would not spend five minutes teaching the heathen anything before presenting Christ to them. His success with the literati of the community was most marked. When this was established the waves of persecution were subdued and even the haughty Mandarins whose favourite motto was "No place here for foreign devils," became eager to know the wise and fearless teacher. Two thousand native men and women made public profession of allegiance to Christ.

After 23 years experience on this field Mackay wrote:

"I look back to the first days, and recall the early persecutions and perils. I remember the proclamations issued and posted up on trees and temples, charging me with unimaginable crimes, and forbidding the people to hold converse with me. In 1879 I was burned in effigy at an idolatrous feast. Again and again I have been threatened, insulted and mobbed. . . . And now the church of Jesus Christ is a real factor and a positive power in the life of North Formosa. . . . And I am prepared to affirm that for integrity and endurance, for unswerving loyalty to Christ, and untiring fidelity in His service, there are to-day in the mission churches there hundreds who would do credit to any community or to any congregation in Christendom. I have seen them under fire, and know what they can

face. I have looked when the fight was over and know that it was good. I have watched them as they lay down to die, and calmly, triumphantly, as any soldier, saint or martyr-hero, they 'burned upward, each to his point of bliss.' "

The Cross in Korea

On May 22, 1883, Korea was declared open to foreigners. The single word *Korea,* cabled to Shanghai, early in 1884, declared that the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions was ready to begin the work of Christ with the Hermit Nation of the East. At Shanghai were Dr. H. N. Allen, a young missionary physician, and his wife, waiting for the word of command to start upon the great adventure in Korea.

The new-comers met a hostile reception in Seoul, owing to the riots which took place on the opening of the first Korean postoffice,—a serious innovation in that conservative realm. With the exception of Dr. Allen and his wife every foreigner fled the city but the missionary stood his ground, as missionaries have a way of doing. Wise as well as valiant, Dr. Allen made his way to the palace and offered his professional service to the King's nephew who had been severely wounded. The prince recovered, whereupon Dr. Allen found himself suddenly the most popular man in Seoul, with the King himself his friend. In the February following a government hospital was open under royal patronage, the missionary in full charge. Ten thousand patients were treated in the first year.

But the East moves slowly and the Farther East the slower. For years no marked progress was made among the people at large, but an epidemic of cholera in Seoul was instrumental in revealing to the common people

what the Cross of Christ signified. For, while every one who could left the city, the missionaries, obviously perfectly free to do so, remained at their posts. They toiled indefatigably for the sick and dying, performing offices from which the bravest Koreans shrank, exposing themselves, not recklessly, but without fear. Their skilful treatment saved hundreds of those smitten with the epidemic.

People watched the missionaries working night and day over the sick. They said to each other,

"How these foreigners love us! Would we do as much for one of our kin as they do for strangers?"

They observed one of the foreign doctors hurrying along the road in the dawn of a summer morning, and one said,

"There goes the Jesus man. He works all night and all day with the sick without resting."

"Why does he do it?" was asked.

"Because he loves us," was the reply.

That scourge of cholera melted the ice which had held the Korean heart bound. A new life took hold on the mission. In 1905 there were 30,000 native Christians. Five years more and the number had increased to 100,000. "It seemed as if the whole nation were on the eve of bolting into the Kingdom." In one station the regular attendance of native Christians at the weekly prayer meeting is 1,200. In one year 19 new church edifices were built in Pyeng Yang and its neighbourhood.

A visit to Korea about that time was described as "a tonic to faith." Of the effect of Christianity upon the women a prominent Korean writes, "the change in the women is beyond imagination. I cannot believe my eyes. It seems as if Heaven had touched earth."

Since then two events have checked the marvellous progress of the church of Christ. First, in 1910 Korea was handed over to Japan by the traitorous action of half a dozen officials. The native Government was favourable to Christianity. The Japanese Government can never view the missionary work with favour. Japan is not Christian; her fundamental philosophy, though unspoken, is anti-Christian. The second event is the World War, and the universal unrest together with the new emphasis laid on freedom and self-determination. This effect is felt in Korea in a complete absorption in the passion for national independence. The Korean is psychologically a man of one idea. This idea now occupies his mind to the exclusion of all else.

In the Pacific Islands

In 1898 the Philippine Islands (about 2,500 in number) were annexed to the United States. For the first time in history this country was opened to Protestant missionaries. On July 13th of that year a conference of missionary societies was held in New York City, the first of its kind, to ensure denominational comity in operations within the new territory. The Evangelical Union of the Philippines was organised, distinct fields of labour being assigned to each denomination.

Within three months from that May Sunday in 1898 when Commodore Dewey broke the Spanish fleet and entered Manila Bay our missionaries were on the spot. In 1900 Dr. J. A. Hall began medical and evangelistic work at Iloilo on Panay. The hospital founded by Dr. Hall is now the Union Missionary Hospital. Associated with it is a nurses' training school, the first of its order on the Islands. Notable work is conducted at

Manila, the Mary J. Johnston Memorial Hospital being a life saving station for Filipino babies, 33 per cent of whom die before they are a year old. All features of organised missionary work are now in full swing and are attended with conspicuous success.

Two striking illustrations are given herewith,

John H. Converse of Philadelphia and Rev. F. F. Ellinwood, D.D., saw an opportunity in the Philippines for training a native ministry. In 1904 Mr. Converse gave the money for the land, and Dr. Ellinwood invested a memorial gift to start a Bible School. Now, seventeen years later, 3,000 young men and women have been influenced by the Gospel, and have gone out from Ellinwood School as preachers, Bible women, teachers, farmers, home-makers, lawyers, mechanics and business men.

Horace B. Stillman, in order to found an industrial school for the young men and boys of the Philippines, in 1901 gave an initial gift of $20,000 with which to open a school at Dumaguete. The Filipino aversion to manual labour has been overcome, and thirty-four provinces in the Islands were represented by the 733 students enrolled last year. In the student church are 265 members. On the Island of Mindanao a few years ago a missionary found that while no foreigner had been at work there, the whole coast had been evangelised by the boys from Stillman. Returning to their homes in the summer they had told their friends of the new life which had been given them.

Among India's Untouchables

With the opening of the twentieth century there began a series of mass movements among the lower caste

and out-caste people of India. From 5,000 native Christians in the Punjab, reported by the Presbyterian Mission in 1901, the number had grown to 95,000 by 1916. The Methodists doubled their numbers in the United Provinces between 1900 and 1910.

Unquestionably the Mass Movements towards Christianity among the depressed classes at the present time are the dominating fact in the missionary situation in India.

From Bishop Warne's *India's Mass Movement* the following outline of this great work is condensed:

This movement began definitely about 1890 although for twenty years previous to that something like it had been known. It is among the Chamars or leather-workers' caste, and the sweepers, both counted among the "untouchables" by the caste people. There are in this class some fifty million souls. A little above them in the social scale is the great middle class, numbering 142,000,000, the "voiceless millions" in whose hands is the future of the Indian Empire. They are now being mightily influenced and among them, in some places, movements have already begun and among them it would seem that the next great mass movement will occur. Above these are the higher castes, among whom educational, zenana and other missionaries and agencies are preparing the way of the Lord. When the time comes (and come it will) that the power now working mightily at both top and bottom of India's social structure shall permeate the whole, if we all work together, not in the energy of the flesh but in the power of the Spirit, we may confidently expect a movement not on a human but on a divine scale. The possibilities involved are overwhelming.

This movement is not confined to any one place but

has found its greatest development in one or two of the conferences. Northwest India has large areas where it is in progress, also South India. Among other places, it has appeared in the eastern part of the North India Conference and in Gujarat, where it was one of the early phases of the work. It was started by a low caste man who, converted in Bombay, carried the good news to his brothers at home.

Bishop Warne thus describes the marvellous quickening of this revival: "Then began our great revival in the year 1905. Our people came to us asking what they could do to save the lost about them. We said to them 'Take your Bibles and begin studying from the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel through to the end. Then study the Acts of the Apostles as illustrating what happened.' Shortly they began to come back to us and say, 'We understand now that we are like the early Christians, a little company in the heart of the non-Christian world. We have learned what Jesus taught His early followers to do and we are going to do likewise.' They began to form themselves into praying groups and bands and a short and searching prayer was printed on a card and circulated among them. The first revival came in the boarding schools. It reached others through the pupils of these schools. 'The secret of the movement, as I understand it,' says Bishop Warne, 'is our Indian slogan, "Prayer First."'"

Another explanation of the revival is the telling of the story of the Cross. The religions of India have been perpetuated through the centuries by story telling. After the day's work the people gather around the little village court and a story-teller narrates the story of their gods and thus the people come to understand their

religion. We have adopted that method in connection with Christian missions.

The great strength of the Movement lies in the spontaneous and indigenous character of its growth. These simple village converts are taught to pray, to work and to give of their substance. And they do give out of their poverty, a poverty so deep that unless one has seen it he can scarcely realise what it is like.

And they endure persecution. In one village there were about 70 Christians. They had fled from their homes because of persecution, but their persecutors, who could not do without their service, induced them to return. But now they were forbidden, as Christians, to draw water from the village well. It would be polluted! A long distance away, across the fields, was a filthy pond. They might go there for water. About three o'clock in the afternoon the poor people surrounded the missionary crying, "Please, please do something to get us water." The shimmering heat was terrible, 160 degrees in the sun; the missionary was powerless; a well of fresh water was close beside them. And yet not one of these native Christians even suggested the idea of giving up their new found faith and hope, although all were promised water in abundance if they would do so.

One missionary says, "The secret of the movement is that those people have a real vision of Jesus Christ."

VI

A BLOOD-RED SEAL

In China, the years from 1860 to 1900 have been fitly characterised as the Period of Missionary Penetration and Progress. On all the fields of Christian enterprise, work was advancing with a spirit of steady enthusiasm and hopefulness, when, without warning, in June of 1900, a storm of persecution broke over a large portion of the Empire. A strange sect called "the Boxers," a name denoting in Chinese "Fists of Righteous Harmony," was organised for bloodshed, their passionate purpose being destruction of all things foreign. The missionaries were hated, but far less fanatically than railroad engineers or other representatives of foreign civilised innovation.

But a blood-red seal was set on the Century's scroll of missionary annals by the Boxer Rebellion. About 16,000 native Christians, 135 Protestant Missionaries, 35 Roman Catholic priests, 9 Catholic sisters and 35 children were massacred.

Within the Forbidden City of Peking, during the last days of May in that first year of the new Century, two great Christian Conferences were in session:—the annual gathering of the Congregational Mission and that of the Methodist Conference. The delegates to these large assemblies were gathered from far and near, some of them coming a twelve days' journey from their homes. A sense of vague dread and tension weighed

upon all the Christians assembled in Peking, for the first mutterings of the storm were already heard. And far below any anxiety concerning possible riots and disturbances, those not being unusual in China,—lay the conviction that the Chinese Government was in sympathy with the present unrest; for in the Imperial palace, holding the reins of power in her hand, dwelt the Empress Dowager, notorious for her fierce hatred of foreigners. The ministers of the various foreign powers resident in Peking in vain urged the Chinese officials to take measures to check the gathering storm, but nothing was done. On Thursday, May 31st, only four days before all railway communication with the world outside was severed, at the call of the ministers themselves, 450 marines of the different nationalities from Tien-tsin came together in Peking. Dr. Gamewell of Peking, who was present through all, solemnly says: "A part of God's plan of salvation for us was the presence of those marines who fought so nobly for the defence of the women and children within our lines."

"In the Methodist Mission," to quote further from Dr. Gamewell, "were gathered together the missionaries of the Congregational, Presbyterian, the London and the Methodist Episcopal Missions, who were there from June 4 to 20. Then came the demand on June 19th that all foreigners should leave Peking within 24 hours. As we had in one enclosure from 60 to 70 foreign ladies and children and about 600 native converts, men, women and children, to leave was impossible, the rather that the only means of travel was by bullock carts. Furthermore, we knew that order to be simply a subterfuge to get us outside the city walls where we would all be massacred. That was a night of intense anxiety.

On the following morning, Baron von Ketteler, head of the German Legation, while passing through the streets, was shot down and killed in cold blood by a military mandarin. This was the final note of mortal peril to every foreigner in Peking. The company gathered together in the Methodist compound, by instant action, were able to reach the common shelter of foreigners, the British Legation, before four o'clock that afternoon without loss of a life. Once within these precincts, the company of Christians breathed more freely, but dangers of the gravest sort still surrounded them, dangers from shot and shell, from incendiary fire, from famine and disease. Yet here, the whole company abode from June 20th to August 14th; crowded together, on short rations, keeping incessant watch, counselling continually as to better measures of defence, seeing the sky lurid at night with the fires destroying foreign buildings, including the much-loved mission premises, and hearing the cry of the mob surging against the wall, 'Kill, kill, kill!' All hands worked to extend and reinforce the existing fortifications. On August 14th, the allied armies of England, Russia, France, Germany and the United States marched into Peking and put the Boxers to flight."

The shadow of death, gradually dispelled from Peking, settled relentlessly over Pao-ting-fu. The story of its noble company of martyrs requires no detailed repetition here. Throughout the province, placards were posted: *"The Gods assist the Boxers.* It is because the foreign devils disturb the Middle Kingdom, urging the people to join their religion, to turn their backs on Heaven, venerate not the Gods and forget the Ancestors, etc."

On the morning of July 1, the Congregational com-

pound at Pao-ting-fu was attacked. Horace Pitkin, head of the mission, met the attack bravely and defended the lady missionaries with all the chivalrous courage of his nature. They all leaped through a rear window of the church and took refuge in a small room in the school yard. Here, he died by the sword, a death that any hero might be proud to die. The young ladies were bound and cruelly dragged beyond the city wall, where they too, found the martyrs' death. On Saturday, March 23, 1901, at 11 o'clock, was held a memorial and burial service at Pao-ting-fu. It was the memorial service to the five Presbyterian missionaries, their wives, children and thirty-four native Christians. On the following day, a like service was held in the Congregational compound, where were ranged twenty-six coffins with the names of Horace Pitkin, Miss Morrill, Miss Gould, Pastor Meng and the others. On a banner in front of the coffins were inscribed the names of forty-three Chinese martyrs belonging to the mission. It was because he would not leave these helpless disciples to meet their fate alone that Horace Pitkin stayed at his post at Pao-ting-fu. "He that loseth his life for My sake and the Gospel's, the same shall save it."

One of the young missionaries for whom Pitkin gave his life and whose martyrdom quickly succeeded his, Mary Morrill, had great fruit in her death.

In the band of soldiers who surrounded the Congregational compound on one of those June days of terror, was one named Feng Yu Hsiang, a youth of eighteen. He was a clear-eyed, clear-headed, independent fellow who now and again, though a Chinaman, thought for himself and was capable of drawing impartial conclusions. He stood now at his post, a sentinel, while around him the mob, armed with swords and knives,

shrieking and yelling in their savage frenzy, battered at the gates. Suddenly, to his amazement, Feng saw the gate open, and a girl walk out alone,—an American girl he knew at a glance. As she stood before them, fearless though utterly unprotected, the furious mob, overawed and astounded as if they saw a supernatural being, became silent and motionless. Then the girl spoke. She was Mary Morrill and she had come from her peaceful New England home to give her life for China. That her term of service must be rudely shortened, as she plainly perceived, was no appalling disaster to a heart fixed on the One who had died for her.[1] What Mary Morrill said in that breathless moment, recalled and treasured by some who were present, was in this fashion: "Why do you seek to kill us? You must know we are your friends, that we have come here solely to do you good. All these years we have lived among you, we have visited in your homes, we have taught your children in our schools, we have saved the lives of many of your sick in our hospital. We have only love in our hearts. And you have death in your hearts for us. I beg you to go away and spare the lives of us missionaries and the Chinese Christians who are with us." There was a breathless silence as she ceased speaking and waited for a reply. But no reply was given and she went on to make her last appeal: "If you will not spare the lives of my companions, then, I entreat you, take my life in their stead. I offer myself to you now. I am only a woman, defenceless in your hands. Take me if you will, but save, O save, the others."

Feng, the sentinel, watched from his place, watched and listened. He saw the mob break up in silence. He

[1] Condensed from *A Noble Army*. Ethel Daniels Hubbard.

saw those who had just now been filled with murderous frenzy, subdued and shamefaced, steal away one after the other, leaving the place deserted. He drew his conclusion, and a very solemn conclusion, thus: "There is a woman who is a real Christian. She practises every word she says. I never dreamed there could be a person so full of love for others. She was ready to give her life for their sakes. She is like the Christ of the Christians, who, they say, suffered death on the cross to save the world from sin. The time is coming when I shall have to be a Christian. I cannot resist a religion like this."

Not many days afterward Mary Morrill, a timid girl by nature, went to her death at the hands of the rioters, they having now shaken off the spell of her appeal. She, with Annie Gould, knowing that their hour had come, went to their rooms, read from their Bible, prayed, and then put on fresh white raiment for their burial, shortly to be accomplished. And so, with gentle composure, and thought of others to the last breath, these maiden martyrs met the end.

But the end for them was but the beginning for Feng Yu Hsiang. He never forgot the sight or the words of that girl whose courage before his very eyes had put to flight the army of the aliens. In 1912 at a great meeting in which John R. Mott called upon those who heard him to confess Christ, Feng, a Major of the Chinese army now, obeyed the voice and was not disobedient to that heavenly vision which abode in the inner shrine of his heart. He is now described by thoughtful men as "possibly the greatest single Christian force in China."

General Feng became the military Governor of the Province of Hunan, with its population of seven or eight

millions. The military forces under him are said to be nine men out of ten Christianised. The cities in which they are in camps are cleansed of theatres, gambling dens and opium resorts. Athletic grounds, schools for arts and crafts as well as book learning; workshops and sanitariums for victims of the opium habit have taken the place of them. Profanity, drinking and gambling are not allowed in General Feng's camps. Song services and study of the Bible are the popular relaxation from drill and manual labour.

An English missionary associated with General Feng's army in Hunan, baptised 275 soldiers at one service, and at another camp, on the following day, he baptised 232 commissioned or non-commissioned officers. At the close of the baptismal service he spoke to the men after this manner,—"You have now confessed the Lord Jesus Christ by baptism. Suppose persecution again broke out as in 1900. I have on my body the marks of Boxer swords and many of your countrymen died for Jesus that year. If such persecution as that arose, would you slink quietly away and not own your Saviour?"

"Never," cried hundreds of voices in unison. "Never. We will die for Him."

. . . . . .

What of the Christian Church of China, devastated and scattered abroad by the Boxer uprising? Instead of being wiped out by that Reign of Terror, it has gained nearly 80 per cent in membership. And as for the people of Pao-ting-fu, they are now above any people in China, ready and willing to accept Christianity. Never will they forget the witness of the martyrs of 1900.

VII

CROSS AND CRESCENT

Islam has long been known as the Gibraltar of the non-Christian world. In India the followers of Mohammed are not the dominant race. In the Turkish Empire, in Persia and in Arabia they are unquestionably such and their definite repudiation of the appeal of Christianity is found to be even more obstinate than in India.

Throughout these lands the missionaries have been obliged to build up a native Church not wholly, but in large measure, from the Nestorian and Armenian populations rather than from the Moslem. Christian missions throughout the Near East have thus carried on for nearly a century a prosperous work on all the varied lines of Christian effort since the days of Goodell and Hamlin, medical work having exerted a peculiarly powerful influence. Among notable events in this division of the field has been the mission in 1885 of Keith Falconer to Arabia. Although his life was cut short his work goes on. Another enterprise of great promise is the undenominational work, for Moslems exclusively, reorganised in 1889 by James Cantine and S. M. Zwemer, with stations chiefly in Arabia.

The effect of the Great War upon Moslem and Armenian has been both tragic and disastrous. The annals of the Armenian people, the martyr-nation, were written in blood, fully half of them having perished.

But as in every conflict between the Cross and the Crescent Christian missionaries and Christian natives upheld the spirit of love, compassion and forgiveness while the forces of Islam dealt out cruelty, destruction and death on every side. Each ran true to form.

Among the hundreds of thousands of Armenian and other Christians whose lives have been lost in Turkey and Persia during the war were professors and teachers in mission schools, native pastors, their wives and pupils. Seven native professors of the Euphrates College at Harput were tortured by the Turks with diabolical cruelty; four of the number died. In some cases death has come, not directly by violence, but as a result of indescribable hardships and exposure to contagious disease.

On the field nearly all of the millions of dollars that were secured and the hundred of tons of food that were distributed were handled by foreign missionaries, the Presbyterian missionaries doing practically all of this work in Persia and Syria. War raged continually. Hostile armies ravaged the country, destroyed crops, killed the men and boys, and carried helpless women and girls into captivity. Hospitals were seized and looted, and hospital stores taken. Practically the entire nation of Nestorians was compelled to flee from Urumia; thousands of them lost their lives. But in the face of war, of pestilence, of famine, of much illness in the mission force, the missionaries laboured on among these people, many of them making the supreme sacrifice in their efforts to save the lives of others.

It is difficult to convey a true conception of the services thus rendered during this Reign of Terror. The missionaries took the sick and wounded into their own homes, and the medical men and women performed

operations on the housetops. At times one could not step without touching the sick, the dying, the dead.

An old fashioned Turk at Aintab, Central Turkey, said of Dr. Fred Douglas Shepard, "He seems happiest when he is helping somebody." A better description could hardly be given of this great and gallant soldier of the Cross, who closed a term of thirty-four years as medical missionary at the close of the year 1915. He fell a victim to the war epidemic of typhus, against which, as long as he was able, he had fought a good fight "for his people."

On the twenty-fifth anniversary of the coming to Aintab of Dr. Shepard and his wife a company of over 3,000 people were gathered to do honour to the beloved physician. In response to the tributes paid to him and to his noble work in and around Aintab, Dr. Shepard, simple and unassuming as always, gave his own best biography.

"If one who did not know me," he said, "had listened to what has been said about me during the last two hours, he would think that Dr. Shepard must be some great man; but you and I know that it is not so. A farmer's son, I grew up as an orphan. I finished school with great difficulty, I have not marked intellectual ability. Yet this great gathering on a busy week-day afternoon must have a reason. I know that this reason is not I, myself. It is One greater than I am—God and His love. For one who knows how God loves men, and how Jesus has saved us, not to tell others about that love is impossible. Because I have understood a little of that love, I try to let others know about it. This is the purpose of my life. I did not come to this country

to make money or to win a reputation. I came to bear witness to this, that God is Love. And if by my work or life I have been able to show this to you, I have had my reward and for it I thank God. The reason why the world has not yet been set free from its ills and diseases, is not that the necessary medicines have not yet been found; it is that men do not love each other, and that the rich are not willing to use their money for the needs of the poor. I beg and counsel you to know that God is Love, and to love each other in deed and truth."

In the summer of 1919 two American travellers in the city of Constantinople chanced to catch sight on the street of a familiar face; the face suggested New England but with a difference. There was the native keenness of intelligence, the meditative, discerning glance, the gentle yet resolute mouth which they knew well. But this face bore marks of one who had passed through some "abysmal valley dolorous;" of one who has fought with dark forces in mortal combat, and has been proved invincible. It was not quite the face they knew.

And yet, a second glance, and the Americans recognised this woman after all, for their old friend.

"Mary Graffam!" they cried. "You in Constantinople! Thank God you are coming home at last. How soon are you sailing?"

"Sailing?" Mary Graffam answered, for a moment perplexed. "Sailing for America? Oh, no. I am not here now to go home. I just came down from Sivas to grind a few axes."

"Grinding axes" was Mary Graffam's whimsy for working upon the Turkish government to gain succour

for her refugees in Sivas. And so she went back after one of her familiar encounters with the craft and cruelty of the Moslem officials, back to her lonely post in the heart of Asia Minor. Her one comrade and companion had fallen, plague-stricken by her side. She was alone now, but undaunted. For two years yet she must keep her lonely light burning.

There are martyrs whose death is their great glory, of whom it could be said reverently, nothing became them like their dying. But of Mary Graffam, who faced a hundred deaths, it seemed true that she could not die, until she had by mighty ministration fulfilled in history the part assigned her.

When the war broke out Miss Graffam was principal of a prosperous Christian high-school for Armenian girls in Sivas, as well as supervisor of all schools for girls in the Sivas Mission, having in charge a total of seven hundred pupils. Into her peacefully ordered life, not long after Turkey had declared war, came a cry for help from the fighting front at Erzroom. Turkish officials called urgently for a contingent of the foreign doctors, nurses and relief workers from the Mission. Miss Graffam was one of the group which responded.

After a three weeks' journey through the mountains which intervene between Sivas and Erzroom, the Turkish headquarters were reached, and in short order Miss Graffam,[1] with no professional training, found herself matron and head nurse of the Red Crescent Hospital for wounded officers. Her management of this institution would have afforded entertainment to a shrewd spectator, for she gathered the reins into her own hands until her authority was absolute and Turkish

[1] Condensed from *Mary Louise Graffam of Sivas.* E. D. Hubbard.

officials became humble subjects of her will. An unsalaried, unofficial, foreign woman at the head of a Turkish military institution, an absolute autocrat in method, yet respected and trusted by all her colleagues and constantly receiving grateful letters from her former patients! The paradoxes of Miss Graffam's life are indeed an interesting study. It was in the hospital at Erzroom that she deliberately acquired the Turkish language, realising it would be a useful weapon to possess before the war was over.

The fighting around Erzroom over, Miss Graffam returned to Sivas only to be met by a deportation decree, involving the pupils of the Sivas Mission. When the date of departure was proclaimed, Miss Graffam went at once to the Vali to see what could be done. When other expedients had failed, she entreated the Vali that at least a few Armenians might be left behind in Sivas.

"Why keep any behind?" parried the Vali. "They are going safely. Why separate families?"

A sudden resolve formed in Miss Graffam's mind.

"If the Armenians are going to be safely cared for, I intend to accompany them on deportation."

The Vali was evidently nonplussed by this announcement but made no comment. Miss Graffam went out from his presence to make preparation for the journey —another voluntary journey into dangers unimaginable.

Nominally the Government provided an ox-cart per family, but no such provision was made for the pupils and teachers of the missionary schools and Miss Graffam furnished the equipment herself. She procured two ox-carts, two horse arabas, five or six donkeys and a supply of medicine, food and money. On the seventh day of July the exodus took place, the Armenians con-

nected with the Mission forming a section by themselves, about three thousand in all. In her wagon Miss Graffam placed the aged and feeble women, while she herself set out on foot, leading a reluctant cow, the property of a poor woman, which otherwise must be left behind. And so the odd, pitiful procession passed out of the city, which should have been a city of refuge, into the valley of the shadow of death.

Each day brought new terrors.

Toward sunset of the day appointed, the gendarmes came and singled out the men, two hundred of them, marching them away to the nearby village. At noon of the next day, not knowing what fate had befallen their husbands and fathers, the women and children were driven on, those who could not keep up with the prescribed speed being killed or left to die. Miss Graffam counted fifty who dropped from the ranks in one day and many more escaped her count. She saw them crazed and dying with thirst, she saw them shot down if they went to the river to drink; she saw girls taken captive by the Kurds; and as far as her eye could reach over the plain, she watched that endless slow-moving line of ox-carts, toiling along under the July sun.

"We got accustomed to being robbed," commented Miss Graffam with characteristic conciseness. But there were things to which the human heart cannot become accustomed. The final agony came when, arrived at Malatia, she was forced to watch the girls and women whom she had thus far protected by her presence on the Via Dolorosa, marched by on their way to the nameless inferno reserved for them by the Turk. For three weeks she was held captive at Malatia which she described as an ante-chamber to hell; then, at last, was permitted once more to return to Sivas.

On the way back occurred the one and only event of her career when Mary Graffam acknowledged fear. She was passing through a village which bore a particularly unsavoury reputation. The Armenian men were already dead and the Kurdish inhabitants were "seeing red." A crowd collected about her araba, mocking and jeering. The mob spirit was gathering force to spring upon its victim. One stone flung and the demon would be loose! In the confusion her driver had made a timely disappearance and Miss Graffam was left alone with the aged woman she had retained as servant. Jumping into the driver's seat, she gave the Turks' call to their horses, lashed them with the whip and galloped out of the astounded crowd, who stood gaping after her, crying: "Aman, Aman, Inshalla!" and thinking, "what manner of woman is this?"

In May, 1916, the mission buildings at Sivas were commandeered for military use and every American ordered to leave the city, except Miss Graffam and Miss Fowle, who were assigned to small quarters in the city compound. The orphans were crowded into a house near by and left unmolested to the guardianship of the two women. Miss Fowle, as well as Miss Graffam, was a past master in dealing with Turkish officials, having perfect familiarity with the language and understanding Turkish character. Together they made an invincible team and the work they accomplished that summer and fall was stupendous.

It was not long before thousands of refugees from the East, Moslems and Greeks among them, came staggering into Sivas, their cry for help expressed in their pinched faces and scantily clad bodies. With no mission property to utilise Miss Graffam undertook to hire quarters for these refugees, sheltering them as best

she could in houses, stables and woodsheds. Every day and all day she sat in her office receiving applicants, hearing their stories, instructing her helpers, investigating every appeal, calculating expenditures, always cool-headed, sane but nerve-racked by the strain of refusing elemental needs. She could have spent four times the money at her disposal. It was in the midst of labours like these that Miss Fowle fell at her post, the victim of typhus fever. Then Mary Graffam was left alone in the tortured city of Sivas.

The tale of her achievement in Turkey reaches its climax in the relief work she organised for the destitute refugees. Originally school principal, then head nurse of the Turkish military hospital, orphanage-director, advocate of the helpless, shepherd of an uncounted flock, she became finally the promoter of an industrial undertaking which developed into a many-sided and productive enterprise. She started a factory which employed two hundred women in the manufacture of flannels and sweaters for the Turkish army. When the presence of Armenian workers in the factory was challenged, she was ready with the reply, "They are working for the Government," in this instance a conclusive argument.

She leased a farm in the hills above the city, and secured an option on its purchase. It was Miss Graffam's linguistic skill that enabled her to secure this prize land, for she was on easy terms of intercourse with the German agents in the city, through whom she made the transaction. She cultivated extensive crops upon her farm, and in vision projected an agricultural college upon the former crown property.

The task which Miss Graffam undertook in the chaos of war was carried on and extended after the Armistice

was signed and new relief workers arrived in Sivas. Her war orphanage expanded into several large institutions, harbouring more than eleven hundred boys and girls. The industries she created grew into a many-sided establishment comprising shops for carpentry, tailoring, weaving, a foundry, blacksmith shop and shoe shop. Miss Graffam was appointed director of the American relief unit, and with a more elastic treasury plus a corps of trained workers, the enterprise promptly assumed new dimensions.

After Miss Fowle's death the Turks became so menacing that Miss Graffam made up her mind that she must sooner or later die at their hands. She reached this conclusion deliberately and, having reached it, resolved to sell her life as dearly as possible. With death as a definite expectation she became completely emancipated from fear. Willingness to die brought relief from bondage to life's restraints. In their own language she remonstrated freely with the Turks, appealing to their religion for condemnation of their deeds. "What answer will you give at the Day of Judgment?" she demanded. To the logic of her demand they began slowly to yield, being well aware that their conduct was contrary to the ethics, even of Islam.

Despite the high-sounding tributes of recognition which Miss Graffam received, the annoyances she suffered at the hands of the Turkish Government form no trifling episode in the history of her career. Repeatedly she was ejected from her living quarters; five times her orphanage was moved; her financial accounts had to be buried first in one place, then another to escape the coveted possession of the Turks. Twice the order was issued that her house should be searched and one time she was tried in court for treason. She was

wont to remark that if ever she was in a place where the police did not visit her every day she should be content.

In the summer of 1919 Major-General Harbord and his staff spent two days in Sivas; and the head of the American Mission to the Near East came into interesting contact with the woman missionary whom he described as the "outstanding figure in this part of Asia." In the *World's Work* for June, 1920, General Harbord gives two columns to the narration of Miss Graffam's achievement.

"Her experiences," he asserts, "have never been duplicated in the history of womankind. Her knowledge of Turkish, Armenian and German enabled her to play a part in the stirring events of the last six years which has probably never been equalled by any other woman in the chronicles of missionary effort."

Suddenly in the Sivas Hospital, in August, 1921, Mary Graffam entered into her rest.

VIII

MAKERS OF THE FUTURE

"Not since the days of the Reformation, not indeed since Pentecost, has so great an opportunity confronted the Christian Church. . . . The Far East as a whole stands at the parting of the ways." Thus says Bishop Bashford.

Not only is the Far East at the parting of the ways. The same is true of Moslem Lands and in superlative degree of India. Everywhere is unrest and tumult; everywhere a groping for the light.

One of America's wisest elder statesmen has recently declared, viewing the world situation, that no intellectual or material accomplishment can solve the manifold problems of the present. He considers the purified character of the rank and file of the people of every nation the only solution. Such character he describes as having for its essentials, mercy, compassion, kindly consideration, brotherly affection, sympathy with fellow man, unselfish willingness to sacrifice for others.

Surely these are the Christian ideals, the fruits of the Spirit of God. Accepting this dictum as simple truth, the missionary enterprise of the Church takes on a new and thrilling significance. Wandering lights have failed the world. The Divine Light alone can lighten the gloom.

Let us listen to the solemn admonition of a Chinese statesman. "True liberty does not come from mere

political upheavals," he affirms. "True liberty comes only when a man is freed from his sins. It only comes when he has established a true relationship between himself and God, and himself and other men. Without that he will not be free. One of the best means —indeed the best—of bringing freedom to the world is to carry Christianity to all peoples. In Christianity we find the germs of all democracy. We find service and brotherhood and helpfulness. In service and in love of one another we find the source of freedom. I always maintain in my political work that to have progress we must bring the Gospel to all the people."

These two Christian statesmen, the Hon. Elihu Root and the Hon. C. T. Wang, Vice-President of the Chinese Senate and Delegate to the Peace Conference at Versailles, have spoken prophetically. Believing that the Christian Church cannot fail to respond in this crisis *to the mortal challenge of human need* the question becomes, How best shall Christianity be made regnant among the nations?

For a hundred years and more the Church has laid the emphasis upon the number of missionaries and their character. This emphasis must be maintained. But just here two vital points face us at the Home Base. While the number and fitness of missionaries should be developed as fast as possible, they must, first of all, be men of unimpaired faith in the atoning sacrifice and Divine nature of our Lord.

Warnings come to us from Japan, from China, from other fields, of young missionaries who bring an uncertain message. It cannot be forgotten that the Danish-Halle Mission in India, after a century of noble work, "expired under the influence of rationalism," to use the phrase of Kurtz, the German church historian. "The

factor that is really undermining Christian faith is destructive criticism, shaking faith in the Bible and Christ as the divine Saviour. Buddhism and all other false religions attack us from without and we can fight them squarely, but when destructive criticism comes into the Church, it is like an assault from within, and is most damaging." Thus writes Paul Kanamori, the Japanese evangelist who is giving his life to the proclamation of the Gospel among his people.

Other signs point no less clearly to the necessity of a truce to sectarianism in missions. There must be in non-Christian lands an end of competing institutions, in the name of Him in Whom we all are one.

"Hang on to co-operation like grim death." So speaks a voice from China. And there are signs of promise. Even now various Mission Boards of America and Great Britain at work in China, are considering a plan for the amalgamation of the sixteen denominational universities and colleges, now existing, into five Union universities to be located in five principal centres in various parts of China. Furthermore, besides the five Women's Christian Colleges already named in different lands as under Union auspices, there have recently been established two Union Medical Colleges for women, one in Peking, the other in Vellore, India.

In September, 1921, a gathering of representatives of all Christian denominations engaged in foreign mission work, and of 14 countries, met at Lake Mohonk, New York, and organised the International Missionary Council, an outgrowth of the great Edinburgh Conference of 1910. The scene is thus described:

"Across the table a Church of England bishop, formerly of Madagascar, looked into the eyes of a Japanese Methodist bishop. Bearing like titles, they represented

opposite poles as to ecclesiastical theories of the episcopacy. A Dutch baron and an English baronet looked across to the son of a West African Chief. Representatives of Australian and South African Societies looked across to those of Norway, Sweden and Finland. Many had crossed the sea to be present. One had been journeying forty days to reach Mohonk. Perseverance, purposeful thinking and mutual trust and consideration prevailed."

As we have rapidly glanced through the annals of missions in these pages one figure and one force have emerged as the units of the whole system: the native Christian and the native Church. In them lies the hope of the future.

A momentous discussion was held in the International Council on "Church and Mission." The Council was convinced that in particular in India and China, and to a lesser extent in other parts of the mission field, the time has come for measures to diminish the foreign character of the Church in the eyes of the people. This foreign character is a handicap to mission progress which can be overcome only in the degree that the main leadership and direction of the Christian movement pass into native hands.

Here is the crux of the matter. Can the leadership of the Christian Church now established in India and the Far East in the main be passed on wisely to native hands? Affirmative reply can be found by considering a few out of numberless names of native Christians now living who have proved themselves worthy of confidence as Makers of the Future.

In India and Burma outstanding are Mr. K. T. Paul, National Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of India, and Ah Sou, the celebrated Burman

teacher. We note the first native Anglican bishop; he sprang from a caste so humble that his people would be excluded from Hindu temples. Bishop Asaria is young yet, but he bears the burdens of a diocese of 60,000 souls. He can be looked upon as a maker of Christianity's future in India. Sundar Singh, Christian Saddhu and mystic, has testified to the life of Christ in his soul by endurance of hardships and sufferings out of measure and by deaths oft, for the sake of the Gospel. His passion to serve has made him wise to remain in all things like unto his brethren, save in religion. He is an "Asiatic devotee following an Asiatic Messiah." Here we discern promise of a new day for India. Among native women of mark in India and Burma the Pundita Ramabai stands pre-eminent. We add the names of the Sorabji sisters, celebrated educators; Dr. Ethel Maya Das, who is professor in the Ludhiana Medical College; Dr. Ma Saw Sa, head of the Lady Dufferin Hospital in Rangoon, Burma.

Four commissioners representing China at the Disarmament Conference at Washington have attended mission schools. Three graduated at these schools and two are professed Christians. Further, Hon. C. T. Wang, to whose earnest Christian character his words have already testified, well represents China. Mr. Wm. Hung, scholar and teacher, now about to take the chair of Church History in Peking University, is a man of brilliant promise. General Feng's story has astonished the world. In a recent letter from a traveller in Northwest China we receive a personal impression: "We found the General under canvas with his troops, 11,000 men. He is a splendid man—tall and broad-shouldered, full of strength and courage and out for God." Among Chinese women we may mention Miss Dora Yu

as showing remarkable gifts for spiritual leadership. The first Christian Chinese woman to receive the degree of Doctor of Medicine, Dr. Hu King Eng, is described as an honour to her race. China has produced a group of eminent Christian women physicians, among whom Dr. Mary Stone, Dr. Ida Kahn and Dr. Li Bi Cu are well known in the United States.

Coming to Japan we think first of the famous evangelist, the Rev. Paul Kanamori, one of the original Kumamoto Band of Japan, who pledged themselves to make it their aim "to enlighten the darkness of the Empire by preaching the Gospel even at the sacrifice of their lives." The Rev. Kozaki and the Rev. Uyemura, pastors of large churches in Tokio, are making a deep impression upon the Capital. The Hon. Soroku Ebara, for twenty years member of Parliament, decorated by the Emperor for his services to education, Y. M. C. A. president, ardent temperance worker, stands out as the great Christian Samurai of modern Japan. Mme. Kaji Yajima, as Japan's foremost woman educator, must head the list of Japanese women. Although her age is eighty-nine years, her record and her influence place her among the makers of the future. Mme. Yajima recently came to the United States as delegate to the Disarmament Conference. She brought with her a petition signed by ten thousand Japanese women asking for world peace. We may name after her Miss Yasui of the Woman's Christian College of Tokio; Michi Kawai, effective head of the Young Women's Christian Association in her country, and Miss Ume Tsuda, head of an important girls' school in Tokio.

The character of the native converts of Africa and of the Pacific Islands has been sufficiently illustrated in earlier chapters of this book. For Africa we may

merely add that Samuel Crowther, slave-boy in Sierra Leone, consecrated Bishop of the Niger in 1864, in Canterbury Cathedral, one of the great Christian forces of Nigeria, was the first, not the last in the roll of native bishops.

From a host of eminent names we have mentioned but a score. They suffice, however, to represent the Native Church throughout the world, as also the individual transformed life—the supreme Wonder of Missions.

THE END

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